ACCESS TO TOOLS & IDEAS

# WHOLE EARTH REVIEW

## 20th Anniversary Issue

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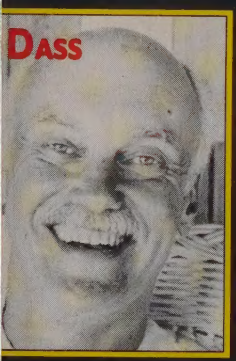

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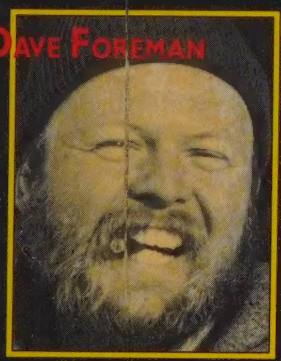

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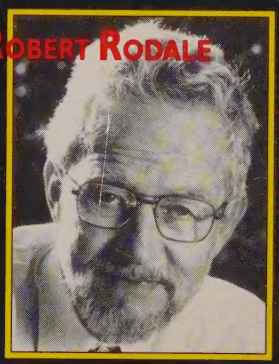

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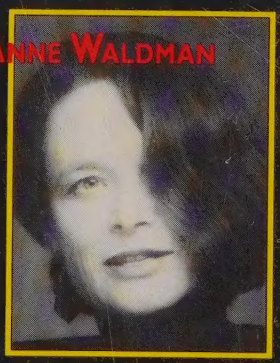

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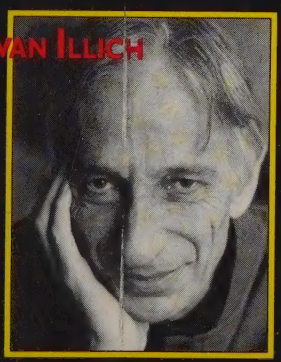

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AND MANY MORE

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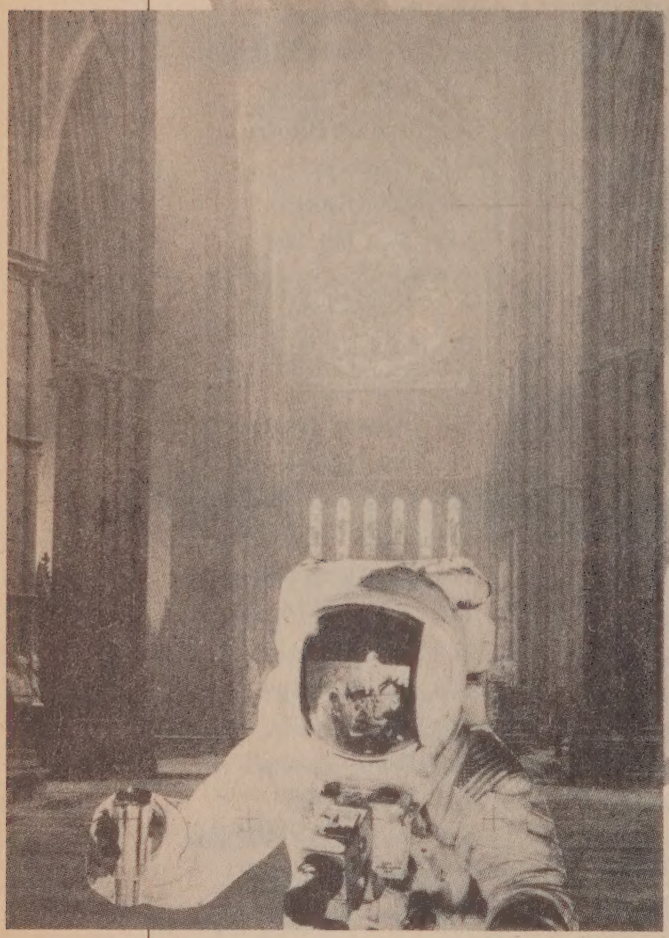
# Dreamtime

**BY MICHAEL VENTURA**



## PART I:
## An Inventory Of Timelessness

**We've dispensed with time, so we're lost in space.**

Item: Wells Fargo Bank has introduced a 24-hour-a-day, 7-day-a-week telephone service. You can now pick up the phone at any hour, from anywhere, and talk to someone who can answer any conceivable question about your banking needs. This stretches the term "banking needs" beyond all previous definitions of the 600-odd-year history of Western banking. Why do my bankers anticipate that I'll need them at three o'clock of a Sunday morning? Partly because there's no telling where I'll be — Tokyo, Barcelona, Moscow, desperate to know what my balance is before a market opens in Berlin or Hong Kong. Yet a hefty percentage of the calls are from Wells Fargo's home time-zone, and involve personal, not business, accounts. Which means that 'round about midnight, in these United States, a number of demographically ordinary people feel the pressing need to question their banker.

And it's not just that you're thinking about your bank in the wee hours. Your bank is thinking about you. It has decided that there should be less of a boundary between its needs and yours. So the bank, a traditionally conservative institution, has redefined a fragment of time and space.

This is about boundaries. The boundaries between intimate time and business time; between home and work; between night and day; between individual and corporate; between private space and public space; between environment and psyche. Fuzzed boundaries. Areas once distinct that now bleed into each other. Dislocated time. Timeless space.

Twenty-four-hour bank call-ins and automatic tellers are in themselves insignificant details of contemporary life. But as parts of a pattern, they speak of a people increasingly coaxed to live without pattern. And increasingly *demanding* to live without pattern *in terms of services*, while they bemoan the loss of pattern in their morality, their love-life, their thought. If one individual demanded to do his/her banking at three in the morning, it would appear to be behavior that had gone over a risky edge. Some would begin to question other

***In many ways this is an extension of Michael Ventura's deft revelation of the origins of western pop culture, which he traced back to Voodoo and rock 'n' roll and pentecostal trances. That essay, entitled "Hear That Long Snake Moan," appeared in WER in two parts (issues 54 and 55). Here Ventura brings us up to 1988, which no longer has any present present.***
***—Kevin Kelly***

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD KADREY

aspects of that individual's life. When a corporation provides the service, and it meets the demands of thousands . . . in spite of what even the most conservative people might prefer morally or politically, their patternless consumerism disrupts the sense of time and space that made their old morality possible.

**Item:** Life in Clarendon, a town of about 1,400 in the Texas Panhandle, revolves around its several fundamentalist churches. Like many towns in that part of the country, it's still "dry" — you can't buy alcohol within the city limits. But not too long ago an AM/PM convenience store opened. It never closes. And such stores exist now in almost every small town in the country. Why do they need such a thing, in such a town?

Until recently, in that area, you could tune in two, sometimes three television stations, depending on the weather. The stations signed off around midnight, often earlier. Now, with satellite and cable, you can tune in a couple of dozen stations, and they never sign off. Some of those stations show porn in the wee hours. And MTV all the time. Constant news. And movies that no one in this area would have ever heard of otherwise. So a place that had depended for its way of life upon its isolation, upon its strict regulation of what it allowed into its boundaries, upon its rooted connection to what it imagines to be the morality of the nineteenth century — has been penetrated by what it views as a service. It is no longer separate in space, it no longer has a farmer's sense of time.

Or Utah. A place owned and run by the Mormon church, a place with no separation of church and state. With satellite and cable, late-night porn shows have become very, very popular in Utah. Which means: Utah is no longer Utah at three in the morning. Night now turns Utah inside out. At that time, the space can no longer be depended upon to be the space it had intended to be.

Time and space, in such places, have become tentative, arbitrary. And this in the most concrete, personal sense. There are instruments in each home eating away at the time and space of people who have become addicted to those instruments. Consciously, these are people who see themselves as normal, righteous and conservative, and they emphatically don't want this to happen to them. Yet something else is operative in them, some hunger that they follow without thought or plan, in which they indulge in activities that subtly but thoroughly undermine their most cherished assumptions. They want more and more boundaries, yet live less and less within those boundaries. It's fair, then, to assume that something else, something deeper within them, is doing this subversive wanting.

**Item:** The electric lightbulb. An invention barely a hundred years old. In general use for roughly seventy years now. The technological beginning of the end of linear time. Before the lightbulb, darkness constricted human space. Outside the cities especially, night shrank the entire landscape into the space within arm's reach. (The Moon figures so greatly in our iconography because it was all that allowed one to go far out into the night. But it was rarely bright enough, and often obscured by weather.) Now — there are few places in America or Europe truly dark at night. And the glow of even a small town can be seen for many miles. Light gives us all the space we want, anytime we want it. Psycho-active events of monstrous proportions can take place. Hitler's Nuremburg rallies, all those thousands with stiffly raised arms in the night, are impossible without spotlights. Light creates the necessary space, pushing back the boundaries of time. Dreamtime becomes a time for acting out the nightmare.

**Item:** The car is a private space that can go in any direction at any time. The motel room cinched that: *Anywhere* you go, there will be a space for you. A fact unique to contemporary life, and alien to every previous society. But the fact that there's a room for you anywhere, makes the place where you *are* less substantial. Thus you are a transient, without having chosen to be one. Human transience used to be defined almost solely by death. Now the fact of so much choice makes everyone a transient *all* the time. And, for most now, makes any single choice almost unbearably tentative. Why be where you are, who you are, when you can just as easily be somewhere else, behaving perhaps differently?

Again, this is a question that even most demo-

graphically average people ask themselves often in our society. How can it not make them more and more uncertain? Hence they crave certainty in all the wrong places. In politics — which has *always* been uncertain. In metaphysics — which by its nature is uncertain. In love and sex — where certainty breeds boredom and diminishes lovers in each other's eyes. Many of these people blame the uncertainty, the tentative quality, of their lives on "liberalism," "humanism," "relativism," and all the behavior they cram into those words — when what is really going on is that once they were prisoners of time and space, and they will never be prisoners of them again, and they miss those prisons desperately. How long will it take them to become accustomed to timelessness? This has become a crucial historical question. For until they acclimate themselves, they will continue to want reactionary solutions that can only increase the chaos.

## PART II:

### The Roots of Timelessness

It began with Jesus. Boris Pasternak, in *Doctor Zhivago*, saw this clearly:

"In the first (Western) miracle you have a popular leader, the patriarch Moses, dividing the waters by a magic gesture, allowing a whole nation — countless numbers, hundreds of thousands — to go through . . . In the second miracle you have a girl — an everyday figure who would have gone unnoticed in the ancient world — quietly, secretly, bringing forth a child . . . What an enormously significant change! How did it come about that an individual human event, insignificant by ancient standards, was regarded as equal in significance to the migration of a whole people? . . . Individual human life became the life story of God, and its contents filled the past expanses of the universe."

We don't know how it came about, but we know the enormity of the result. In Judaism, God redeemed a race. In Christianity, God redeemed *you*. An absolute reversal of metaphysics as it was practiced *everywhere else in the world*. Everywhere else, with the exception of the most highly sophisticated Buddhism, worship was *always* tribal: a people propitiating existence for comparatively small favors. But now, in the West, the *individual* was entitled to the full and undivided attention of the Universe. A staggering change in individual space and eternal time.

It was a far smaller, slower, rigidly stratified world — a world in which most owned nothing and could go nowhere — so it took the better part of 1,500 years for this change to truly take root. First came the creation of perspective in painting — individual sense of space leapt past previous boundaries into an infinitely receding background. Foreground had been all. Now, foreground was arbitrary, made small by background.

But the great catalyst of change was Columbus' voyage to the Americas in 1492. The dream inherent in artistic perspective was made reality. The alluring, and to all intents and purposes infinite, background was now being mapped. Europe, and the rest of the world, now had somewhere to *go*. *Nothing need be permanent anymore.* Some Europeans went by choice, some were driven; Africans were dragged off their ancestral lands by force; Amerindians were pushed off theirs. The social glue of every culture in human history, the relation of a people to a land, a particular space, disintegrated. With that sense of space destroyed, it was only a matter of momentum before time would be destroyed as well.

The Christianist sense of the individual being the center of the universe now had the space to become daily reality. Later, the technological invention of timelessness — of it not being important to human activity what segment of day it was — would, in the context of such space, create spacelessness as well. The individual, the center of the universe, no longer had a definite ground to stand on. Neil Armstrong on the Moon *is* the new image of what it means to be human — infinite space on all ends, living in several time zones at once, desperately carrying one's own power pack, one's own air supply, saying trivial things, to comfort oneself, to others hundreds of thousands of miles away who may or may not be listening.

It is no wonder that the United States all but abandoned the exploration of other planets for the next two decades. Intellectuals fastened on the image of the whole Earth hanging above the moon-man; but on other levels the society was more inwardly shaken than outwardly exhilarated by the precariousness of that human being in a space/time that brought on the fear of falling and the fear of suffocation, fears imprinted in our genes.

But since the Moon landing we've traveled farther in time and space than the astronauts. Now, with electronic instantaneousness at our fingertips all night and day, tiny towns in Texas and Utah might as well be the Moon for all the temporal stability one can find in them.

Be careful of what you want, because you just might get it. The West has gotten what it's prayed for since the birth of Christ: every individual is being addressed directly, at all times, by an infinite universe.

In Biblical mythology, this state of being is followed by Apocalypse.

## PART III:

### Welcome To The Apocalypse

But what *is* Apocalypse? In Revelations it is described as the coming of the Beast:

"Then I saw a beast coming up from the sea with ten horns and seven heads, and upon his horns ten diadems, and upon his heads the names of blasphemy. The beast I saw was like a leopard, and his feet as those of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion. And the dragon gave him his power and his throne and his great authority . . . Then the whole earth went in wonder after the beast . . . Who is like the beast, and who can fight with him?"

From antiquity to Freud to Jung, the sea is the great symbol of the human psyche. So the beast is the manifestation, in the waking world, of what's deepest in the psyche. It's a multilayered, multi-headed image, an image of simultaneity, which in itself is seen as great power. "And upon his heads the names of blasphemy" — the expectation is that when this psychic beast appeared it would challenge all the laws.

These fearful writers of early Christianism sensed what had been started: that the new Christianist focus on the individual would sooner or later bring forth the secrets of the psyche — but in ways which would contradict their conscious morality. They saw this as, literally, the end of the world.

But perhaps they were being a mite too concrete. It is the end of *a* world, certainly — the world in which waking and dream are rigidly separate. When the "beast" rises from the "sea," the sur-

**What distinguishes the twentieth century is that each individual life is a daily progression through a concrete but fluctuating landscape of the psyche's projections.**

realities of our dreamlife become the daily facts of waking life.

For we in the late twentieth century live in the time-space of the dream. The dream's instantaneous changes, its unpredictable metamorphoses, random violence, archetypal sex; its constant cascade of super-charged imagery; its threatening sense of multiple meaning — for a quarter of a million years this environment enveloped us only in our sleep, or in arts experienced by the very few, or in very carefully orchestrated religious rituals. Now, in our electronic environment, the dreamworld greets us when we open our eyes. It is the "something deeper" within us that creates all this subversive wanting, wanting, wanting: the long-suppressed psyche, as outrageous in conservatives as in bohemians, in capitalists as in Marxists, in evangelicals as in atheists, that is finally free to feed on the outer world, and so to grow.

In every other century there was an obvious separation between what's called the "subconscious" and the "conscious." Individual daily life was more or less ordered, however unjust or distasteful, and cacophonous cross-purposes were left to be slept through in dreams. But now we live in a technologically hallucinogenic culture that behaves with the sudden dynamics of the dream. *That duplicates the conditions of dreaming.* Technology projects the subconscious into countless *things.* What distinguishes the twentieth century is that each individual life is a daily progression through a concrete but fluctuating landscape of the psyche's projections. The surreality, simultaneity, sexuality, and instantaneous change that occur in our dreams also occur all around us. So the condition of our subconscious is now also the condition of this physical environment we've built for ourselves. And, as Freud was the first to point out, "In the subconscious there is no time." Without time, there can be no space. Without time and space, the traditional filters and channels of human consciousness dissolve.

We reel between dream and dream, between the dreams of our sleep that speak to us alone and the dream-scape of this waking world in which we make our way through millions of dream-fragments that collide around us, each with its flirting moment of dominance.

It was easy, or so it seems now, to love the world of rigid time and space. The world *was* a world, it held still long enough to *be* a world, and gave us time to learn to love it. But loving this utter state of flux, where time has been shattered and space has been both elongated and compressed beyond rational dimensions — we want to love it, we have love in us to give it, but we do not know how, nobody does. Yet daily life hinges on what we are and are not able to love. So these changes in our time and space have cut through the foundations of what made daily life livable and what we found loveable in one another.

And yet — we made this world. We gobble up its instantaneousness and breathlessly want more. Could it be that our collective purpose is to revivify the psyche by making it deal with its labyrinthine *physical* image at every turn? Have we created this multifarious, timeless, spaceless world in order finally to learn to live within and use our own immense and cacophonous psyches?

Is this the collective thrust of our history? A genetic demand? Individually, the contemporary environment seems to have been thrust upon us. But collectively, we've *made* this world. And, both individually and collectively, we've eagerly welcomed each separate manifestation that's created this collective change. Radio, television, telephones, lightbulbs, flight — all the building-blocks of contemporary life in all their manifestations have been seized upon everywhere in the world. It is not enough to blame this on capitalism or consumerism. The very eagerness of the world's embrace of this hallucinogenic technology by the most different sorts of peoples is evidence of the deepest of longings.

For the human psyche is one of the great forces of nature, and what is most frightening about this space/time technology is that *it exposes us to this force within us* as nothing else ever has. We are standing in the storm of our own being. Spacelessness and timelessness are not objective realities out there somewhere. They are creations of our psyches. So we must face the fact that this may be our natural habitat. We have willy-nilly broken through all the old rigidities, all the limits we thought were Nature itself, and we can never go back. This is a new Nature. Dream has become reality. And through that fact echoes what may yet be the great line of our culture: "In dreams begins responsibility." ■

## American Ways

*Nothing is as odd or wondrous as the totally commonplace finally seen. Gary Althen's tour through American culture makes strange (and noticeable) the taken-for-granted in American thinking, customs, and attitudes. He gives us a look at the sea we swim in. It's a surprising, funny, sometimes daunting view of who we are as seen from a foreign perspective. Written to help foreigners in the U.S. understand Americans, it deserves a much larger audience.* —*Corinne Cullen Hawkins*

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Gary Althen
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•

Americans tend to suppose that people born in other countries are less fortunate than they are, and that most foreigners would prefer to live in the United States. The fact that milliions of foreigners seek to enter or remain in the United States illegally every year supports this view. (The fact that billions of foreigners do not seek entry is ignored or discounted.)

•

The typical conversation between Americans takes a form that can be called *repartee.* No one speaks for very long. Speakers take turns frequently, often after only a few sentences have been spoken. "Watching a conversation between two Americans is like watching a table tennis game," a British observer said. "Your head goes back and forth and back and forth so fast it almost makes your neck hurt."

Americans tend to be impatient with people who take long turns. Such people are said to "talk too much." Many Americans have difficulty paying attention to someone who speaks more than a few sentences at a time, as Nigerians, Arabs, and some others do. Americans admire conciseness, or what they call "getting to the point."

•

Americans assume there are "facts" of life, of nature, and of the universe that can be discovered by trained people (usually called "scientists") using special techniques, equipment, and ways of thinking. "Scientific facts," as the Americans call them, are assumed to exist independently of any individual person who studies them or talks about them. This important assumption — that there are facts existing independently of the people who observe them — is not shared throughout the world.

The most reliable facts, in the American view, are those in the form of quantities — specific numbers, percentages, rates, rankings, or amounts. Many foreign visitors in the States are struck — if not stunned — by the quantity of numbers and statistics they encounter in the media and in daily conversations. "McDonald's has sold 8.7 billion hamburgers," say signs all over the country. "Nine out of ten doctors recommend this brand of mouthwash," says a radio announcer or a magazine advertisement. (Doctors are viewed as scientists or appliers of science, and are held in very high esteem.) "The humidity is at 27 per cent," says the television weather reporter. "The barometric pressure is at 29.32 and rising. Yesterday's high temperature in Juneau, Alaska, was 47 degrees."

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Americans, perhaps more than people in any other country, believe that politics can be separated from other aspects of life. "Let's keep politics out of this," they will say, making the assumption that matters of official power do not enter into economic dealings, family structure, the efficiency of government services, and other aspects of life that do not involve the direct participation of politicians and government bodies. They will relate to other people without regard to their political opinions. They would generally rather not "talk politics." This approach seems quite naive to most Latins, Europeans, Arabs, and Africans, who tend to suppose that "politics is everything, and everything is politics."

Given their conception of politics as separate from other aspects of life, and their image of politicians as less than worthy people, it is not surprising that the portion of American citizens who actively participate in politics is rather small. Many American citizens have not gone through the simple procedure of registering to vote. Once they have registered they have the right to vote in national, state, and local elections, but Americans participate in elections at a lower rate than citizens of any other democratic country.

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While most Americans seem relatively warm and approachable upon first encounter, they later come to seem to many foreign visitors to be remote and unreachable. "Superficial" is the word many longer-term foreign visitors use to describe Americans' relationships with other people. Some of them believe that it is only with foreigners that Americans make friends slowly, if they make them at all. More astute visitors notice that Americans tend to be remote and unreachable even among themselves. They are "very private," keeping their personal thoughts and feelings to themselves. They are difficult to get to know.

Foreign visitors sometimes feel betrayed by Americans whom they meet and who seem so kind and interested at first, but who later fail to allow new acquaintances to know them as individuals. The initial "Hi!" comes to seem dishonest or misleading as the small talk continues, the feelings do not show, and ideas about important topics remain hidden. "They seem cold, not really human," one Brazilian woman said. "They just can't let themselves go."

It seems to be the case that many Americans are simply not available for the close "friendship" relationships that many foreigners have had (and taken for granted) at home and assume they will find in America. Many Americans are simply too busy to have the time that is required to get to know another person well. Many have moved their residence from one place to another in the past and assume they will do so again, and they prefer not to establish intimate friendships that will be painful to leave. Americans have been taught . . . to idealize independent, self-reliant individuals. Such individuals are likely to avoid becoming too dependent on other people or allowing others to become too dependent on them. They remain apart from others. They do not know how to do otherwise.

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*Line up, and wait your turn.* When they are in situations where a group of people want attention or service from someone, Americans line up (or "queue," as some people say). In the bank, at the theater box office, or at the university registrar's counter, the latest person to arrive will step to the end of the line and patiently (patiently unless it becomes clear that the service the people in the line are getting is slower than it ought to be) wait their turn. This behavior reflects their notion that all people are equal, in the sense that no one has the privilege of going directly to the front of a line. It also reflects their aversion to touching, which is much less likely to happen in a line than in a crowd jostling to get service.

# 20TH ANNIVERSARY GOSSIP

PORTRAIT OF 20-YEAR-OLD OUTLAW PUBLICATION (above) that isn't so outlaw anymore. Wondering what to do next, it repeats its original life-changing mantra: Try stuff. Keep showing up.

So here we are again.

The experiment this time could be summed up in a word: Gossip. Subscribers almost universally begin reading *WER* by reading Gossip first. Readers are after a story, preferably the Inside Story. *People* magazine runs a profitable business every week catering to that desire with inside stories about entertainment personalities and public figures. There is equal story in the drama of ideas. But ideas are loose cannonballs, not easily targeted, and therefore not easily marketed. Why not turn this magazine inside out, so that it becomes an issue of gossip by and about thinkers? Outright scuttlebutt from the cerebral grapevine. The customary fixtures are withdrawn to the sides, leaving nothing but unadorned gab, hearsay from the horses' mouths, and well-founded rumors.

The format of this forum was stolen from the 1978 Whole Earth 10th anniversary Jamboree. Stewart Brand engineered that two-day gathering so that 60 people spoke for a maximum of five minutes each. At the end of five minutes the microphone tapered off to a whisper, and everyone was supposed to applaud to ease the speakers' awkwardness if they hadn't finished. For this 20th Jamboree, I solicited "five minute speeches" by phone and mail for a gathering in print. Each person had a page. At the end of the page, I'd cut and compress to fit. Readers are again asked to forgive any awkwardness they detect.

The theme of this gathering is no-theme, no theme other than that which emerged from the collective pulse of personal voices. As Danny Hillis says on page 137, this puts the weight of creative theme construction on the reader. Likewise, the layout of voices follows only the pattern which emerges from circumstances of length and occasional reference to another speaker. As a reader, one of the motifs I notice arising from this jamboree is a triad of scenarios for the future, a three-piece spectrum that is graphically summarized by Robert Crumb's remarkable update to "A Short History of America" (see p.34 and back cover). Robert, who had no knowledge of others' contributions, could not have drawn a more apt emblem of what this issue holds.

The contents are a rendezvous of old friends and new contributors celebrating two decades of maverick reporting. A few words of insider explanation for newcomers: The institution whose birthday this is is the *Whole Earth Catalog*, begun in 1968 by Stewart Brand as an alternative shopping service — items were sold together with their consumer evaluations. By 1974 the *Catalog* had become too overwhelmingly massive to continue printing, and too useful to stop. A thick, ad-less, cheaply produced quarterly journal was invented instead to keep the *Whole Earth Catalog* going as a periodical. Ingeniously named *CoEvolution Quarterly*, it is the *CQ* referred to throughout this issue. Point Foundation is the nonprofit educational organization underlying the magazine and the catalogs. *CQ* continued until 1984 when it gained 9,000 new subscribers from Point's failed other magazine, *The Whole Earth Software Review*, a casualty of the mid-'80s computer bust. By this merger it also acquired a multiple personality, and in a feverish amnesia of identity, *CQ* changed its name to *Whole Earth Review* after *CQ* #42. It has kept an unbroken sequential numbering of issues, from *CQ* #1 to *WER* #61, as a mark of sanity and continuity. Is it the same magazine it was before? Can you have an identity characterized by change? This, in part, is the query the stories in this issue try to answer.

What everyone is waiting for, of course, is the inside story behind the Inside Story. I conducted many interviews over the phone, taping the conversations on a cassette recorder, which our flawless transcriber, Peggi Oakley, precipitated into text. Some folks I had never spoken to before. I called them up cold. They were always gracious. I got bold and aimed for the top in a couple of cases: Surgeon General Everett Koop (because I admire his faith and compassion), and Jimmy Carter (ditto), but we never connected.

A few regular names in *WER/CQ* were unable to reply because of travel or other commitments. Many others bent over backwards to submit something. For instance, Danny Hillis completed his part on a pay phone between flights at the loading gate in an airport. Ram Dass agreed to be taped only two days after his father died. Caring for his aged father was practically a lifestyle for Ram Dass, and he often mentioned his father in his workshop raps. Ram said, "It was a beautiful transition. We just let him go. He died at home with our hands on him. We were all very happy." Some people made special treks to Gate Five Road to hand-deliver their stuff. Wavy Gravy, who resembles a clown even when he is not dressed as one, overwhelmed our small offices one morning. He appeared in a sky-blue suit, pulled out a spiral bound notebook and ripped out his "article" in seven pages of school-boy, hand-printed, red letters two inches high. "Wavy, who sharpened your crayon for you?" quipped Stewart. Wavy responded with a room-wide bubble shower from the bubble kit he carries on his belt.

During the interviews I often asked a few warm-up questions like: How do you think the next twenty years will be different from the last twenty? Or, What are the questions you are asking yourself these days? And, What have you changed your mind about in the last twenty years? In answer to that last one, Robert Rodale, of organic food fame, said "Twenty years ago I would never take aspirin no matter how bad my headache. Now I take aspirin even when I don't have a headache. And every time I do, I think, gee, how the world turns around."

For the most part the photograph accompanying each essay has been supplied by the author from his or her family photo album. They bear the marks of amateur snapshots: spontaneous energy and inadvertent fuzziness. All the diminutive introductions are mine. These are necessarily incomplete and one-sided. Gossip usually is. —Kevin Kelly

**Current Whole Earth staff:**

1. *Mark Faigenbaum;* 2. *James Donnelly;* 3. *Kathleen O'Neill;* 4. *Kevin Kelly;* 5. *Susan Rosberg;* 6. *Hank Roberts;* 7. *John Coate;* 8. *Robin Gail Ramsey;* 9. *Richard Ditzler;* 10. *Richard Schauffler;* 11. *Jonathan Evelegh;* 12. *David Burnor;* 13. *Richard Nilsen;* 14. *Keith Jordan;* 15. *Dick Fugett;* 16. *Stewart Brand;* 17. *Richard Kadrey;* 18. *Cliff Figallo;* 19. *Jeanne Carstense;* 20. *J. Baldwin;* 21. *Paul Davis;* 22. *David Hawkins;* 23. *Candida Kutz-Evelegh;* 24. *Lisa Geduldig;* 25. *Donald Ryan;* 26. *Lori Woolpert.* Missing: *Cindy Craig Fugett.*

# Marilyn Ferguson

*set the tone for the late New Age with the 1981 publication of her book* The Aquarian Conspiracy: Personal and Social Transformation in the 1980s. *Her remarks here will appear in her new book,* The New Common Sense.

"Without vision," said the prophet Isaiah, "the people perish." Vision builds the sinews of will and cultivates courage. By coming to respect and act on our visions, we entrain a fluent guidance system.

Innovators live at the edge of the cultural habitat. They operate at the further reaches of the known world — and the known self. They explore their highest natural abilities. They challenge themselves to develop their weak traits. They know that they cannot indulge themselves for long and keep surviving at the edge.

As greater numbers of people are living at the edge, our societies may have to borrow practices like the traditional vision quest of Native Americans. Our societies will require training that enables us to live at the edge.

Vision quests are undertaken by tribal leaders or by young males, as a rite of passage. The individual goes alone and without food to a mountaintop or other remote site and does not return to the tribe until he has had a vision.

In a way, the vision quest is a tradition of renewal. The questing person leaves behind the community, its structure and beliefs, and his own customary perceptions. In so doing he may find a part of himself that has been obscured by his habits and history. On the quest he looks outward across new vistas, he looks inward for new images, and he looks forward to carrying his vision back to the group.

Or, as expressed by a character in Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past:* "We do not receive wisdom. We must discover it for ourselves after a journey through the wilderness, which no one else can make for us, which no one can spare us, for our wisdom is the point of view from which we come at last to regard the world."

Vision trains us to self-correct, self-organize, and self-transcend. By giving direction, it promotes health and a desire to learn.

Imagination — positive or negative — sets the tone for real-time experience. It can tyrannize us or liberate us. *We are not so much run by what happens as by what we expect.* Vision can solve a specific problem, and it can also help us discover our possibilities and purpose.

Indeed, many people, having noticed their greater vitality in the visionary mode, have learned to seek out opportunities to envision and act on their visions. We have all known times, however rare, when we did not simply watch a cresting series of events but rode the wave. Moved by an idea, a glimpse or an instinct, we advanced into the territory of intelligent risk. However briefly, we felt in charge rather than passive or buffeted by circumstances.

Like any other capacity, vision is strengthened and refined by experience. As we learn from disappointments and successes, our foresight evolves. Re-vision is essential. This may seem a contradiction to the idea that visionaries are intent on a specific outcome. But remember that they also talk about *feeling* as well as seeing the goal. The visual impression is less important than the felt sense of rightness at each step along the way. Needs change; timing and other circumstances open and close doors. *Visionaries are satisfied if the outcome serves the purpose.*

Visionaries belong to the group that Henry Miller called the *Granzevolk,* border people. They are the culture scouts. Edges may, in fact, be the key. According to one theory, evolutionary changes occur in a surprisingly short time under certain conditions of stress. Species living at the edge of their normal habitat tend to mutate more rapidly.

What I am calling the New Common Sense is an engagement with the future, an acknowledgement that our brains were designed not merely to survive but create. In part we have been confused and frustrated only because we did not know the way in. And now vision itself may lead us to the reconciling not only of our troubled world but of our troubled minds. Eventually we can find home in the vision itself. We belong to the future that draws us.

Remember Rilke's promise to a young poet: ". . . and if we hold to what is difficult, then that which now seems the most hostile will become what we most trust and find most faithful." Visionaries discover an empowering paradox. If you make peace with the unknown, it becomes your guide. They begin casting lines into the future. The guessing, refined by the feedback of experiment, becomes intuition. Intuition, explored and acted upon, becomes high instinct. They seem to be remembering the future, moving toward some target that the culture has not yet articulated but that can be sensed by the sensitive.

And vision becomes a state of mind — perhaps eventually a state of grace. ■

# Bruce Sterling

*writes radical science fiction and is one of the stars of a peaking literary genre called cyberpunk. His anthology of cyberpunk,* Mirrorshades, *is the oft-recomended beginner's start-up on the subject. [By phone.]*

I was just in Tokyo and was talking to an expatriate there and I asked him, what are the Americans like in Tokyo these days? And he said, oh, it's become very dull; in the old days we used to have people settle here who were interested in Japan. Now they just come to settle the time slot. They're bankers and stockbrokers, and they moved to Japan because Japan is where they pick up after New York closes and before London opens. So there's a vital sandwich area of several hours there where you can continue to make money work by continuing the trading manipulations. If you lose that 30 percent of time, then you fall behind everybody else. So they're living in Tokyo, but they're not really living in Tokyo, they're actually living in a specific time period. They've colonized time.

In the future this is increasingly going to be the case, right? If we extrapolate we would say that in the future no one would really dwell in a locale; instead everyone will actually dwell in some sort of little station in a net, or some little area of the clock. But because of enantiodromia we'll see a resistance to this. I'm a big fan of the doctrine of enantiodromia. Enantiodromia is the process in which things turn into their opposites.

When someone asked Bono of U2 what he thought music would be like in the nineties, he said that he thought people would get back to bagpipes and pennywhistles, because that was what they couldn't have. Synthesizer music was something you were not able to have before so it was precious. But then enantiodromia sets in and you want to have the things you didn't actually have in the first place. Like the soulful authenticity of Mississippi delta blues singers, who were actually neither soulful nor authentic, they were just guys. Nevertheless, once that's no longer available it becomes a sort of intellectual commodity and is hungered for.

Enantiodromia has set into the whole idea of reality. The buzzword for the nineties is "real" in the way that "natural" was the buzzword for the seventies. Remember All Natural Yogurt, in this plastic wax carton? Now things are Real. Miller Golden Draft beer's slogan is "As Real As Real Gets." So in the nineties, everything's going to be as real as it gets. Not *real*, just as real as you can really afford.

You can imagine career women wanting to pursue a lifestyle of staying home with the baby. In a sort of enantiodromic fashion, they're now the exact opposite of what they intended to be 20 years ago. Yet they are not June Cleaver or Harriet of Ozzie and Harriet. They've come through to something opposite, but different, by a process of enantiodromia.

This is a truly cosmic and perverse principle embedded in society. Anything of importance is going to breed its own opposite. Any sort of social impetus that you can see rising on an exponential scale that looks like it's really going to go to town and change things forever, is going to end up breeding situations that negate it, in some subtle way. It doesn't negate it exactly, which is the interesting point, anymore than elite post-feminist women, at home raising their preschool kids, are actually the same as June Cleaver, who never thought of going to work in the first place.

Society is a complex system, and there's no sort of A-yields-B business here. It's an iteration. A yields B one day and then AB is going to yield something else the next day, and it's going to yield something else the next and there's 365 days in a year, and it takes 20 years for anything to happen. In that same way the social revolution of the 1960s produced Reaganism by an enantiodromic response. So Reaganism is going to produce something else. Something that has a radicalism of a really sweeping Gorbachevian kind. People in America are mailing Mickey and Raisa Gorbachev their housekeys for christ's sake. "Please come by and have dinner with us if you're ever in Oshkosh." I mean you just can't sustain a Cold War on that shit.

You need to look at the edge of ideas. Nothing happens at the center of ideas. When television was just a concept in someone's mind you could take that to a certain number of cycles of iteration and you end up inventing the cathode-ray tube. That's the center. But at the edge of the idea you have an orange-haired divorcee eating Cheetos and watching "Wheel of Fortune," which is far more important and interesting. Enantiodromia. Very handy principle. ■

# Peter Berg

*guest co-edited our bioregional special issue (Winter 1981). Actor, director, and once a Digger (a hippie outfit that handed out free food), he is now a bioregional pamphleteer, publishing the urgent news of place in the periodical* Planet Drum. *[By phone.]*

Our most pressing question now is: what is the role of *Homo Sapiens* in the biosphere? Or, simply put, what should human beings as a species be doing?

It's obvious that *Homo Sapiens* has been the greatest force for change in the biosphere since the last Ice Age. And we've become that without knowing it, without really caring about it, and without understanding that there are very severe implications in that. The terms of how humans interact with the web of life in the future are being set now. We can see that in the ramifications of genetic engineering, for example, and in particular with the relevance of genetic engineering to agriculture. The direction of ecological protection and concern is also determined now.

Judy Goldhaft

What it tends to boil down to is whether our species is in control of the biosphere, or is part of it. And that isn't to reiterate the cliches about anthropocentrism and biocentrism. We know that we're capable of exercising tremendous control, and maintaining an illusion, at least, of mastery over natural systems. The question is whether we should try to bend external nature to our will, or whether we should begin controlling ourselves instead, viewing ourselves as being part of a larger life entity.

Thinking of ourselves as part of a larger life entity really wasn't possible during the industrial era. It was never proposed as a serious idea, or taken as a goal for human governance, or a guide for creating an ideal society. In fact, if you talked about being part of a larger life entity during the industrial era, it would be considered reactionary, or anti-progressive, or too much involved with the bunnies and birds and not enough involved with improving material well-being.

By the way, there are even some environmentalists today who believe that further control of the biosphere is the way to go. But there is a different sensibility underlying my question than the perspective of environmentalism. Environmentalism as a movement is over now. It's become a branch of the legal profession. A whole systems approach — the whole system of a rainforest, or the whole system of the Pacific Ocean, or the whole system of a bioregion — is what underlies ecological activites that are attracting the volunteers these days.

We have to begin thinking about getting out of the way of the biosphere. For example, when people try to alter the places where they live, growing English-style lawns in Arizona, for example — that's getting in the way of natural systems there. When people divert water from one water basin to another — that's getting in the way. As part of the biosphere, we should be thinking about it, observing it, reflecting on it, but not directing it.

One of the things that would keep us out of the way would be a reiteration of taboos. Taboo is a great mechanism of social agreement. For example, nuclear power should be taboo because no one knows what to sensibly do with the waste from it. It's filthy, and it's filthy in the taboo sense of being defiling. There should be a taboo against interfering with watercourses. I would even like to restore creeks in cities that are currently running in storm drains. There's one that rises about 500 feet from my house in San Francisco and goes through my basement, before it disappears down a storm drain. Well, I would like to remove half of the street that is interfering with that watercourse and put the creek back in, all the way to the Bay. Forty percent of the pollution in San Francisco Bay is the result of runoff from the streets. That means that just the way we live daily in the city is the cause for almost half of the pollution of the Bay. Single-passenger automobile use should also be taboo. If we really want to reduce pollution, everyday lifestyles of people

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# Sparrow

*writes proverbs and poetry in New York City. During the summer he works at a camp for autistic children.*

I got
a letter
today from The
Whole Earth Review

asking for my comments

for
their
20th Anniversary Issue.

All day I'm
walking around
stunned.
"I'm a voice of
The New Age!"
I'm
thinking.

I look at the
guys wiping
windshields on Houston St

It's a hot day and they're
putting their weight into it.

Somehow I've become a
voice of the New Age
and they haven't.

I buy a round whole wheat
bread at
the bakery on 1st
and 2nd
and the 55 year old woman
looks deep in my eyes
with her deep eyes.

Is
she a voice of the New Age too?

I see Robert Chambers
is back in the news —
p. 14 of the Post —
with the caption
"Preppie Killer."

Y'know it
hit me early August
The Post began as a
terrible paper.

Alexander Hamilton was a
terrible guy!
He wanted us to have a King!
So what's everyone so upset about?

But The Post will change in
The New Age.
There will be many
more articles on
foot massage.

What will I tell
The Whole Earth
when I write
them tomorrow?

Do I have a message?

"Can I get a
balloon for free?"
this guy on the subway says
but that is not
my message.

There was a woman
on WBAI last night

who can teach you how
to become other people.

She's looking for the right
room to do it in.

She says it's kind of
an accident who
we are
and we can be as
easily
someone working at Papaya King.

God,
I'd like to do that —

Louise Crag

Here's a Hasidic
family
with 2 real little
fat happy kids.

Funny how kids
don't have any religion.

Should I say that
to The Whole Earth?

**PETER BERG (continued)**

will have to change radically. Take the simple notion that the garbage goes out, for example. That was one of those industrial-era fantasies. The garbage goes *in*, to natural systems. Every aspect of consumption, of packaging and discarding of wastes, should be subjected to the test of taboo, that is: Does it defile natural systems.

We're at a place currently where we need a social philosophy that rethinks human society from a species point of view: A social philosophy that sees society as a necessary extension of our species, provides a way to reasonably preserve and reproduce, and contributes what is necessary for the survival of our species as a whole, rather than some overbearing fantasy of what human beings should be. Environmentalism is over, but the more ecological view of human beings as part of the biosphere is stymied for the time being because our present political language is so antique. This thinking in terms of being a species in the biosphere is as important an aspect of the social philosophy of the interdependent era, as the concept of freedom was for the industrial/democratic era. We *are* entering an interdependent era. The question is whether or not we want to attribute to ourselves the power and dominance of being in control of it, or whether we're going to begin controlling ourselves humbly, fully aware of the sacredness of the web of life. ■

# Wendell Berry

*farms in Kentucky using draft horses and other traditional methods. He is this era's most penetrating and compassionate essayist. If there was anyone alive who could qualify as an All-American Old Testament Prophet, Wendell could. [By phone.]*

I'm asking myself what is the relation between public life and private life? Or, between national life and community life? I don't see that our national life has contributed much at all to our community life.

At home we have this cottage industry which involves Tanya, my wife, as typist and editor. She types the longhand things I write out and then puts check marks in the margins and then we sit down and go over them. Sometimes we disagree passionately and sometimes it's very simple and I'm just grateful. It's a kind of a literary cottage industry we run here. But if I worked on a wordprocessor that would eliminate Tanya. I think this is typical of industrial innovation. It breaks up the household economy.

But if you don't have a home economy in the old sense, then you wouldn't notice this. The number of people with households is diminishing. The number of people who are willing to give priority to raising their children over their careers is diminishing. A lot of people look upon the school as a convenient babysitter. My cousin, for instance, started teaching school and I said to her, "Well, do you get any complaints from the parents?' And she said, "Only when we let school out early."

The grade school that was rightfully our school would've been in walking distance. My children would've gone to school right here in the community. As it was, they had to ride an hour and a half each way, every day, on the school bus. That took them for that length of time away from our influence, away from the work that they had to do here, and put them under the influence of the school, which certainly was a different influence. If you are interested in the child, then you have to look upon that as time that could have been better spent, educating, or raising the child, or giving the child some work to do.

The schools have become detached from the communities. The schools aren't educating children to serve the community, to return to the community better able to serve it because of their education. They're educating the children in order to help them escape from the community. The reference of the schools is the future, the world of tomorrow as they put it.

To show you the difference, they used to let school out here if the harvest was late, so that the children could go home and work. It was a graceful acknowledgment on the part of the school staff, who were members of the community, that the community had other concerns that were vital. Twenty years later, my neighbor's son missed a band practice and the school band director asked him why. He said he was helping his daddy get in his crop. And the band director said, "Which is the most important? This band or your daddy's crop?" The upshot of it was that the boy quit the band. And he should have. But he shouldn't have had to. The school, in other words, is acting as an instrument of community disintegration.

There's a way to be for community that is legitimate, and that has to do with the love of other people, and the possibility of making a common thing that is ennobling and dignifying, and on the other hand, useful. You can be for community in a way that's truculent and mean and hateful. For instance, you can be legitimately against busing for school consolidation because it's a tool of community *dis*integration, and it has children sitting on a school bus when they could be doing something useful either at home or in school. *No*body is served by the disintegration of communities. Racial integration in a disintegrating community makes no sense whatsoever. So how do you remove your opposition to busing in general from the racist opposition to busing?

We don't have the political leadership that will enable people to keep those distinctions drawn. If you say something in favor of community, you're immediately in danger of being aligned in other people's minds with a whole set of ideas and feelings that are wrong. The issue of political conservatism now is extremely confusing. There is no conservative leadership. People who would like to conserve something look at the "conservatives" and they get this line of political conservatism, which doesn't necessarily have to do with conserving

**continued next page**

# Lloyd Kahn

*publishes books from his owner-built house (not a dome) — mostly books on exercise, stretching and body-building these days. He's still working on shelter ideas. Encapsulated in this brief history of his relation to Whole Earth is the archetype of similar stories from many others.*

It was 21 years ago, a cold, dark, early December evening when I walked into a semi-vacant storefront in Menlo Park, California. A sign out front said "Whole Earth Truck Store," but there was no truck, no store, just an army-camouflage VW bus and Stewart and Lois Brand and a ton of books piled around in the back room. I was a dropped-out San Francisco insurance broker turned builder. I was about 10 years older than the inspired and visionary kids who were moving and shaking up America at the time, but I'd got the message and in a few years preceding that evening had latched onto many of the elements that were fueling the cultural, metaphysical and epochal revolution of the times.

I had just built a homestead, then a geodesic dome workshop in Big Sur, was tending a garden, listening to rock & roll, making weekend trips to Haight Street, reading *The Owner Built Home, Organic Gardening & Farming* magazine, *The Oracle, The East Village Other, The Dome Cookbook, The Green Revolution,* getting food by mail from Walnut Acres, listening to Buckminster Fuller and Marshall McLuhan, discovering B.B. King, Ali Akbar Khan, Buddhism, Alice Bailey, astronomy, astrology, prisms and Ashley automatics, learning about ferrocement, wind electricity, solar heating . . . remember?

Having run a base newspaper in the Air Force, I had a journalistic bent and as all this information began manifesting in the mid-60s and especially since people were starting to write me for dome info, I thought I'd mimeo up some fact sheets. Save the trouble of writing people individually.

Stewart saved me the trouble. He had more information, had a game plan, and went on to publish the first *Whole Earth Catalog* in Fall '68. (I still have that crude, funky and by now tattered first edition — one of my treasured books.) I joined forces and went on to edit the Shelter and Land Use sections of three of the catalogs.

To go back a bit further while still in this "credit-where-due" mode, *The Dome Cookbook* by Steve Baer gave me the first flash of insight. By God, I could do a book like this myself! Funky typewritten text, grainy photos, handwritten afterthoughts in the margin — just do it! Stewart was also obviously influenced by this 11 x 14" staplebound account of Baer's mathematics and building of chopped-out cartop domes in Colorado and New Mexico. It sold for $1.

At the WEC I learned about typesetting, design (and editing)-on-the-spot, pasteup and dealing with printers. In 1970 I published *Domebook One* and a year later *Domebook 2*, both with Bob Easton, and found myself in the publishing business. That's where I still am today, some 12 books and 1,400,000 total copies later. It all began with Stewart, Hal, Annie, Cappy, Fred, and Steamboat and it led a surprising number of us into permanent publishing careers.

That's the personal and specific of it. The general and significant of it is (was) the birth of nationwide distribution of West Coast books. When the Fall *WEC* sold 100,000 copies in four weeks, New York's attention was got.

New York meant major distribution muscle. Agent Don Gerrard signed the *WEC* up with Random House, then under editor-in-chief Jim Silberman's lead, and *Living on the Earth, The Tassajara Bread Book, The Massage Book, Shelter* and others all burst onto the national scene. It was as if CBS had given a dozen home-made West Coast videos prime time. Until then, there were no timely, hip, quickly and organically produced West Coast books that were in tune with the times and getting major national distribution. Books not conceived, edited or censored in NYC. It was a revolution, one greatly aided and abetted (and overlooked by the press) by what germinated in that Menlo Park storefront in 1967. ■

**WENDELL BERRY** (continued)

anything at all. Except large blocks of power and money, which are abstractions. So-called materialists are really destroying the world, not for material things, but for the sake of abstract values and ideas. Like money.

The conservation of values is fine, but you've got to get quickly on to the question of the conservation of things, of people, children, childhood, trees, woodlands, waterways, topsoil, rainfall, air, sexuality — all the things that are being torn down and exploited by these so-called conservatives. If your conservation stops at principles and values, then I think you lose your way and you become doctrinaire and dogmatic and you begin to do damage to things. If you were really a conscientious, thorough materialist, you would take care of material things. You would immediately be very close to being spiritual. ■

# Murray Bookchin

*is one of the granddaddies of American anarchism. He is currently in the center of a raging ideological debate among socialists and environmentalists. [By phone.]*

Janet Bush

The question of how to think today is what troubles me more than anything else. People aren't thinking out ideas. They have more and more accepted a bumper-sticker notion of reality. Everything has to be put into a simple slogan. Quite frequently these slogans are just premises which still need to be thought out. For example, if I say, "Split Wood, Not Atoms," it's very possible that I won't think out what that actually means. We might very well forget that by splitting too much wood we will help deforest the planet and contribute to the greenhouse effect. This is no justification, of course, for splitting atoms, but merely the simplest example of what I mean by not thinking out problems.

Moreover, when people do profess to be discussing ideas, they always try to find some low common denominator on which they agree. I'm all for agreement and conciliation wherever that is possible, but when different basic ideas lead to conflicting conclusions I think these conflicts have to be faced. For example, I'm engaged in a dispute with deep ecology right now. I've tried to follow the logic of deep ecology and social ecology, pointing out where they conflict on very major points. What I encounter most of the time is that I'm being accused of being divisive! If I point out major differences, I'm being accused of trying to divide people around views, of being a sectarian, when in point of fact all I am trying to do is to show that there are certain basic conflicts that have to be resolved.

In addition to the rationality that we use in everyday life, such as is used to build bridges, we have to develop a broader rationality. I like to call it an ecological, an organic rationality or a dialectical one. Instead of accepting quick and snappy bumper-sticker slogans for ideas, ideas should be ways of grasping the *unfolding* of things, of grasping their development. For example, we can't think of a human being just in terms of the statistics that describe his or her measurements — intelligence quotient, pulse rate, etc. We don't truly understand that person until we understand his or her biography, his or her entire history, all the factors that enter into his or her development from infancy through adolescence, and finally adulthood. That person consists of that entire history. We need to think out the logic of a development, and understand that everything is its own history just as any person is his or her own biography. It is an evolutionary approach.

There is also a tendency to overlook content for style. We overlook the importance of moral outrage, of anger, of strong feelings in presenting views. Everyone wants to talk in a low-keyed way, and seek out commonalities everywhere. There's a place for moral outrage when very ugly things are being said. For example, when David Foreman of Earth First! declares that we should let Ethiopian children starve and let nature take its course, people repeatedly tell me that I should get to know what a great guy Foreman is. I have no doubt that personally he may be very lovable. In fact, as an old hiker and camper, long before many people in Earth First! were born, and one who's loved the wilderness all his life, I feel a very great empathy for the people in Earth First! I wrote a 23-page reply to Foreman's remarks, but I was simply censored out of existence. I've never been able to publish a single response to the columns and columns of criticisms of often very personal and vitriolic attacks against me in Earth First!, but I was bitterly angry by their statement that Ethiopian children should be permitted to starve, that the famines in Africa today seem to be the result presumably of natural laws, whereas in point of fact they know that they stem from social causes, like agribusiness, civil wars, and colonialism. They kept on looking at my demeanor, at the way in which I expressed my outrage, at my anger, instead of looking at the content of my criticism.

I'm deeply concerned that we're ignoring differences that should be resolved, and that sometimes involves confrontations. I'm not seeking conflict for its own sake, but I don't believe that we should mute them in the name of a totally false harmony, when in point of fact there are major differences. If we keep trying to mute differences, to deal with challenging ideas in a completely conciliatory way, to complain about differences and deep diversities of ideas, without the give-and-take dialogue and evolution of ideas through contesting views, then I have very little hope that people will enter into the next 20 years in anything more than a rather intellectually numbed manner. We may turn our society into a huge aggregation of encounter groups, but the reality of the conflicts will not disappear and they will grow until they undermine the planet and all life on it. That's why I believe we must face our differences honestly, think them out, and find solutions to the terrible problems that confront us. ■

# Edward Abbey

*confounds categorization. He is a free thinker living in Arizona, active in the monkeywrenching division of environmentalism.*

**Abbey Interrogates Abbey: An Exercise in Existential Angst**

*Question:* What are you up to these days?

*Answer:* Hard to say. Nothing much. Mainly trying to stay out of trouble, help my wife raise a couple of little kids and, as usual, writing one more book. One more novel and then, as Chief Joseph said, I shall type no more forever. (That old redskin was a good man, a great man, but not too clear about the double negative. But then, neither am I.) One more fucking American novel and then I shall retire to my hut in the desert and spend the rest of my life (if I live that long) in contemplation.

*Question:* Contemplating your navel?

*Answer:* My novel.

*Question:* Seems to me we've heard this before. Seems to me you promised years ago you would quit writing and take up an honest, honorable trade, like shoe repair or diesel mechanics. How about that?

*Answer:* This time I mean it.

*Question:* Yeah . . . What's the new novel about?

*Answer:* I was hoping you'd ask that question. My new, final and terminal novel is about — diesel mechanics!

*Question:* Please, no bullshit. This is a serious interview.

*Answer:* I'm serious. The novel is called *Hayduke Lives!* (exclamation mandatory) and appears to be a sequel to *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. It also involves shoes, i.e. *sabotage*, as derived from the French *sabot*.

*Question:* Then it's not a serious book?

*Answer:* Absolutely not. I have never written a serious book and never will.

*Question:* Why do the East Coast literati always give your books such bad reviews? This ad from *Bloomsbury*, for instance ["Why Do Left-Wingers Hate This Writer? Why Do Right-Wingers Hate This Writer? And Why Do They Hate Him So Much?"].

*Answer:* I don't understand it myself. Perhaps because I made a bad choice of parents and failed to join any of the proper official minorities: I'm not a woman or a Negro or a homo or a Latino or 1/16th Chippewa. I'm not even Jewish, except by osmosis. Also, I attended the wrong school (New Mexico instead of Harvard), live on the wrong side of the river (west of the Mississippi), and am always 35 years behind the times. Or 350 years in front.

*Question:* Is it true that you called a certain professor, Murray Bookchin, "a fat old woman"?

*Answer:* I did write to some magazine about it, where he was quoted as calling me an "eco-fascist" etc. I believe I called him a "fat old cow" and threatened to whup his ass with a snow shovel. He lives in Vermont. Whereupon he called me — but I see that glaze of boredom on your eyes.

*Question:* You're right. What about this charge that you're a racist and a sexist?

*Answer:* It's true. I despise all of the human races, including the pink or European, and think the planet will be a better place when most of us are gone.

*Question:* Then you're really a misanthrope?

*Answer:* Correct. Except for certain individuals here and there, I think that grownup humans have disgraced themselves for the last 5,000 years, or ever since the invention of agriculture and the urban swarm. However, I still believe in the children. Our children are innocent until proven guilty; they deserve a chance. My kids, your kids, everybody's kids. For their sake we must struggle on, muddling our way toward frugality, simplicity, liberty, and a much much smaller total human population. About ten million, for example, would be enough for the USA.

*Question:* How?

*Answer:* Through natural attrition, combined with economic incentives: tax penalties on most of us, bribes for the poor.

*Question:* A fantasy. What about the sexism charge?

*Answer:* Also true. I am a radical pig sexist: I believe not only that women are radically different from men, as confirmed by my own personal researches over a period of 40 years, but also that women are radically superior to men — far more loving, kind, gentle, generous, sensitive, loyal. And obviously much better looking.

*Question:* Condemned in your own words.

*Answer:* I know.

*Question:* Tell me, Mr. Abbey, how can one man, in a period of only 61½ years, become so thoroughly obnoxious?

*Answer:* It ain't easy. I work at it. But mainly I owe it all to my Maw and Paw, without whose loving conjunction long ago neither you nor me would even be here. They are both still alive, still active in their late eighties, still as stubborn and independent and tough and incorrigibly romantic as they were when this century began. I mean you better watch out for those Appalachian mountaineers: they think they got the world by the tail with a downhill pull. Ain't no way to make them shut up or sit down or go away. No way that I know of, anyhow. ■

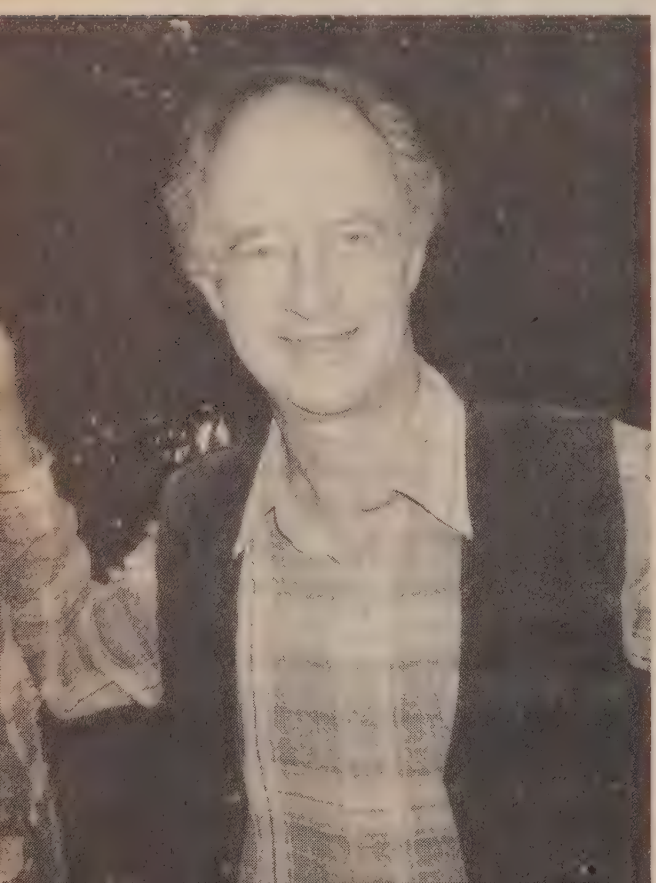
# Ernest Callenbach

*devised a notion of environmental right-livelihood called ecotopia, a vision that has entered the vernacular (see R. Crumb's illustration, p. 34). He also founded and edits* Film Quarterly.

Perhaps, in the subterranean ecology of our minds, every sunny vision (like my *Ecotopia*) has a dark counterside, the embodiment of what we most dread. In any event I confess that I've been thinking a lot lately about the terrible nuclear vulnerability of what we might loosely call Culture: the accumulated artifacts of painting, sculpture, music, literature, philosophy, architecture, science — the accomplishments of maybe 6,000 years. Culture exists in minds, of course, perhaps more fundamentally than it exists in museums, archives, libraries, etc.; without the Culture of minds these preservative institutions would not be constructed or maintained.

Nonetheless, the ominous fact we must confront is that Culture is metropolitan; the people who preserve Culture, like the material artifacts themselves, are almost entirely located in metropolitan areas. People and artifacts will therefore both be destroyed in any even limited nuclear exchange, and Northern Hemisphere Culture may well be obliterated almost as completely as was ancient learning when the Library of ancient Alexandria was burned. (Fuel was in short supply then, as it would be in the icy darkness of a Nuclear Winter . . . )

Let's not be too dire, merely adopt the minimum hypothesis of the Nuclear Winter analysis: that a mere 100 warheads are exploded. While I am reasonably sanguine that the major powers are becoming slightly less bellicose, the probabilities of an accidental nuclear-arms disaster are likely rising. They depend, after all, on the same factors that operate in the disasters we read about in the newspapers: failures, in general, of human judgment to respond accurately and responsibly to conditions of often sudden major technological danger. Technicians play with Chernobyl cooling systems and contaminate a continent; sailors neglect to go out on deck with binoculars to identify an Iranian jumbo jet (besides missing its listing on the airline schedule!) and blow it up; critical valves are left open at Bhopal and thousands die; political pressures cause fatal shuttle launches. If human judgment operates so unreliably in such critical situations, it is foolhardy to assume it will always operate flawlessly in the increasingly hair-trigger nuclear-arms situation.



This is not news, of course, and it is terrible enough merely from a human standpoint. Hundreds of millions of lives, perhaps billions, might be lost in a nuclear winter. But, because of the considerable (though less than formerly believed) separation of the atmospheric circulations of the Northern and Southern hemispheres, and the fact that (so far) few targetable nuclear installations exist south of the Equator, it is likely that considerable continuity of civilized life would be achievable at least in Australia and New Zealand in the event of a "minor" 100-bomb nuclear war.

The question I am leading to, then, is this: What artifacts of Northern Hemisphere culture would survive?

Oddly enough, music, the most insubstantial of the arts, is in the best position. (I began my horrified investigation of this whole question, incidentally, because of the pain it caused to think that my beloved Mozart might be destroyed forever, so this finding is particularly welcome.) In the form of compact discs, which are extremely durable, a great deal of the world's music must by now exist in relatively safe homes, stores, warehouses, and perhaps even record-company master archives, in Australia, New Zealand, South America, and South Africa. Hence, even though the repositories of musical manuscripts, scores, master discs, etc. in the Northern Hemisphere (not to mention highly professional orchestras with their exquisite instruments) are all within a few miles of major military targets, the music itself should largely survive — assuming, of course, that machinery for playing compact discs continues to be producible. And the quicker the entire basic repertory gets onto CDs, the better.

When we turn to other cultural areas, the situation would be catastrophic. The immense social disruption of nuclear winter would preclude the continued operation of the support systems necessary to keep cultural materials safe. Rust, damp and rot would destroy what the search for fuel had not. Northern Hemisphere art museums, libraries, scientific collections — all except perhaps a few in remote university towns would be gone, and while there are some quite good counterparts Down Under, the world would still experience a major cultural lobotomy.

The next question that arises is, of course: Can anything be done about it?

One strategy to consider is a systematic program for the

**continued next page**

# Robert Horvitz

*is our man in Washington, DC, and our far-ranging scout for the unreported story. He's been reviewing unconventional art and science for Whole Earth since 1976. He captioned the picture to the right: "Peep," a 5-year old Guimo (guinea pig) from Peru, with his pet, "Robert Horvitz."*

What am I working on now? Researching topics that may turn up as articles in these pages sooner or later. Don't want to blow any surprises, but one item on the list may work best as a capsule preview anyway.

An article by Philip J. Hilts in the *Washington Post* last June described a new remote-sensing technique called "seismic tomography." Developed about two years ago, the concept is similar to the CAT scans used in medical diagnostics. But instead of X-rays, seismic recordings from monitoring stations around the globe are integrated by computer to create 3-D images of the Earth's interior. So for the first time, we can peer into this huge hidden volume, which is the bulk of our planet. Compared to the vague generic model of the underworld we were taught in school, some of the features revealed by seismic tomography seem like science fiction.

Take the Earth's core — a red-hot sphere of liquid iron, right? Wrong, magma-breath. According to Adam Dziewonski, a geophysicist at Harvard, vibrations passing through the core behave as though the iron at the very center is compressed into "a single thousand-mile-wide crystal" swaddled in liquid iron. The rocky mantle around the core seems to have an irregular in-facing surface some 1,800 miles below us. "Anti-mountains" six to seven miles tall poke into the potato-shaped core, along with "anti-continents" that may be ringed by "anti-oceans" of iron. As the Earth spins, the mantle's rough underside could generate currents and turbulence in the core. That may account for small fluctuations observed in the lengths of days, and the geomagnetic "storms" that disrupt our radio communications from time to time.

It used to be that we could only guess about the circulation of matter in the Earth's mantle. But differences in density and temperature make it possible to track these processes tomographically. Our understanding of plate tectonics and continent formation should improve rapidly as we fill in the blank regions in our 3-D map of the planet.

Reading about seismic tomography for the first time gave me a rush of awe quite like the first photos of the Earth from orbit. As the "picture" of our planet's no-longer-inscrutable interior gets clearer, it's likely to have a similar unifying and reorienting effect. Since tomographs are more indirect and artificial than photographs, they may never be quite so compelling. But that also may stop them from becoming cliches.

In any event, completing the image of the Whole Earth that initially inspired this Publishing Empire is a mighty fine way to mark our 20th anniversary. For the 30th, let's add animation. ■

## ERNEST CALLENBACH (continued)

duplication of materials, and their storage in Southern Hemisphere institutions — perhaps with better preservation conditions and more security precautions. Wherever possible, more durable (and dispersible) formats should be adopted. In literature, for example, where even acid-free-paper books have a limited lifetime, existing scanning equipment could rapidly put a couple of hundred thousand works in CD-ROM laserdisc form also, as a backup to whatever printed copies exist in Southern Hemisphere libraries. Most of the world's great painting and sculpture has been photographed and a lot of it reproduced in books; nonetheless, because of the fragility of books, higher-quality reproductions should be created (perhaps holographically, in the case of sculpture). It would be desirable to extend the program to architecture, cinema, and perhaps other cultural areas. A basic corpus of scientific and technical material might also be desirable to include, although my initial hunch is that it is widely and reasonably safely dispersed in Southern Hemisphere institutions already, and would probably be safeguarded because of its relatively direct utility.

These are doomsday thoughts, as unwelcome to me as they doubtless will be to most *Whole Earth Review* readers. They may also prove uninspiring to donors called upon for financing, or politicians called upon for government support. But sometimes, when the consequences of not doing so are insupportable, we must think through doleful issues like these and try to act responsibly. We are desperately trying to save endangered species; art has the same uniqueness, the same heartstopping beauty, the same irreproducibility. We must not risk losing Mozart, along with the tiger and the condor and so many others. ■

# Norman Cousins

*is a lecturer on a wide variety of circuits. He has a reputation among the medical community for having cured his cancer with a program of laughing. He was the long-time (1940 to 1971) editor of the* Saturday Review, *a charmingly highbrow magazine at that time. [By phone.]*

I am putting my emphasis these days on the need to persuade people that they have the capacity to beat large problems, like nuclear weapons and a deteriorating environment, because in these past 40 years I've learned that next to the atomic bomb the greatest danger is defeatism, despair, and inadequate awareness of what human beings possess. I feel that any problem that can be defined is capable of being resolved. Out of this has come my conviction that no man knows enough to be a pessimist.

I've come to this conclusion while conducting research at a medical school. I have found verification for a thesis I proposed 10 years ago, namely, that emotions, thoughts, attitudes, and moods have biological effects. The belief that there was such a thing as a biology of hope was central in my quest. Now after 10 years we're beginning to see the specific scientific evidence that this thesis is correct. The immune system can be affected by depression on the downside, by hope on the upside. Medicine is now undergoing a revolution in understanding what the human healing system is, how it works, and what its possibilities are. I have never contended that hope alone will save, or that purpose, determination, and the will to live are a substitute for competent medical care. Rather, they are integral to it, and have a place in the doctor's little black bag, along with everything else.

The scientific verification of the mind/body connection will cause medical schools to prescribe out of the body's own apothecary and not just out of the corner drugstore. The body, I have discovered, has a vast array of endogenous medicants. The brain for example has 34 basic secretions which it mixes in various combinations to meet the body's needs. So that you have almost an infinity of prescriptions that can be written by the body itself. The main function of the doctor will be to make the distinction between the 85 percent of illnesses that are self-limiting and the 15 percent that require intervention. The doctor must learn not to interfere with the 85 percent, and then how to intervene in a very proportionate and measured way in order to supply what the body lacks in the other 15 percent.

The human body is a total organism containing a number of working parts, some of which can be in disorder or in disarray or nonfunctional in varying degrees. The doctor has to take a whole view of the body to find out what the interactive causes of disfunction are. The same thing is true of the world. We make a mistake to think that we can solve the problem of war or environmental poisoning or hunger or the tension of war on a piecemeal basis. We have to take a wholistic approach to the world as we do to the human body if we want to (a) make a correct diagnosis, and (b) embark upon a correct course of recovery.

One of the most important things in treatment is to create an environment in which effective treatment is possible. We have all the knowledge we need, all the resources we need, to make our planet safe and fit for human habitation. Two things stand in the way: First, the will to do it, and, second, the absence of institutions that can implement the will. We've got global problems, we have got to have global institutions to deal with them. These institutions can't be piecemeal, we need governance on a world scale. We have to move in that direction.

We have to always be asking ourselves questions about our own role. Am I loving enough? Am I giving enough? Are my eyes open enough? Am I having enough fun? Am I contributing to the good feelings of others? These are the eternal questions. I might ask them of myself in a different order at different times. For example, right now I'm asking myself, am I having enough fun? The reason I do that is because when you have a long procession of patients with catastrophic illnesses, the only way you're going to be able to convince them to try to make a run for it is that *you* believe they can. And that involves a profound emotional investment. And when you have to keep making that again and again each day, you tend to be depleted.

I get restored in simple ways. When a lunch date cancels, to be able to call up my wife and bring her down for lunch — that's an unexpected dividend. Sitting around a table with people who are doing interesting work in the world, and going around the table having each person talk about that work and trying to tie it all together — I find that recharging. Being in the company of beautiful and intelligent women is most recharging of all. Playing a jazz tune on the organ in the middle of the night. Being able to hit the golf ball 250 yards, first tee. Sitting with elderly people on a park bench, talking with them and hearing the fruits of their life. Flying high above the clouds and seeing the blue sky you don't see elsewhere, and the mountains of white clouds below you.

**continued next page**

# Mark Sommer

*homesteads in Northern California. A former political science major, he is the author of* Beyond the Bomb, *and the essay "Peace as a Whole System" for* WER *#51. [By phone.]*

What I've changed my mind about in the last twenty years is how change takes place. By "change" I mean fundamental social change at the global level. Twenty years ago, the year 1968, was a pivotal moment in human history, the greatest revolutionary year since 1848. All over the world, from Paris to Poland, Columbia to Czechoslovakia, there were revolutions. Or rather, failed revolutions.

And they failed *because* they were revolutions. Revolution is fundamentally a mechanistic concept and implies a mechanical conception of change. It's still locked into the old, obsolete worldview. Essentially, revolution simply "revolves" or rotates society, reversing roles but leaving the fundamental structures unchanged. Those outside move into power, and those inside move out.

What I've learned over these past few decades is that real change doesn't take place by revolution at all, but by evolution. Evolution is an organic process, and like all living processes it's mostly quite gradual, almost imperceptible much of the time. You plant an apple tree and it's years before it looks like anything more than a twig. Then one day, long after you've forgotten that you expected fruit from it, there are the apples, hanging on the branches. Evolution is less dramatic, less traumatic than revolution, but it's a more actual and enduring change.

At the moment we're balanced on a pivot point on our way towards a very, very different kind of world. Since it's an evolutionary change, we're not proceeding in a linear progression. Our very conception of change has changed. The old concept was that change would be dramatic, sudden, and total. The new understanding is that it's sort of a halting, two-steps-forward-one-step-back, sometimes two steps back and one step forward, kind of process. It leaps, lingers, lurches, and regresses.

We've been going through a regression for eight or ten years now in this country and throughout much of Western Europe. But it's a regression that has *not* gone all the way back to the situation prior to the sixties. In fact, the resistance to the most extreme parts of the Reagan agenda came not just from the liberal and radical sectors of the population but from the mainstream. In almost imperceptible forms, certain of the core values of the insurgents in the Sixties have now been absorbed into the larger culture.

And now we find global crises dragging us forward again. And not just "us' Americans, but everyone, the entire species. The greenhouse effect, ozone depletion, drought, economic stagnation and instability — all these crises are global in nature. They respect no national borders. Finally we've found larger enemies than any of us can be for each other. These are our common enemies, or maybe our shared predicaments — shared problems that we can't get out of solving, and that we can only solve together.

These crises are our true teachers. And they'll be very severe. Like many other observers, I'd guess that the next twenty to forty years will be an exceedingly difficult time to live on this planet, almost apocalyptic in some ways. There will be drought and famine and pestilences of every variety, all forcing us towards a different orientation, a different mode of behavior.

Among the many responses to this mega-crisis there will, as always, be revolutionary enthusiasms. But what I see as more promising is the steadier, less spectacular, but more well-rooted kind of change found in evolutionary processes. We must take care to be sure it's more broadly based than last time around. I've been sampling the recent spate of retrospective books on the sixties and I'm reminded of how very chaotic and ultimately self-destructive the movement became in its later years, largely because it wasn't well-grounded in the mainstream culture or in the earth itself. In fact, it was very disrespectful of some quite decent things in the main culture. People doing useful everyday work with competence and care were often treated with contempt and derision.

I don't think we can afford to have that happen again. Because part of the change that has to occur is to make room in our lives for kindness and compassion and forgiveness, for qualities that revolution never allows for. Revolution is a very brutal process and usually ends up denying the humanity in both victims and victors. But evolution is a perpetually uncertain, unfinished process. It leaves more room for feeling, for sympathy and humility and mutual acceptance. Our embrace of evolutionary change is a fundamental shift from which we'll never really turn back. ■

NORMAN COUSINS *(continued)*

Playing a good chess game with combinations that I'd never thought of before. Being able to sit down at my writing table and have words flow out and then look out and see that it's four o'clock in the morning. Feeling sweat pour out of me after three sets of hard singles on a tennis court and then being able to get a dropshot and put it away for a winner. Proving the experts wrong, especially in health matters. There are lots of things that give me hope. ■

# Gary Snyder

*is a native eco-poet, the original dharma bum, versed in Japanese zen and American shamanism, and a long-time foe of environmental destruction by industrial society. In a recent phone conversation, he was waxing poetic about his new solar-powered Macintosh computer. (See also his poem, p. 23.)*

*Kevin Kelly:* How were you finally convinced to start using a computer?

*Gary Snyder:* First of all I'm always curious and open to the possibility of using new and different tools. I am not implicitly against technology. For the most part I consider tools to be more or less morally neutral. It's up to the person's self-discipline and character to use it properly. You do not reject a tool out of hand just because it has some difficult or dangerous capacities. Of course there are limits to that. Nuclear bombs are way out of the capacity of people to control, beyond the capacity of self-discipline. Which is the case with many modern weapons.

But I was not operating with an advance prejudice against computers. My slowness in adopting them was the difficulty in finding the time to learn a particularly *demanding* technology. It requires a few weeks of your attention to master, and when you've got a full schedule of work to do and you're already in a kind of creative flow, who's got a few weeks to spare? It's kind of a luxury, actually. I was quite happy to put off making a decision about it until I saw how it all shook down. And I'm glad I put it off, because I might have ended up with an old Kaypro or something they don't use any more.

And when you're using mixed home-power systems, it is very easy to hook it up to solar energy. I simply plugged it into the inverter. Actually, if I was a little more skilled at these things, I would simply hotwire it for DC 12. Since all of these computers run on organic electricity, you know.

*KK:* Organic electricity?

*GS:* Yeah, natural electricity. Direct current. All these computers run on direct current. Each one has a converter inside of 'em, that takes AC 120 down to DC 12.

*KK:* Now that you are wired to it, have you found that the computer has seduced you and is changing the way you think?

*GS:* No, not in the least. I find it really incomprehensible that people can worry about being seduced by a machine. I am the master of my tools, they're not the master of me. I am kicking that computer around, making it do what I want. It's not seducing me. It's not dictating how we think, it takes its model from how we think. The pattern for the computer is the mind, not vice versa.

*KK:* If it's not seducing you, do you find it's leading you into new territory?

*GS:* I get more work done. And it comes at a time in my life where I would like to get the work done. I don't think that I would have gotten interested in a word processor just to write poetry on. It's too easy to write poetry in a straightforward way. But I got into the computer world for handling multiple prose projects, for footnotes, for documentation, for cite notes and that sort of thing. I can move back and forth using a 20-megabyte hard disc underneath my Mac+ and pull up stuff really quickly. So it gives me more time to fool around in the woods.

It's similar to about 1946 or '47 when we shifted over from sawing wood with handsaws and turned to chainsaws. It means that you don't spend as much time actually cutting wood.

*KK:* But it means a lot more forests fall, too.

*GS:* Not necessarily. We're talking about cutting firewood, now. When we quit cutting firewood with a handsaw and we started cutting firewood with a chainsaw, we didn't increase the amount of wood we cut.

*KK:* I mean overall in terms of the national forests.

*GS:* That is a problem of capitalism. It's a problem of greed. The fact is, what fuels the destruction of the forest in the United States is not chainsaws or people. It's capitalism.

*KK:* What are the tools at hand for that problem?

*GS:* Understanding history, unmasking delusions. Unmask such delusions as that of an individualistic, hard-working, small-scale American worker or farmer, free to compete in the market, and look at the huge forces that actually dominate the distribution of resources and the allotment of public land and water. Comprehend the nature of our institutions. Do not confuse real human relationships and interactions with professionalized institutions or artificial governmental agencies.

The primary delusion is what Kenneth Rexroth calls "the social lie" — that we need the state to protect ourselves from ourselves, that the state is law and order. The state is disorder and entropy, institutionalized for the benefit of a few. It confuses people into believing that family, community, kin group, tribe, neighborhood, regional association is inadequate for self-government. In fact we actually govern ourselves in the overwhelming majority of cases. We receive very little in the way of services from a state which has a vested interest in maintaining confrontations with some other state for the mutual purpose of both states extracting large amounts of taxes from their people to maintain a large military which

**continued next page**

# Andrew Schmookler

*is a strategist for the upcoming global peace. He lives in the Washington, DC area. [By phone.]*

I'm still learning and still being surprised by the way this world does and does not change. Twenty years ago I had a more apocalyptic feeling about the world, a sense I had that time was running out rather rapidly. It was something like the early Christians who believed the world as they knew it wasn't going to last very long, and who expected the Second Coming within their lifetime. I believed civilization would very quickly self-destruct if it did not radically transform itself.

The world has much more equilibrium than I once believed it did. That makes me more optimistic about whether or not humankind and life on Earth are going to survive, though I regard that question as still unanswered.

Some of my previous beliefs now look naively optimistic. When 18-year-olds got the vote (I was then not much older than that), I assumed it would be a progressive force. Youth, after all, are not so firmly enculturated and indoctrinated into the illusions of our civilization. That assumption proved to be one of my illusions.

Some things I had believed to be linear I have come to see as cyclical. Some changes in consciousness are cyclic. For example, there seems to be pattern: the politically quiescent children of the '50s were the children of the children of the '20s, while the children of the '60s were the children of the children of the '30s, and the children of the '80s are the children of the children of the '50s. Perhaps there's a 30-year cycle; this leads me to predict that the 1990s will be again a time of great ferment in this country, ferment in a potentially positive way.

The other thing that I also am surprised and encouraged to discover is that despite eight years of reactionary government in the United States, there is an underlying momentum toward progressive change that even Ronald Reagan couldn't entirely resist. In recent years even Reagan's been swept along with it. It's not only in this country, but globally. The changes in the Soviet Union in the last 5 years and in China in the last 10 or 15, and in various other places, reveals a healing energy working in ways I wasn't looking for. It sustains my hope.

Some of the recent positive changes in the world help create the context for a change now in the direction of my own work.

My work has previously focused mainly on the problem of war and peace. This is certainly true of my just-published book *Out of Weakness: Healing the Wounds that Drive Us To War;* but it is also true of the core of my first book *The Parable of the Tribes: The Problem of Power in Social Evolution.*

Now I am turning from the problem of the destructiveness of war to seek to understand why humankind is so destructive of the planet even in peacetime. What is it, I am asking, in ourselves and in our systems, that makes modern civilization so preoccupied with the accumulating of wealth without limit, even at the cost of other values? And what can we do to achieve a better balance in our society and in our lives? This inquiry will bear fruit in a new book, *All-Consuming: Materialistic Values and Human Needs.*

*All-Consuming* is leading me into questions at different levels. At the spiritual level, for example, I want to know what can meaningfully be said about the sources of human fulfillment. What really scratches the itch? Where would material wealth properly fit in — in a life led wisely in an enlightened society? On the level of economic systems, I wonder: Is it possible to maintain a market system, yet restrain its distortive effects and make it more wholly a tool of human purpose and less the engine of the human drama? ■

GARY SNYDER (continued)

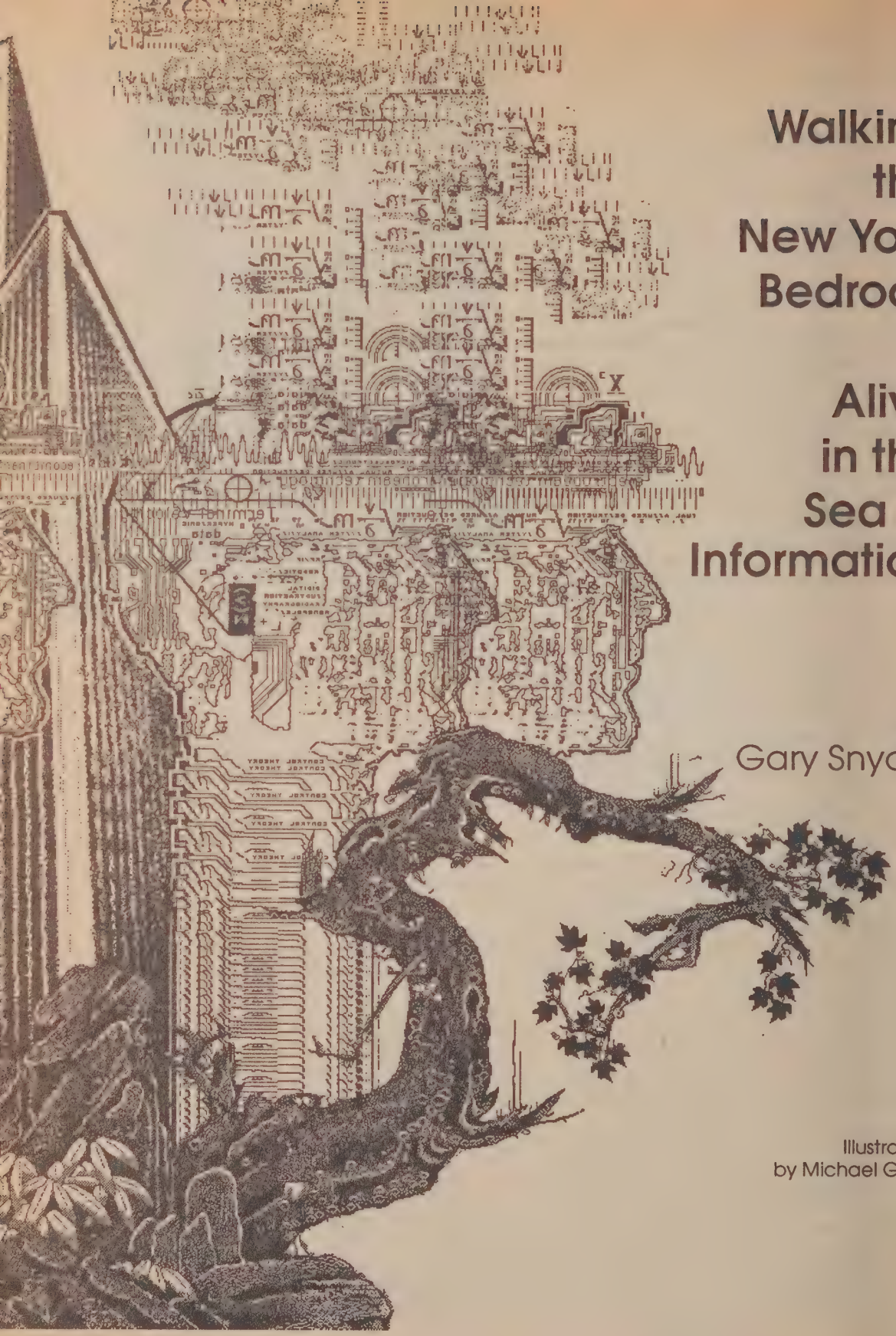
in turn feeds a large portion of the capitalist or fascist economy. And it's all scam.

*KK:* Is monkey-wrenching another tool?

*GS:* Mmm. That's not a tool, that's a tactic, and a questionable tactic.

*KK:* You have ambivalent feelings about it?

*GS:* Yeah. It's the employment of violence against machinery. I would prefer not to be violent against machinery even, although that's not the same as causing harm to life. But causing harm to property causes harms to people's hearts, and so a higher quality of action that is educational, instructive, and transformational, is preferable wherever possible. ■



# Walking the New York Bedrock

# Alive in the Sea of Information

by
Gary Snyder

Illustrations
by Michael Green

Maple, oak, poplar, gingko
New leaves, "new green" on a rock ledge
Of steep little uplift, tucked among trees
Hot sun dapple—
wake up.

Roll over and slide down the rockface
Walk away in the woods toward
A squirrel, toward
Rare people! Seen from a safe distance,
A murmur of traffic approaching,
Siren howls echoing
Through the gridlock of structures,
Vibrating with helicopters,
the bass tone
Of a high jet.

Leap over the park stone wall
Dressed fast and light,
Slip into the migrating flow —

## 2.

New York like a sea anemone
Wide and waving in the Sea of Economy,
Cadres of educated youth in chic costume
Step out to the night life, good food, after work
In the chambers of prana-subtle power-pumping
Heartbeat buildings fired
Deep at the bottom, under the basement.
Fired by old merchant marine
Ex-fire tenders gone now from sea
To the ships stood on end on the land,
Ex-seamen stand watch at the stationary boilers
give way to computers,
That monitor heat and the power
Webs underground; in the air;
In the Sea of Information.

Keen eyes on the sidewalks,
Brisk flesh. Beauty and age strut and shuffle

We curve round the sweep of great corners
Cardboard chunks tossed up in truckbed
Delicate jiggle, rouge on the nipple,
Kohl under the eye.

Time and Life buildings—sixty thousand people—
Wind ripples the banners.
Stiff shudder shakes limbs on the
Planted trees growing new green,

Glass, aluminum, aggregate gravel,
Iron. Stainless steel.
Hollow honeycomb brain-buildings owned by

Columbia University, the landlord of
Anemone
Colony
Alive, in the Sea of Information.

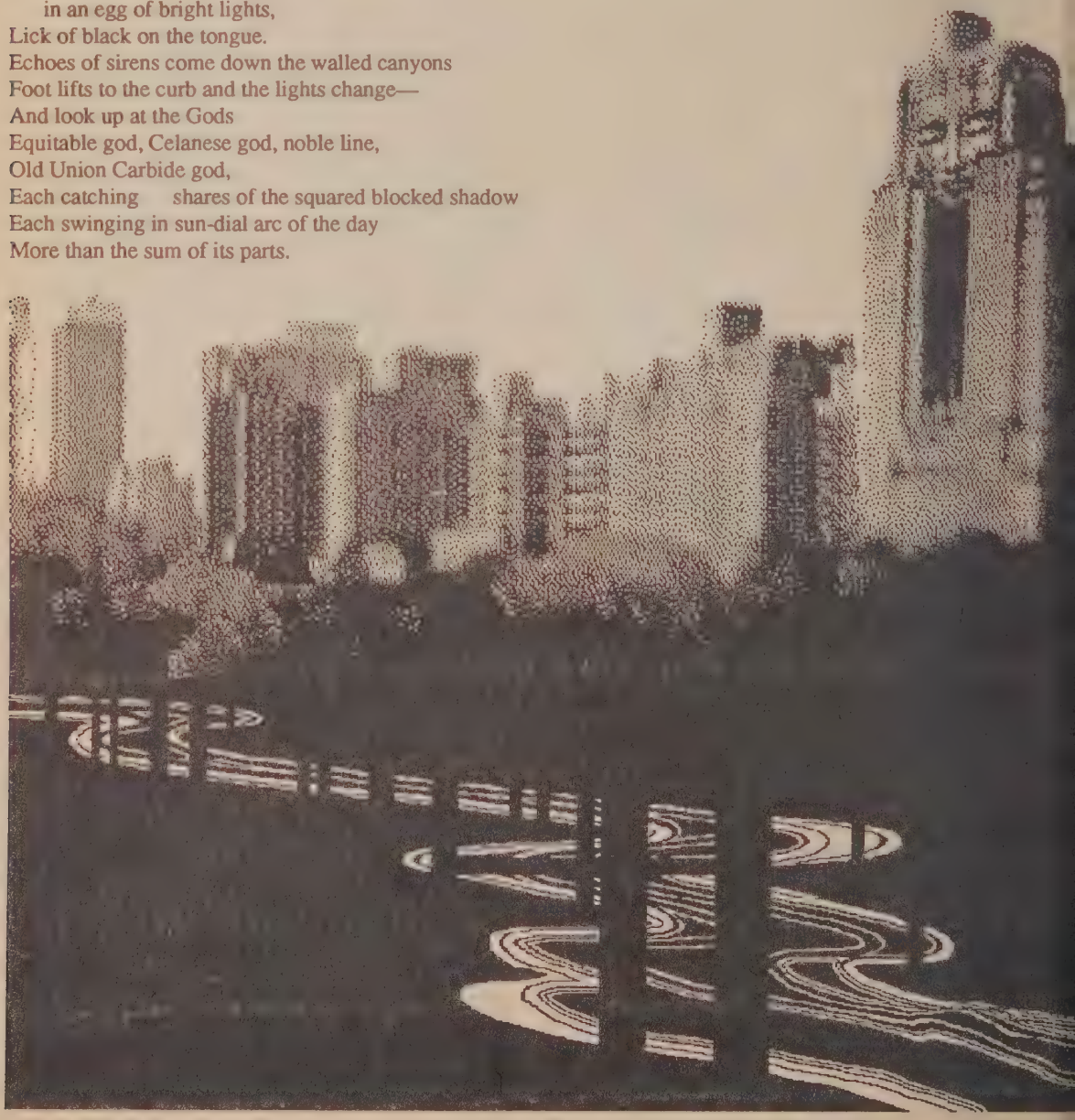
3.

"Claus the Wild man"
Lived mostly with Indians,
Was there as a witness when the old lady
"Karacapacomont"
Sold the last bit of Washington Heights, 1701

Down deep grates hear the watercourse,
Rivers that never give up
Trill under the roadbed, over the bedrock
A bird angles way off a brownstone
Couloir that looks like a route,

Echo the hollowing darkness.
Scatter on bedrock, crisscrossing light threads
Gleam sucking squeals up the side streets
One growl shadow
in an egg of bright lights,
Lick of black on the tongue.
Echoes of sirens come down the walled canyons
Foot lifts to the curb and the lights change—
And look up at the Gods
Equitable god, Celanese god, noble line,
Old Union Carbide god,
Each catching shares of the squared blocked shadow
Each swinging in sun-dial arc of the day
More than the sum of its parts.

The Guggenheims, the Rockefellers, and the Fricks,
Assembling the art of the world, the plate glass
Window lets light in on "the water lilies"
Like fish or planets, people,
Move, pause, move through the rooms,
White birch leaves shiver in breezes
While guards watch the world,
Helicopters making their long humming trips
Trading pollen and nectar
In the air
Of the
Sea of Economy,



4.

Drop under the streetworld
Steel squeal of stopping and starting
Wind blows through black tunnels
Spiderwebs, fungus, lichen.

Gingko trees of Gondwanaland. Pictographs,
Petroglyphs, cover the subways—
Empty eye sockets of buildings just built
Soul-less, they still wait the ceremony
That will make them too,
New, Big
City Gods,
Provided with conduit, cable and pipe,
They will light up, breathe cool air,
Breathe the minds of the workers who work there—
The cloud of their knowing
As they soar in the sky, in the air,
Of the Sea
Of Information,

Cut across alleys and duck beneath trucks.
"Under Destruction"
Stop to gaze on the large roman letters
Of writing on papers that tell of Economy,

## 5.

Skilsaw whine slips through the windows
Empty room—no walls—such clear air in the cellar
Dry brick, cooked clay, rusty house bodies
Carbide blade skilsaw cuts bricks. Squalls
From the steps leading down to the subway.
Blue-chested runner, a female, on car streets,
Red lights block traffic but she like the
Beam of a streetlight in the whine of the skilsaw,
She runs right through.

A cross street leads toward a river
North returns to the woods
South takes you fishing
Peregrines nest at the thirty-fifth floor

Streetpeople rolling their carts
of whole households
Or asleep wrapped in light blue blanket
spring evening, at dusk, in a doorway,
Eyeballing aretes and buttresses rising above them,
con domus, dominion,
domus,
condominate, condominium
Towers, up there the
Clean crisp white dress white skin
women and men
Who occupy sunnier niches,
Higher up on the layered stratigraphy cliffs, get
More photosynthesis, flow by more ostracods,
get more sushi,
Gather more flesh, have delightful
Cascading laughs,

—Peregrine sails past the window
Off the edge of the word-chain
Harvesting concepts, theologies,
Snapping up bites of the bits bred by
Banking
ideas and wild speculations
On new information—
and stoops in a blur on a pigeon,

As the street-bottom feeders with shopping carts
Slowly check out the air for the fall of excess,
Of too much, flecks of extra,
From the higher-up folks in the sky

As the fine dusk gleam
Lights a whole glass side of
Forty some stories
Soft liquid silver,

Beautiful buildings we float in, we feed in,

Foam, steel, gray.

Alive in the Sea of Information.

■

## People of the Tropical Rain Forest

*Visualize a tropical rain forest and one of the last things you're likely to imagine is people. Yet it is people — both in the tropics and in cities far away — who are building roads, logging trees and making forests disappear. By explaining how people live in these forests worldwide, this book makes the enormous problems of rain-forest preservation comprehensible. It's one of the great environmental challenges of our age, right up there with nuclear annihilation and acid rain.*

*From the Yanomami in Brazil to the recent transmigrant settlers in Indonesia, this book examines forest dwellers old and new. Over twenty scholars contribute essays, and the color photographs, from a Smithsonian exhibit, are first-rate.* —*Richard Nilsen*

•

The few remaining Amazonian, Bornean, or African natives who walk softly through the forest and receive from it all their life's necessities and return to it all they have produced are a vanishing minority among today's rain-forest peoples. Many more forest folk participate in markets — local, national, or international. They fell large trees with chainsaws; they plant crops that originated on the other side of the globe; their dreams reflect the lives of people who never saw a rain forest; and they worship gods who only walked in deserts. Nevertheless, they too are people of the rain forest; they make a living from its resources and what they do determines its fate.

•

Of all the many facets of the tropical rain forest perhaps the most difficult to grasp and the most threatened by deforestation is the diversity of its species. With only 6 percent of the world's land area the tropical moist forests are thought to house almost half its species. Although Costa Rica is smaller than West Virginia, it supports more than 12,000 species of vascular plants, 150 species of reptiles and amphibians, 237 species of mammals, 850 species of birds, and 543 species of butterflies in 3 families alone. That is more species of birds than in the United States and Canada combined. Madagascar has more than 2,000 tree species in comparison with only about 400 in all of temperate North America. Peninsular Malaysia has 7,900 plant species compared to Great Britain with 1,430 in twice the area. The Amazon and its tributaries hold more than 2,000 species of fish. E. O. Wilson counted 43 species in 26 genera of ants in a single tree in Peru's Tambopata Reserve, "about equal to the entire ant fauna of the British Isles."

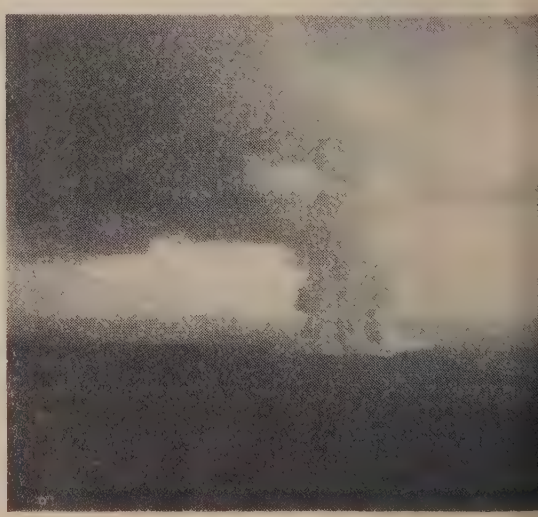
**People of the Tropical Rain Forest**
Julie Sloan Denslow and Christine Padoch, Editors
1988; 231 pp.
**$19.95**
($21.95 postpaid) from:
University of California Press
Attn.: Order Dept.
2120 Berkeley Way
Berkeley, CA 94720
800/822-6657

or Whole Earth Access

**(Above) An Iban tribesman sharpening his chainsaw during a logging operation in Sabah, Malaysia. Like badges that travelers collect, the tattoos on his back testify to his many journeys, most of them probably to logging camps.**

**(Left) Upon arrival, new settlers, like this family in the Brazilian state of Rondonia, put up temporary shelters using local materials. Many settlers come from distant regions such as southern Brazil and are second or third generation immigrants from Germany or Italy.**

**(Below) Land is cleared for new forest plantations at Jari [Brazil] by burning off the natural forest.**

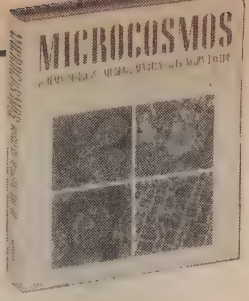


## Microcosmos

*Are your parties sometimes cursed with guests like me who would rather glance through a book than talk to anyone? This coffee-table special might fix the problem. It's impossible to browse these images of micro-tiny wonders without grabbing a passerby to "Lookit THIS!"*

*And in the next few years as we progress into the age of nanotechnology, where most of the innovations that transform our lives take place in the realm of the infinitesimal, this scale of perception may become essential to understanding that world. The range and quality of images presented here is an exciting introduction to the micro-future — microscopic perspectives of the human body, of mites, plant roots, viruses, cell reproduction, crystal structure, materials analysis, bioengineering, and fabricated materials.* —*Stewart Brand*

**Microcosmos**
Jeremy Burgess,
Michael Marten,
and Rosemary Taylor
1987; 208 pp.
**$29.95**
postpaid from:
Cambridge University Press
510 North Avenue
New Rochelle, NY 10801
800/221-4512




or Whole Earth Access

**A motor neurone activates muscle cells through end-plates — small swellings that form the terminals of the axon. These neuromuscular junctions are portrayed by a scanning electron microscope. Where fine motor movement is required, one neurone may control one muscle fibre. But for cruder control, as here, a single axon can innervate several muscle fibres. The passage of instructions from nerve to muscle relies on the same chemical process as synaptic nerve-nerve transmission.**

◄

The compact disc works in a completely different way to the LP. One side of the disc is pressed to produce a pattern of very small elongated bumps, laid out in the form of a fine, continuous spiral which, in a typical CD, is 20 km long. The turns of the spiral are so close together that 60 of them would fit into the width of a single groove of an LP. The size of each bump and the rate at which adjacent bumps change in size determine the volume and pitch of the sound produced. . . . The delicate surface of the disc is protected by a layer of transparent plastic. In this picture, the protective layer has been cracked open and partly removed. Beneath the protective layer, the pattern of bumps is visible — part of the first movement of Mozart's 40th symphony. The bumps vary in length from 0.83 micrometres to 3.56 micrometres. These distances are close to the wavelength of visible light. This is why shining a light onto a CD produces a rainbow-coloured reflection, by the process of diffraction.

*SEM, false colour, × 1040*

## The Discoverers

*A young classic. The lively history of conceptual news. Fascinating stories, for example, of the discovery of dictionaries, atlases, and indexes, including the history of the idea of history, how geography was discovered in the mind, how writing obliterated memory, and how the incremental nature of science co-evolved with the incremental nature of science journals, in contrast to dogma-filled books. "The only history of the world really relevant to scientists and engineers," says Stewart Brand. I found this book easier to absorb by listening to it on cassette tapes (26 in all).* —*Kevin Kelly*

**The Discoverers**
Daniel J. Boorstin
1983; 745 pp.
**$9.95**
($10.95 postpaid) from:
Random House
Attn.: Order Dept.
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
800/638-6460

or Whole Earth Access

Audiocassettes: **$52** postpaid from Books on Tape, P. O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92658; 714/548-5525.

•

The week — or something like it — was probably the earliest of these artificial time clusters. Our English word "week" seems to come from an Old High German word meaning to change, or turn about (like the English "vicar" and the German *Wechsel*). But the week is no Western invention, nor has it everywhere been a cluster of seven days. Around the world, people have found at least fifteen different ways, in bunches of 5 to 10 days each, of clustering their days together. What is planet-wide is not any particular bouquet of days but the need and desire to make some kind of bouquet. Mankind has revealed a potent, pressing desire to play with time, to make more of it than nature has made. . . .

Why a *seven*-day week?

The ancient Greeks, it seems, had no week. Romans lived by an 8-day week. Farmers who worked in the fields for 7 days came to town for the eighth day — the market day (or *nundinae*). This was a day of rest and festivity, a school holiday, the occasion for public announcements and for entertaining friends. When and why the Romans fixed on 8 days and why they eventually changed to a 7-day week is not clear. The number seven almost everywhere has had a special charm. The Japanese found seven gods of happiness, Rome was set on seven hills, the ancients counted seven wonders of the world, and medieval Christians enumerated seven deadly sins. The Roman change from eight to seven seems not to have been accomplished by any official act. By the early third century A.D. Romans were living with a 7-day week.

There must have been some popular new ideas afloat. One of these was the idea of the Sabbath, which appears to have come to Rome through the Jews. . . .

## Selling Science

*The contribution of this book lies in its careful, and highly successful, attempt to understand the frames of reference — the mindsets — of scientists and of journalists. Dorothy Nelkin accurately describes the style of scientific research, the norms of objectivity (especially peer review and reproducibility of results), the professional ideals, the role of technical jargon, and the rules of evidence widely used in science — in short, the unspoken culture in which all scientists operate. She similarly describes the culture of journalism, including basic reporting, editorial constraints, audience assumptions, economic pressures, avoidance of complexity, and vulnerability to sources. From this it becomes easy to appreciate the sources of misunderstandings between scientists and journalists. When a scientist says there is no (statistically significant) evidence of a correlation between power-plant radiation and cancer, a journalist who knows of a few cases of radiation-induced cancer may "hear" a coverup; when a scientist says a new drug produced an improvement in a few AIDS patients, a journalist may "hear" that a cure is imminent. When a journalist asks probing questions about risks of technology, a scientist may "hear" that the journalist is trying to make the evidence fit his own hidden agenda; when a journalist omits important methodological details about an experiment, a scientist may "hear" an attempt to oversell a finding to a gullible public.*

*Nelkin praises efforts to increase mutual cultural understanding between scientists and journalists. Although the tension can be softened, she says, the two cultures are inherently different and the tension cannot be wholly eliminated. Scientists and journalists will have to come to terms with an uneasy, occasionally adversarial relationship.* —*Peter Denning*

*[Suggested by Hank Roberts]*

•

When journalists do cover occupational health issues they go to official sources rather than to workers. In 1976 a dramatic incident took place at the electric boat shipyard in Connecticut: it was announced that 1200 workers were found to have traces of asbestosis. This generated 50 stories in local newspapers, but only one reporter interviewed the afflicted asbestos workers themselves. Karen Rothmeyer of the *Wall Street Journal* explains this bias bluntly: "Middle class journalists who are used to dealing with middle class officials won't get off their asses to make the difficult effort to find people on the other side. . . . Too many reporters wind up being Establishment stooges, not because they're uncaring people, but because they're middle class and don't want to struggle with speaking another language with different people."

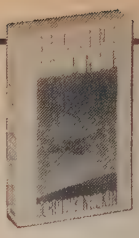
■

Scientists also complain about inaccuracy in the reporting of science and technology. When questioned further, though, they admit that inaccuracy is mainly a problem, not of getting the facts wrong, but of omitting qualifiers or details necessary to place information in a proper perspective. . . . The nature of contemporary science journalism — the constraints of space and of time, the pressures for simplification, even the quasi-religious faith in the capacity of science to provide definitive solutions, and sometimes the ignorance of the reporter — are usually to blame for such omissions. However, scientists often suggest an explanation that ignores these complexities: that journalists simply care little about the truth.

•

A number of scientific journals have published guidelines on how to respond to journalists and how to avoid misrepresentation. These guidelines are usually defensive in nature. For example, an article in the *NEJM* suggests that scientists use the public relations office of their universities as a clearinghouse. It warns scientists to be aware of reporters' motives: "Your response to an innocent-sounding question about your study of schizophrenia may be linked in tomorrow's newspaper to a murder trial." The article also warns *Journal* readers to avoid interviews about their research prior to publication and to be extremely cautious in what they say: "There are many instances in which a researcher has been led innocently to the slaughter," and "Never even whisper to a reporter anything you would not care to see in screaming headlines."

**Selling Science**
Dorothy Nelkin
1987; 224 pp.
**$9.95**
($11.45 postpaid) from:
W. H. Freeman and Co.
4419 West 1980 South
Salt Lake City, UT 84104
212/576-9400



or Whole Earth Access

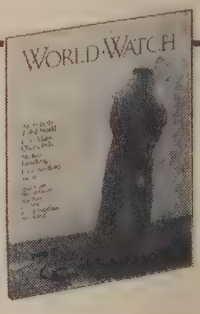
## World Watch

*The Worldwatch Institute has pretty much shown the way in reporting the major problems (and possible solutions) facing humanity. Competence and good research are the hallmarks of their annual State of the World book series and their occasional World Watch Papers on specific subjects. Now a very fine magazine joins the fray, covering much the same material on a more frequent schedule. The first issues are all one could hope for, and they'll certainly add their influence to reporting in general; many of us media hacks have learned to use Worldwatch as our source of information and background facts for stories. I'm not alone in regarding this magazine as the best of the breed.* —*J. Baldwin*

•

It's estimated nonsmoking employees save their companies $300 to $4,700 per person per year in health and building maintenance costs compared to their cigarette-smoking colleagues. Partly for this reason, over 70 percent of the companies that belong to the Health Insurance Association of America restrict smoking in their offices.

**World Watch**
Lester R. Brown, Editor
**$20**/year
(6 issues) from:
Worldwatch Institute
1776 Massachusetts
Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20036
202/452-1999

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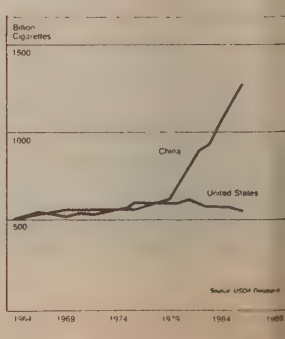
Bans on cigarette advertising do not seem to work in isolation: Poland, China and Czechoslovakia, all nations with de facto bans on cigarette advertising, experienced serious increases in tobacco use.



## The Conservation Easement Handbook

*In the world of real estate, not all easements are bad for the owner — like, say, the one allowing the electric company to cross your land with a power line. This is a detailed book for conservation-minded people about creating good easements. A joint venture between four national land-protection organizations (Trust for Public Land, Land Trust Exchange, Public Resource Foundation, and the National Trust for Historic Preservation), this book manages to be innovative, comprehensive and coherent. The scope of what's being tried in local communities across the country is heartening. Here are real win/win situations, right down to the boilerplate needed for writing an easement of your own. —Richard Nilsen*

•

Suddenly the whole world seems available on video. Why not easements?

The Sonoma Land Trust produced a "Land Trust in a Box" video that depicts landowner-donors talking about what they have given and how much it means to them. The 12-minute show cost $6,000 to produce, and a subsequent foundation donation covered most of the expense. Land trust board members take this show to local meetings and into their friends' living rooms. Donors of more than $100 to the land trust are offered copies of the videos so that they, too, can promote the land trust's work.

Those who do not want to make their own videos can rent or buy one from the Land Trust Exchange. "For the Common Good: Preserving Private Lands with Conservation Easements," a 16-minute documentary on the public benefits being achieved with conservation easements, is available in 16mm film and on videocassettes. . . . "For the Common Good" tells several easement success stories, and makes good viewing for public officials and landowners interested in land conservation.

**The Conservation Easement Handbook**
Janet Diehl
and Thomas S. Barrett
1988; 269 pp.
**$19.95**
($22.70 postpaid) from:
Land Trust Exchange
1017 Duke Street
Alexandria, VA 22314
703/683-7778

•

Conservation easements occupy an appealing niche in the array of land protection techniques — halfway between outright public or nonprofit ownership, at one extreme, and government land-use regulation at the other. . . . Easements keep property in private hands and on the tax rolls, and also can carry a lower initial price tag than outright acquisition.

For lands and historic properties where long-term protection is important but where private ownership and management make sense, easements are the right tool. For a 500-acre ranch that's been in the family for generations and lies in the foreground of a national park. For a 200-year-old stone house in the middle of a city's financial district. For the strip of private property that borders a wild and scenic river used by thousands for recreation. For the half-acre community garden in the midst of a senior-citizen housing complex. Their flexibility and their applicability to a wide variety of situations — that is the beauty of conservation easements.

**New York City's Greenacre Park is protected by the first scenic easement applied to an urban landscape.**

## Issues in Science and Technology

*From the National Academy of Sciences comes this well-edited quarterly of scientists' opinions on public policy issues and various people's opinions on science policy issues. No pictures, careful words. Since most political magazines are innocent of inside-perspective science, and most science magazines eschew political debate, this publication performs important tunnelling.*

*—Stewart Brand*

▪

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•

Unfortunately, most scientific institutions remain a collection of disciplinary subunits, with a reward structure that overwhelmingly favors disciplinary quality. Thus, a huge investment of time in studying other disciplines can pose a great risk to the careers of would-be interdisciplinary scientists, especially if they are young and competing with others who stick to one field.

At the root of this problem is the definition of "quality." In the present system, quality essentially means disciplinary originality, in the form of new ideas or new methods published in disciplinary journals, preferably by single authors. To be sure, interdisciplinary research demands quality as well. But different criteria should be used, since disciplinary originality is not absolutely required for good interdisciplinary work. . . .

What kinds of institutional changes might foster interdisciplinary research? Let me offer a few modest proposals. In the first place, a definition of "quality" in an interdisciplinary context needs to be agreed upon, and should then be used by funding institutions such as the NSF in their instructions to peer reviewers. Here, "quality" could be defined as a combination of disciplinary accuracy and interdisciplinary originality, the latter achieved through an original combination of state-of-the-art knowledge from multiple disciplines to help solve a complex problem. —Stephen Schneider

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# A Short History of America . . .

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R. CRUMB, 1988

# Ram Dass

*made waves two decades ago because of his spiritual conversions brought about by LSD and a guru in India, epiphanies conveyed in the book that became a motto: Be Here Now. His self-described role is "social philosopher." In his heart he is a committed servant in SEVA, an organization dedicated to eradicating preventable blindness in the third world. [By phone.]*

My intention is to take on the places where everybody is caught in a conspiracy of consciousness. To enter places that exacerbate suffering. To go in and allow myself to drown in it, to overcome not by pushing it away, but by going in. I work with homelessness and AIDS, areas where there are very few consciousness survivors. Most people working with the legislators get so frustrated and so angry and so polarized that I try to remember Gandhi's line, "I want the British to leave, but I want them to leave as friends." That's the quality of what I'm going after.

Social action should come out of clarity of mind. It should not be based on the emotional blackmail of fear, or selective emotional reporting. It's demeaning to motivate people's social action out of that. It's like using fear and urgency to get rid of nuclear bombs. The obvious absurdity of nuclear bombs is a much more powerful device for social action.

I work with kids and teenagers a lot. I speak at schools and work at summer camp. Psychological and social issues like AIDS and homelessness are a little too emotionally deep for them to get into right away. I've found that ecological concerns are the most suitable vehicle for awakening teenagers into social consciousness. Our habits, lifestyles and models of abundance are so strong that it's hard for us to let go of them. But kids come along with a receptivity to the corruption of the oceans. Corrupting the environment is a reality for them, even while we're busy denying it, assuming it'll all go away. They're growing up in a very different kind of ecospace than we did.

The thing I tell kids about drugs is that, first of all, you've got to recognize that there are different agendas for different stages of life, and that you've got to become somebody before you try experimenting with becoming nobody. I say if they start to become nobody too soon, they're left confused for a lot of life. That it would be better for them to develop their somebodyness first. And they seem to have no problem being preoccupied with their somebodyness. Then I encourage them to get educated about the whole nature of drugs, so that they can be sophisticated to the differences among chemicals, so they can see that the psychedelics and the mushrooms are very different from coke and crack and stuff like that. I feel that when they get into "say no to drugs" in a Nancy Reagan kind of fundamentalist axis, that they are vulnerable because they are in a belief system that's very brittle. It's not sensitive to the truth of their own inner being. Tim Leary has a great bumpersticker I love that says, "Just Say Know."

I try to show how addictive our society is. These kids are living in the middle of addictions, not just to drugs, but to power and to money and to sex. I still meditate only because it's addicting, because it makes me feel high all the time. But I don't think highness and freedom are the same thing. I used to equate them much more intimately. But now I see them as very independent of one another. I'm much less romantic about the spiritual journey. It's like Trungpa Rinpoche said, "Enlightenment is the ego's ultimate disappointment." The ego trip of spirituality is what's falling away from me. What's left is what's real, which is quite empty. All the stuff I protected my heart from before, my heart seems to be open to now. It's being ripped all the time and at the same moment there's this emptiness. Which is kind of interesting. It's as if a lot of internal processing is going on that I can barely understand. It doesn't have the pizzazz we had 10 years ago, where we all got together and sang and got high and assumed that's what it was about.

There is an international social consciousness coming in. The global information overload is good in that it forces us to separate the difference between wisdom and information. It has value in that it also creates networking, which creates horizontal versus vertical social structures, which is also good. The downside of this technology is that it externalizes pleasure seeking. The same way with the Bomb. Technologically, it's terrible in the sense of nuclear waste and Chernobyl and so on. The up side is that it's got everybody learning how to live with death on their left shoulder. That's pretty profound. If I were god, as in dualism, and wanted to shift culture consciousness, I think that the Bomb and television and travel would be wonderful ways of doing it.

Political office is not necessarily the optimum vehicle for social change. Because of opinion polls, lobbyists, the give and take of legislative power structures, politicians are really locked in to a very few degrees of freedom. Yet because of the networking of communications, the collective consciousness of the society can almost immediately trickle down into the consciousness of the politician. It's like trickling down from the fourth chakra to the third. Neither Gandhi nor Martin Luther King held public office. Just like in television, you don't get handed worldly power unless they are absolutely sure that you are one of them. That's the way it's played. On the other hand that Eastern statement is so true: give it all up and you get it all. ■

# Philip Morrison

*is an MIT physicist who is also the best scientific book reviewer in America. His early notice of the* Whole Earth Catalog *in* Scientific American *remains one of the most competent and informative reviews the Catalog has ever garnered. Philip's playful sense of science has been instrumental in developing the wildly hands-on exhibits at the esteemed Exploratorium in San Francisco.*

This year I spent a good deal of effort taking a physicist's look at today's problem of economic development. In South Asia and in West Africa I have seen something of the way too many are forced to live, scraping subsistence or less from the soil. How can we in the well-fed and over-capitalized world act to better those lives? We must do that, as much in simple justice as from empathy, especially once we manage to curb the wasteful and fearsome race for arms.

One of the best books I found — an FAO engineering study published in 1986 on water-lifting — delighted and surprised me with an invocation of the conceptual design of Louis XIV's grand irrigation machine at Marly in miniature. The Sun King had his engineers construct fourteen huge waterwheels, each forty feet across, all mounted on a kind of ornate barge, turning steadily in the strong current midstream of the wide Seine. They pumped water through cast-iron pipes up the hill to the aqueduct high above. *Marly-la-Machine* was noisy with its pumps and their drive rods. Though its power output was only about that of a midsized auto engine, when it was brought into use during the 1680s it was likely the most powerful concentration of mechanical power in the world.

This other device described in the book was built by and for Sudanese villagers along the desert banks of the White Nile, using the design and working help of author P. L. Frankel of the FAO study. It was no ornamental barge but a simple raft improvised of scrap by a few poor men out of daily necessity. It is hard for men to fetch enough water for their crops out of the river, to lift and carry it by the ton to the growing plots. It is quite wonderful instead to have a length of cheap galvanized steel pipe that delivers river water by itself. With no fuel supply, without human or animal labor, you have contrived to make the smooth Nile itself send up water reliably for you and your neighbors.

Susan Schwartzenberg

A raft framework floats on a dozen empty oil drums thirty feet out in the current, cleverly moored to the bank. Submerged a few feet beneath the raft, four big vanes on the ends of a ten-foot cross slowly rotate as a turbine rotor to turn a vertical shaft. That shaft is belted to drive a small centrifugal pump that feeds the floating delivery pipe to the gardens ashore. Surely this is a triumph in human terms: a sharp improvement in life and its security, done by simple means suited to the resources on hand. Frankel and his partners could feel just pride in their solution, still whirling slowly there in the Nile unless flood waters have swept it away: appropriate technology.

But I wonder. The device costs too much, about five thousand dollars for a modest output. It will certainly need upkeep and repair. A hundred million farmers want water lifted. They cannot all have such stylish solutions. As a means of education, a path of self-esteem, the scheme is brilliant, but this way is not itself a wide path to development; at best it opens the gate for a happy few. From Frankel's own careful study and my extrapolations, I became rather persuaded that appropriate technology instead will and should follow a path closer to the actual industrial development of the nineteenth century. Of course there will always be deviations for good local reasons, especially if new cheap materials appear. Plastic injection-molded parts work beautifully. Use glue instead of brazing.

An effective and durable mechanism ought not to be made from scratch and scraps for every farmer who needs one, except for his or her education in self-help and technology. What is needed is a more social solution, one within reach in most countries: many small factories using what processes they can to make the mechanisms local farmers need. Production need not be high-tech, but it must be multiple. I look for the sort of industry that made the windmills that dotted Willa Cather's Nebraska, that spans interior China today, dozens of provincial factories. In every one of them a practical engineer, maybe a couple of furnacemen and a crew of patternmakers, foundrymen and machinists ply their rather old-fashioned trades, producing a dozen varieties of workable, durable, and maintainable designs in a range of sizes, with repair parts as well. Successful novelties will arise infrequently, manage to please everyone, and spread whenever they appear.

Appropriate technology — pumps, windmills, sprays, power sources, aids to harvest, whatever it is — will be more like what we had when we too had less, and not so much like what we dream up to fit old problems in a new way. I am not certain of this proposition, nor indeed do I much like it, but it is what I have come to believe. I look forward to comment and debate. ■

# Tom Ferguson

*initiated the health section of the* Whole Earth Catalogs *while still a medical student. As a doctor he went on to popularize self-care publishing with the launch of* Medical Self-Care *magazine, which he still edits.*

Joe Gracton

I came on board the *Whole Earth Catalog* as a medical reviewer in 1976, while battling my way through my clinical rotations at Yale Medical School. I found I much preferred evaluating popular health books to assisting at surgery or learning how to operate a CAT scanner.

I was never that comfortable with the professionally centered model of health care. It's always seemed to me that the things the *individual* could do were almost always more important than the things the doctor can do. Yet my classmates and I were taught that just the opposite was true. I was appalled that my medical-school instructors seemed to know or care so little about the resource I'd come to think of as the number-one resource for dealing with health problems — the ability of people to care for themselves.

We've come a long way since 1976. A number of interesting things happened that year. Perhaps the most important was the publication of a book called *Our Bodies, Ourselves.* That same year saw the beginning of a proliferation of self-care publications that has continued until the present day: *The People's Pharmacy, Take Care of Yourself, The Relaxation Response, How to Be Your Own Doctor (Sometimes), The Holistic Health Handbook, Type A Behavior and Your Heart, Anatomy of an Illness,* and many more. A number of new health periodicals began to appear next to the old standard, *Prevention — Medical Self-Care, American Health, Hippocrates,* and others.

Important new groups and institutions have come into being. It was in 1976 that a committed, determined woman named Angela Therriot came to ask my advice on setting up a consumer health-information center and a model hospital ward which would help humanize the American hospital. Her groundbreaking organization, Planetree, has created two of the most important new models in American medicine.

Charlie Inlander and Lowell Levin, at the helm of the People's Medical Society, are teaching the long-ignored medical consumer how to fight back. New York's National Self-Help Clearinghouse has helped nurture thousands of new self-help groups, including the fascinating and powerful new Adult Children of Alcoholics movement. We've seen the disabled rights movement, the rise of home health care, the hospice revolution, and an explosion of interest in herbs, homeopathy, body work, acupuncture, oriental medicine, shamanism, faith healing, and other alternative health approaches.

Many of the concepts that seemed revolutionary in 1976 are taken for granted today: Stress reduction. Nutritional healing. Exercise. Alternative birth centers. Psychological self-care. And we've seen the growing role of self-care and self-help in dealing with diseases like cancer and AIDS, for which our doctors can offer us no magical cure.

All this would certainly lay the groundwork for a big fat book in the Whole Earth tradition, an unbiased no-axe-to-grind consumer's guide to the best tools for the health-responsible. Let me know what you think of this proposed Statement of Purpose:

*"The defects and hazards of the old physician-as-authority, patient-as-ignoramus health care system have grown to the point where they now frequently exceed actual gains. In response to this dilemma, a realm of intimate personal power is developing, the power of individuals to care for themselves: to seek out health information; to obtain and use their own medical tools; to explore, adopt, or adapt alternative approaches; and to design and carry out their own individualized plans for healing, nurturing, and shaping their own minds and bodies. Tools that aid in this process are sought and promoted by the* Whole Earth Catalog."

In an age of niche marketing, this might be an important niche to fill. If you'd be interested in helping to fill it — or if you have suggestions as to what might be included in such a publication — please drop me a line at the Center for Self-Care Studies, 3805 Stevenson Avenue, Austin, TX 78703; 512/458-9333. ■

# Lorenzo Milam

*is publisher of the "noisiest book review in the world," the idiosyncratic* Fessenden Review.

You always know you are getting old and hoary when the graduate students start sending you long requests for information about something you did back there in the Dark Ages. I just got a ten-page questionnaire from a fellow working on his Ph.D. thesis at school somewhere in the middle west. His project concerned a petition Jeremy Lansman and I filed with the Federal Communications Commission back in 1974.

At the time, we were very concerned for the future of public broadcasting in the United States, and so in our "Petition for Rulemaking," we raised several questions (mostly technical) about ownership of non-commercial "reserved" frequencies and the funding of educational stations. Out of personal spleen, I threw in a request for a freeze on all applications by religious broadcasters. I said that since they were not "public" in the best sense of the word, and since they were tying up non-commercial broadcast channels — the FCC should determine if their programming practices were truly educational.

We filed the petition and promptly forgot all about it. The Commission gave it Rule Making Number 2493, and also tried to forget all about it. All of us failed.

Since that filing, the FCC has received over 25,000,000 letters demanding that it not ban religious broadcasting. That's twenty-five, with six little zeros after it. A decade and a half after the fact, letters are still pouring in, and each year the Commission issues a solemn pronunciamento, explaining that the petition was not seeking a total ban on religious broadcasting (it wasn't), that they turned it down in August of 1975 (they did), and people should not be gumming up the goddamn mail room with all those letters. (Earlier this year, one of their releases said "We simply can't deal with the amount of mail we get on this issue. . . ." They can't).

In his questionnaire, the graduate student asked, "Do you have any regrets that you filed RM-2493, now that you see the trouble the Petition has caused the Federal Communications Commission and the paranoid reactions from the religious community?" I've always found it hard to regret past loves and silly jokes. (We estimate correspondents have spent at least $10,000,000 to badger the FCC on an issue that does not exist.)

The whole experience is more than a joke, though. It is immensely revealing, especially as to the modus operandi of sincere — and not-so-sincere — religious folk. By keeping this issue alive, fundamentalist ministers are posing themselves as martyrs to a vague threat of censorship by a distant and disinterested government. In the process, they not only appeal for — and get — more money, they tell us something bizarre about their belief systems.

They are reacting to a fantasy (at first, mine — now their own) with a savage anger and a deep fear. They are saying that without radio and television, their divinity, like Marx's mythic state, will wither away to nothing.

It strikes me that the great and humble religions of the world — Buddhist, Friends, Confucian, Hindu, Taoists — seek (and find) a power and a glory deep within the self. They do not need an external force to develop control, hope, love, saintliness. True spirit-based religions know that the divine lies deep, deep within; and that a noisy man preaching at them through a voicebox is nothing but another delusion.

Through their 25,000,000 letters, 25,000,000 innocents in this country are saying that they fear, and fear greatly, what they have already lost. They are afraid — tragically so — that the disappearance of the voice of Oral Roberts, Jimmy Swaggart, Jim Bakker, Pat Robertson or a thousand minor preachers means an end to their sacredness. They are saying that without that sweating man on the stage whipping them with fear and guilt, they become godless, bereft of divinity.

It is passing strange that they don't recognize the power of Jesus (or Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed) residing in another, more divine box — a tiny, glowing, jewel-encrusted, light-emitting device that all of us carry around inside of us. It is a box of power and love that sure as hell don't need an official permit from the Feds to be heard, seen, felt, or known. God help us all when they finally figure that one out.

And I'd be the last one in the world to tell them. After all, I tried, fifteen years ago, to give them a hint of it, give them a chance to move themselves a bit further down the great golden road of Divine Truth. I tried, O Lord, I tried — and look at all the vituperation we got for our troubles. ■

Douglas Cruikshank

# Dave Foreman

*practices monkeywrenching (sabotaging offending equipment) as founder of Earth First!, an organization whose motto in short is "No compromise." In my informal survey, Earth First! and Dave Foreman were the most often cited examples, both pro and con, of where activism may be headed. [By phone.]*

I think the shit will hit the fan in the next 20 years. We are going to pay for the madness that's been going on for the last 10,000 years.

We can now see conclusively that the human species has overshot the carrying capacity of the Earth. It's not a matter of reform. It's not a matter of liberals or conservatives, Republicans or Democrats, the United States or the Soviet Union, the Third World or anything related. It's that the Earth can no longer support 5 billion or more human beings. The next 20 years are going to be a very grim time indeed.

There's an insane optimism among people that technology can always save us. It is similar to the South Pacific natives who formed the cargo cults after World War II. They built imitation airplanes and sat and waited for the American soldiers to come in with the watches and canned food. It's a fundamental philosophy of the modern era of humanism that all problems are solvable by *people*, either through technology or social engineering. That attitude is stark raving mad.

What should we do then? My position is that I don't have the answers. I'm just trying to figure out what questions to ask. I have recently gotten pretty distrustful of people who really seem to have the answers, who say "here's the solution." I've even gone so far as to begin believing that looking for answers, or seeing things as problems to be solved, really is the actual problem.

What's gotten us into the mess we're in is that we look at things from an engineering standpoint, and have for quite some time. We say okay, here's a problem, how do we solve it? And in nearly every case when we solve the problem we create several more problems, and we just keep getting in deeper. The way we look at things ignores the fundamental problem, which is that we're out of balance. Human beings right now are using 30 percent of the total photosynthetic production of the Earth, and for one species out of several million that's truly excessive.

My entire adult life has essentially been spent as a professional environmentalist looking for solutions and trying to devise reforms. I now think that it's an arrogant attitude to think we can solve problems. At this point I merely want to prevent the thrashing of the dying industrial system from destroying the last vestiges of native diversity. A major project for people who love life and love the Earth over the next 20 years is to try to set aside wild areas where evolution and natural diversity can continue, and to safeguard it from the turbulence that's going to happen.

You can't really do that by saying we're going to reform society. You do that by *thwarting* industrial society. That's best done by adopting an Eastern kind of mindset — we aren't going to confront things head on, but we're going to sidestep it. We're going to let the mass power of industrial society trip.

David J. Cross

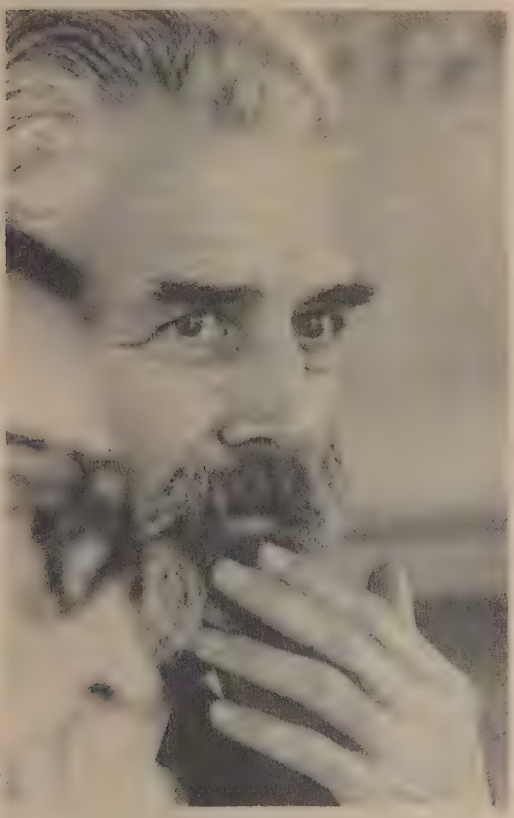
This is what we call monkey-wrenching. We aren't going to try to reform the forest service, nor are we going to try to cause a revolution that overthrows the system. We are simply just going to make it cost too much. Revolution or direct opposition is self-defeating in that you become that which you're fighting. When you put yourself directly in opposition to something you then become that. (This is all very la-la for a New Mexico redneck like me, but I haven't gone totally over. I think the only good cow is the one on the plate. I'm trying to get rid of cows by eating them all. I think I was a vegetarian once for a couple of days.)

Not having answers also applies to us. Among those of us who take something of a radical position or try to be creative in looking for new ways to do things, we sometimes think we've found the one true way. You develop a certain arrogance and a closed mind about it. I have my monkey-wrenching approach, but I don't claim that that's the only way. From an environmental standpoint, just about every group out there is doing something worthwhile, from the Nature Conservancy, Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, Greenpeace, Sea Shepherd, to the Greens, and the Christian stewardship movement.

I'm questioning some of the basic myths of our civilization, such as the idea that we can always work things out, and that human beings are somehow special and different. Whether it's liberal solutions or conservative solutions I want to poke more holes into them. I'm interested in looking into all the ways that the emperor really doesn't have any clothes on. ■

# Malcolm Wells

*is an architect (vanguard underground house designer), an illustrator (numerous examples in this magazine over the years), and a social commentator.*



Beverly Hall

**Americans Turning to the Left**

Mr. President, Senators, and Representatives, Distinguished Guests, and Friends: it was indeed kind of Mr. Kelly to say so many extravagant things about me but no one could be *that* good, no one could live up to such an introduction.

So, having warned you of my shortcomings, let me say that it is a privilege and a great pleasure to be part of this twentieth anniversary celebration.

Like all of you, I'm terrified by the spread of nuclear technology and by the bland smugness with which those who profit from that technology brush aside all suggestions that it is the ultimate kind of pollution. But that's not what I want to talk to you about.

I also share your concern about all the other kinds of pollution that now foul the land, the water, and the air of this planet. But that's not what I want to talk to you about, either.

I worry about the vast problems of overpopulation, of starving children, of the homeless, of drugs, and AIDS and all the related diseases. But that's not what I want to talk about.

The destruction of the rainforests and the ozone layer, the warming of the planet and the loss of topsoil all frighten the hell out of me. But that's not what I want to talk to you about.

I'm saddened by all the suffering that religions cause. War, terrorism, neighbor against neighbor . . . and for what? For a puff of smoke. When I think of the money, the passion, and the energy that have been wasted in the name of religion over the past 100 centuries, I get dizzy. Talk about hoaxes! A zillion of us have had the wool pulled over our eyes by a relative handful of slick talkers who saw, early on, the power and the money to be made by getting everyone else to believe in things that, in Mark Twain's words, "just ain't so." But that's not what I want to talk to you about.

As an architect, I'm ashamed of what my fellow professionals and I have done during the last 50 years. Russell Baker was right when he asked, "Why do Americans hate lawyers so much when architects are doing far more than lawyers can to make the country unlivable?" Pay us a fee and we'll do anything. What do we do? Look around you: America's best land: destroyed, nature: crushed under buildings and parking lots, resources: squandered, energy: wasted. The saddest part is that we know better and still do nothing about it. We actually know how to build without destroying land. But that's not what I want to talk about.

What I want to talk about is the way people tie up traffic when they make left turns. I'm serious. You're thinking, "Here's an old crank frustrated by the way tourists drive when they get to Cape Cod." That's not it at all. I want to talk to you about all left turners because you can see in our driving how little hope there is of our ever solving the really big problems facing this world.

There are only two things you can say about the people behind the wheels of America's 60 million motor vehicles:

*Dumb* and *Selfish.*

Imagine: the average driver has over 20 years of experience. He's turned left, or watched others turn left, over 19,000 times. And yet he continues unashamedly to tie up a long line of traffic every time he stops to turn in that direction.

If he were only dumb but not selfish, or selfish but not dumb, sooner or later he'd have discovered the way to do it without blocking the cars behind him. But crippled as he is by both afflictions, he hasn't a clue. Consequently, all over America, even as I speak, thousands of selfish dopes are being cursed by thousands of others, none of whom realize that a solution exists.

Now, if this is true — if everyone on earth — except you and me — is both selfish and dumb — what hope is there?

"I've been saved," says one of them, "but since you don't believe in my religion, God will have to destroy you."

"Nuclear power," says another, disregarding mountains of chilling evidence to the contrary, "is the only kind of power that is both clean and safe."

"You'll just have to wait," say the drivers of America, their turn signals winking mindlessly in tune with their mindless self-centeredness, "I was here ahead of you."

Good night, everyone. ■

# Bob Fuller

*roams the Earth as an international troubleshooter. He seeks hot-spots of conflict and areas of fierce misunderstanding at national, racial, or ethnic levels. There he begins his work as a citizen diplomat to reconcile the many sides (there's almost always more than two). Bob also serves as a Point board member.*

There comes a time in the life of every society when it compares its performance to its ideals. For America the sixties were such a time. For the Soviet Union, the eighties are such a time. The Soviet Union has begun the task of bringing its practice — domestic and international — more into line with the ideals professed in its constitution. The gap between ideals and practice had reached the point in Soviet society where the drain on human energy was prohibitive. The new politics of *glasnost* and *perestroika* are aimed at closing that gap. Failure to make these reforms would doom the Soviet Union, and would be most ominous for the entire world. They cannot fail and the Soviet Union live, any more than America could have failed in its self-confrontation of some two decades ago and remained viable.

Sometime in the first decade of the new millennium the world, at last drawn into a still tentative but *unitary sense of itself*, will probably begin examining its performance and the condition of its family of peoples. For better or worse, performance will be measured against the values — political, social, and economic — of the part of the world that is then economically developed. Both the guarantees of human rights, championed by Western democracies, and the more egalitarian welfare societies championed by Communist countries and the Scandinavian states will have a place in the emerging consensus on values for citizens of the world. Some of the better-off nations, responding to unignorable demands of the poorer ones, will commit themselves to raising the living standards of the less developed societies, so they too become part of a single, developed world. This coalition of rich and poor will be reminiscent of that between white liberals and blacks in America during the sixties. Such alliances are rare, but when the time is right, they are invincible because their fight is for the survival of the whole.

As the former British Prime Minister Harold McMillan said, "War puts everyone on the same side." It creates a bond among the people who fight together, overcoming internal divisions. A cause that put everyone on the same side and so melded the various peoples of the world into a global community would mark a turning point in human social evolution. For maximum impact, the common task must be such that the prospect of failure places people's present identities at risk. The momentous stock-taking that approaches around the turn of the century, and the urgent tasks of personal and societal transformation that it will at first suggest, and then demand, will create such a situation on a global scale — much as earlier, national stock-takings did in America and the Soviet Union.

Looking to that day, I have prepared a personal and partial list of some of the world's unfinished business. Pushing the many interrelated projects towards completion will summon the attention and energy of millions of people. If the Soviet Union gets through its own list before the turn of the century, it should be possible to tackle a world list in earnest soon thereafter.

The idea is that making a list of such projects helps to plant the idea that we can do everything on the list. This list of "things to do" is a project of projects. The meta-project is instilling the realizations that:

- The dozens of tasks clamoring for attention are not hopeless. They will all yield to planning and effort.
- Many of these tasks are interrelated — they can only be accomplished together.
- Bringing them into focus, educating ourselves about them, and tracking them doggedly is essential to getting them done.

If the list is constructed properly, the mere fact of putting a task on a list carries the suggestion that it can be done. Imagine highway billboards, each listing a number of "things to do," such as:

| | |
|---|---|
| Eliminate Illiteracy | End the Iraq/Iran War |
| End Apartheid | Peace in Central America |
| End World Hunger | Solve the Irish troubles |
| Secure Human Rights | Settle Mid-East Conflict |
| A Home for Everyone | End War in Angola |
| End War | End War in Mozambique |
| End Rape | Independence for Namibia |
| Eliminate Torture | Peace in Southeast Asia |
| A Job for Everyone | Resolve Falklands/ Malvinas Dispute |

These lists are only suggestive. The phrasing of each task must be exactly right or the power of listing it is squandered. Some lists, like the second above, may be more symptomatic, whereas others, such as those on the first list, call for shifts in self-models. The shift from hunger and starvation as conditions that, though they may be ameliorated will always be with us, to hunger and starvation as conditions that can be *ended*, is a shift in our self-model of a fundamental sort. It amounts to a profound re-configuration in what

**continued next page**

# Sam Keen

*investigates psychological matters and has been a contributing editor for* Psychology Today *since 1968. He wrote the award-winning film* Faces of the Enemy. *[By phone.]*

When people ask "how has your mind changed?" what they are usually asking is how have your ideas changed. I'm more interested in how you can change your mind. How do you change the fundamental way in which your mind functions? The way to make a mind more creative is to slow it down. The essence of paranoid thought is always that there's all noise, all signal, and no silence.

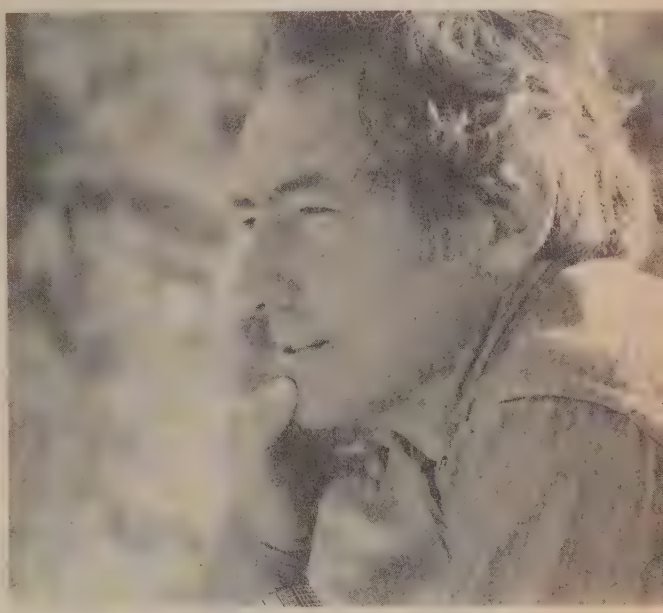
In a marvelous book called *The World of Silence,* Max Picard once said, primitive languages go from silence to the word and back to silence again, while modern language, like modern thought, mostly goes from word to word to word to word to word. I notice that the more paranoid a mind is, the more it allows no silences in which anything strange could emerge. What meditative disciplines do, is merely to *watch* the way in which thought is produced. Eventually you slow it down enough to catch the rhythm and the art of your own thought.

I would say that the primary thing that's happened to me in the last ten years is that my mind has slowed down. That's both blessed and frightening. I'm not as clever as I used to be. I don't pun so much. I don't do all those things which I see now were defense mechanisms against not having answers and explanations. Since my mind has slowed down, it now has more strangeness and novelty in it. I'm less argumentative. I'm less certain. Basically, I think my mind is less the monarch of my life, as it was in my earlier years, and more a companion. It's become a servant of my experience.

Strangely enough, that's turned me outward. I spent the '60s and '70s very much involved in the interior life and psychology. At the same time that my mind has become silenced, more quiet, it has looked at the outer world more and more lovingly.

I finally found the *place* out of which my thought emerges best. I always suspected it, but I never knew that a man's mind needed a place. Thinking out of a place changes one's sense of what's important. On land that's very silent, ideas come more out of experience. I tend to look more and think less. I am convinced that there is no sanity without place. A society that does not relate to land and to place can't be sane. You can't create sanity out of the mind itself, nor out of an economic system that's built merely on data.

There's something that you can't learn through computers, no matter how clever the program. The computer revolution is essentially telling us that the further away we get from the material world into the abstract world, the more dignity, more power, more knowledge we have. So the person with the highest status is now the person who touches nothing material. We point out with pride that in our country now 2% of the population produces the food for 98 percent. Nobody has to get dirty. Well, I think that's the wrong direction. The message of an incarnate spirituality is: Find out what your gifts are, then Get Down and Get Dirty. ■



BOB FULLER (continued)

human beings take for granted about their mutual relationships, and about their behavior towards one another. Other examples of comparable revolutionary import are the abolition of slavery, the spread of literacy, the extension of human rights, and the ending of torture; and the jackpot question, which now confronts us, the transcendence of war.

The important thing is to create the feeling that the items on the list are do-able and that lists must be monitored and "worked" regularly. As tasks are completed, a check mark goes up in front of that item and everyone takes credit. One or two items that have already been checked off — like smallpox — might be included in each listing to convey the idea. Placing such tasks on a list represents a shift in what it is we take responsibility for and what we see ourselves as capable of doing.

Recall your everyday lists and how entering items and subsequently "working the list" accomplishes the miracle of getting things done. Why not a list of humankind's unfinished business? Each task on such a list must be "finite" in character. Items like "ending suffering" are unsuitable because suffering in general is endemic. Any particular type of suffering, however, can be eliminated eventually once it is properly identified. This may take us millennia (hunger), centuries (smallpox), decades (Vietnam War), or minutes (headache). Imagine different lists of things that might be do-able in one year, ten years, a generation, a lifetime, and a century — all up on billboards in different parts of the world. ■

# Nancy and John Todd

*have been leading innovators in aquaculture, land restoration, ocean transport, and solar energy since they quit the academic world and began building working prototypes of their ideas in New England.*

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile — ." It was with this quotation from *As You Like It* that we opened the first *Journal of the New Alchemists* — admittedly less than twenty years ago. A full twenty years ago we were ruminating but had not yet actually gotten started with the work which subsequently evolved into the New Alchemy Institute, *Annals of Earth*, and a lifetime commitment to the implementation of ecological ideas.

We did not then feel ourselves exiled exactly but rather that, for a while, as Shakespeare went on to say in *As You Like It*, our place was to be a "life far from public haunt," that we were to "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks" and "good in every thing." And so it was for a number of years. Even with the founding of Ocean Arks in the early eighties we found ourselves still playing our parts at some distance from what would be considered the mainstream of public life.

That was then. This year, in May, the citizens of the town of Harwich, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, voted to spend eighteen thousand dollars to join Ocean Arks in an experiment in treating septage wastes using John Todd's Solar Aquatics. The background story was and is still one of good politics — and good news.

Time to introduce the hero of the piece — Hunter Craig — a kind of Cape Cod Everyman. Hunter is an ex-marine who lives on the edge of a marsh in the town of Orleans. He loves the Cape — calls it his girlfriend. But unlike many of us who love Cape Cod, he is determined to save it. For six years he has been expending a great deal of time and effort and not an inconsiderable amount of his own money in trying to persuade local communities to use non-chemical, marsh-like, natural systems to treat wastes — until recently without success.

Perhaps a bit more explanation is in order. Cape Cod is a terminal glacial moraine. Below ground level is a large lens of ground water, a single-source aquifer that is pretty much continuous throughout the Cape. It is our only natural source of water. Rain — or seepage — is the sole means of replenishing the water table. There are few sewer systems on Cape Cod. Households, commercial and public buildings have drains leading to septic tanks which, in turn, require occasional emptying. This is done by pumping the "septage," which can be up to a hundred times more concentrated than sewage, into tank trucks — euphemistically referred to as honey wagons — in which it is conveyed to one of the various town disposal areas or dumps. There it is again pumped, this time into an open holding pond or septage lagoon. The bottom of the lagoon is the sandy, quick draining Cape Cod subsoil. In a number of Cape towns, the septage lagoons and the town reservoirs are in close proximity to each other.

But now, as the result of the efforts of Hunter and the people of Harwich, particularly Health Officer Paula Champagne and Selectwoman Shirley Gomes, supported by their mainly female colleagues on the Board of Health, the Harwich town disposal area is a dump with a difference. Entering the gate you don't see it at first — just the usual heaps of refuse, mounds of gravelly landfill, blowing litter and rapacious seagulls. Then, a little to the left, you begin to approach the septage lagoons, and, on the far side of one of these fetid pools, is a stately line of twenty-five-foot-high translucent cylinders, the solar algae ponds of New Alchemy origin. The tanks are aerated and connected by plastic tubing. They contain bacteria, algae, microscopic and higher plants and animals, snails, and fish. Each one has a raft of floating plants. Some have small trees. The septage passes through each tank in turn until it reaches the middle ones, then it is drained through a long, waist-high, wooden trough which runs the entire length of the row. The trough is lined with plastic and contains a marsh or ecosystem of aquatic plants and animals. After running the course of the marsh, the water is returned to the second half of the series of tanks for the final purifying of the septage which is then discharged into the nearest lagoon.

The project is attracting an enormous amount of attention. Half of the town of Harwich has stopped by, as have environmentalists, investors, engineers, and assorted visitors from across the country, Canada, and Europe.

As for the solar aquatics systems itself, it is performing splendidly, better than we dared hoped — a vindication of applied Gaian thinking. It is currently testing as

**continued next page**

# Ken Kesey

*merrypranks (I guess that is the verb) and writes novels in Oregon. He's talking here about co-authoring a book recently with a writing class. For a student's view of this collaboration, see the story beginning next page. [By phone.]*

Blair Jackson

I think that when writing students realize that any good, competent, professional writer can take a class and in a limited time jointly turn out a piece of good work, it could break this cycle of unpublished writers teaching other writers to be unpublished writers. In an architectural class they'll come up with a real project to accomplish, and if you're in an anatomy class you dissect a real cadaver. This means working on a real manuscript, destined for real publication. It's not just literary jerking off. Once writing students realize that this can happen, they'll demand it.

Next time I do this I would eliminate the whole first term full of literary bullshit talk that we did, and go right immediately to plotting and writing. Each of these students was competently educated, and a lot of them better educated than I am. There was no need for us to talk about Faulkner, Hemingway, or epiphanies or dangling participles. What they hadn't been taught was that it's all right to write a thriller, or a detective novel, or an industrial manual. A lot of these student writers come out of a university situation, and they're so overeducated that success exists in a very narrow spectrum for them. Yet if you look out there there's millions and millions of words crossing your eyes every day, from the news on radio to all that pulp that comes in the mailbox to everything you read on airplanes — every bit of that stuff is written. It's a noble profession, that can be learned, and it's a trade that's better than selling french fries at McDonald's.

The other real innovation was when I realized that people were going home and writing long purple passages that weren't fitting with other people's long purple passages, and the students were beginning to get a little combative. So I said, we're going do all the composing right here in class. That meant that we had to design the chapter, write our particular piece of prose, and then read it aloud before a jury of peers, right there within that 3-hour section. That really put the nut to it, and it made me realize that a lot of this agonizing that writers go through is because they are alone. When you sit around a table with a bunch of people and know that in 45 minutes you're going to have to be reading your section, you don't wax poetic. The quality of the prose skyrocketed at that moment.

I now have a great deal more respect for the teaching profession, because it's a bitch. It really reminded me of going out on a wrestling mat every time I went out there to teach. You've gotta have all your faculties together, you can't be loaded. It's had an effect on my own writing. It's given me a whole different idea about the length of time I've spent mulling over something, and cogitating. If you design it too much beforehand, it's dead when you get there. We found that the best stuff that we came up with was just having the chapter fairly loosely organized and then *create*. That's the fun of writing, knowing that you've got to circle the bases to get back home, but also allowing yourself to run to second first, instead of first, and then wander around in the field and go by the pitcher's mound or wherever you want to go, just so you finally end up at home.

That old saw about "write what you know" is bullshit. Most of what people know is dull. Write what you don't know, and find out about it as you go. Stretch yourself into new areas. Who wants to know about how you felt about your mom this morning while you were eatin' cornflakes? ■

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NANCY AND JOHN TODD (continued)

removing ninety-nine percent of the ammonia and ninety-nine percent of the phosphorous from the septage wastes. The nitrate levels being discharged are one-tenth of those considered safe for well water, and the effluent has been declared very high-quality water. We have yet to test for viruses and potentially carcinogenic compounds but already we know that the Harwich plant is a significant breakthrough in cost-effective, environmentally safe wastewater treatment — and that the town is pleased.

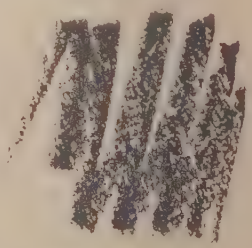
The story, to date, seems to engender at least one useful moral, namely that, the content of current campaign rhetoric notwithstanding, there is still room for and need of persistent, responsible individuals like Hunter Craig, Paula Champagne, Shirley Gomes and their colleagues practicing politics with a small p, who can and do make all the difference.

It begins to look as though our period in exile is over. ■

# WHAT DO YOU GET when you cross Ken Kesey with a myriad of students whose interests range from law enforcement to hydroponic growing technique and whose ages vary by more than a quarter of a century?

## How Thirteen Students Co-Authored A Novel With Ken Kesey

# Rubbing a Stone Smooth



BY JEFF FORESTER

Well . . . you get a schizophrenic new author who will be coming out with the first collaborative novel ever written by a creative writing program. The novel is a 400+-page gem entitled *Caverns*. The author is U. O. Levon (an anagram for "University of Oregon Novel") and is made up of thirteen candidates for masters' degrees in fine arts. Kesey is the pituitary of Levon's multi-personalitied brain. The students represent various nerve clusters.

The class was Writing 535, a graduate workshop offered by the University of Oregon. The goal was to complete a novel in one school year and send it off to a publisher for review. This is the story of that class.

Class was scheduled to meet at 2:30 P.M. Mondays. That initial Monday I arrived at 2:45, out of breath and late. Not the best way to impress a man of Kesey's professional and folk-hero proportions. As I approached, I saw the other twelve students milling about the lawn of Kesey's grey Hillyard Street house in Eugene. Kesey was not there. The house was empty. There was not a note on the front door.

At 3:20 Kesey pulled up in his white, 1973 Eldorado convertible and rather quickly dispensed with any awe we might have held for him as a celebrity.

He hopped out, smiled shyly over to the class and asked, "Has anyone seen my wife Faye?"

We all shook our heads that no, we had not seen anyone at all.

"Well *she's* got the keys. No problem though, there hasn't been a house built that can't be broken into."

With that he stumped off around the side of the house. We waited by the front door. We could hear some banging that was punctuated by an occasional grunt. Kesey yelled up to us from inside the house, "I've gained the basement but the door at the top of the stairs is locked. Hold on."

We held on.

Kesey emerged from behind the house with a tire iron. He muttered something about, "if it ain't broke don't fix it and if it won't fix, get yourself a bigger hammer."

We followed him around to the living room window. He pried the sticky window up, handed the tire iron back to the semi-circle of students behind him and, with a hammy mitt on each side of the sill, propelled himself through the open window. But as he was going up, the renegade window chose that moment to unstick. Kesey's bald crown met the window halfway. There was a loud, sickening crack but Kesey's momentum carried him through. His red socks and white moccasins disappeared into the house. The window slammed to behind him. The house had swallowed him whole.

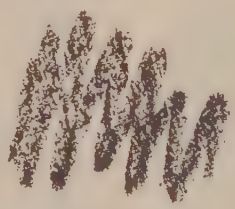
I propped myself up on the sill, one hand braced against the maverick window. Kesey lay sprawled on the floor in a state of semi-consciousness. Jim Finley, the youngest member of the class and bearing a striking resemblance to the young Ernest Hemingway, said, "Great. Curly's here. I wonder when Moe and Larry pull in?"

Kesey regained his composure and made his way to the front door to let us in. We took places around a large table, Kesey seated in a cowhide-draped easy chair at the head of the table. He began to talk. Class was started.

Kesey told us that he had no ideas about the book. He had planned nothing. He looked at us around the table. A quarter appeared suddenly between his index finger and thumb, rolled flashing across the back of his knuckles, and disappeared back into his enormous hand.

"I want to work on an old magician. You know, somebody who knows all the tricks and now wants to see the real stuff . . . you know, magic," he said. His notion then, because we had no plot or theme in mind, was to start with deciding who was going to be in the book. He wanted us to find a person we would like to "work on."

*Apprenticeship is the most honest education. No wisdom of the mind becomes so utterly transparent as when One Who Has Done It invites a student to co-produce a creative work. Jeff Forester, a writing student in Eugene, Oregon, demonstrates the virtues of apprenticeship for pupil, teacher, and reader.*
*—Kevin Kelly*



**Illustrations by Kathleen O'Neill**

"The trick is for us to build character in our characters, to breathe life into them, to get them to stand up, stretch and start doing stuff. We're not interested in pulling strings, in being puppeteers. We want these people to rise up off the page. Then we sit back and follow them through the novel."

We sat, mute. It occurred to me as he told us that he had no plot in mind, no ideas about genre or style, that we had unexplored territory before us. Kesey was not going to dictate a theme to us.

That first day Kesey laid down the few guidelines that he did have for the class.

"I don't want this thing to take place here and now. We will not be working on a novel about students in a writing program at the University of Oregon. Furthermore, I want all of us to swear that we will operate under strict secrecy. We will not give any details about the nature of the novel to the press or anyone else that might care to ask. I'm even including family members here. We will have enough pressure without outside expectations coming into it."

The second rule that he put to us was that each member of the class would have one vote. Kesey would make up half the class so that if we wanted to override one of his ideas we had to be unified. I could feel the class drawing together, becoming supportive and unified in a way that I had never before experienced in the traditional workshop. As it turned out we had no occasion to actually overrule any ideas. There was an altercation about an armadillo that we were carrying (literally, with a handle and suctioncup contraption that could be stuck to the armadillo's back) through the novel. Lynn Jeffress (the only member of the class who was both willing and old enough to be Jim Finley's mother) did not think that the armadillo "worked." Kesey felt otherwise. The matter never came to a vote and was basically solved by a contest of volume instead of vote. Personally I'm glad the little bugger got to stay. Who cares if he "works?" He's cute as the dickens.

That first day and all the classes afterwards we drank wine, ate cheese and spent a fair amount of time socializing. This relaxed atmosphere became a key ingredient in our ability to work as a group. We developed into family. This was perhaps the most important element that Kesey added to the class. The class was home. It was a safe environment.

The "class" itself was Kesey's living room. He and Faye had outfitted it with cowhide-draped sofas (some of the hides came from characters in Kesey's book *Demon Box*) and bean-bag chairs. Two huge speakers dominated the far wall, one hanging on each side of the French doors that led into the sun room. There was a large-screen television and video equipment in the corner so we could use the T.V. screen as an extra monitor for the Display Writer. This computer was in a small room just off the living room. In order to complete the picture a few trays of hors d'ouvres and coffee need to be set about. In the back corner next to the stereo there was a wicker dog bed that housed the queen of the class, Mary. Mary is Kesey's cocker spaniel. Ken and Faye hid a key on the back porch so that we could get into the house to work. To them the class must have been a nine-month open-house for hungry grad students.

This was the environment that Ken and Faye provided for us to work in but it became more than that. We would often stop by outside of class or work to watch a ball game or movie. The immediate family of the class expanded to include loved ones and friends. We began to associate with each other in ways that had both everything and nothing to do with writing a novel.

Bennet Huffman, the class's resident archaeologist, was married on April First wearing a button that said, "This is not an April Fool's Day joke." Chuck Varani, another member of the class and an ex-cop from Minneapolis, served as best man. My wife and I were witnesses to the ceremony.

Kesey told us that between "real writers" there is no competition. When one writer creates a masterpiece it elevates the work of all other writers.

"Publishers don't have quotas. If they receive 100 quality manuscripts, why they take 'em all. If they get garbage, then they turn 'em all down."

In the classes that followed we worked on character. I'm not talking about character in any moral sense here. Writers are notorious slouches. What I am describing is a strength of life, the manner of the living. Some people might call this soul or Atman. Kesey referred to it as grace.

"Grace is writing perfectly. Once you get a taste of it you will work the rest of your life for more." He looked around the room. "It is almost better to have never had it than to have it only once and never get it again.

"This sense of absolute living is the driving force of fiction. Plot, setting or even prose cannot make up for characters that lack this essence. However, characters with life can make up for any deficiency."

AND SO WE BEGAN with character. Each member of class came in with an idea for a character. The character was defined by their need — what this person wanted, needed or hoped to find in the course of the novel.

Slowly, as the people in the book began to take shape, the plot and setting became apparent to us. We were discovering a story that had existed even before we began to write. It occurs to me now that the notion that writers do not create language but discover it is one of the most useful and accurate ideas I garnered from Kesey.

The characters chose the year 1934. We followed them and began heavy research on that time period. They were interested in a quest, an old-fashioned Tut's-tomb exploration of mythological roots or essence. We discovered that we were to be going down into a hole, into a cave. The title of the book became *Caverns*.

Kesey and his brother Chuck took us up into the lava fields near Sisters, Oregon. We explored a lava tube there as well as some other natural speleological and geological phenomena.

Clippings, photographs, records, maps and books filled Kesey's living room. We immersed ourselves in this material. We read the same books, watched the same movies on Kesey's VCR, ate many of our meals together and drank the same liquor. Levon's personality began to develop in much the same way that our characters were developing. Some things about U. O. Levon became apparent to us.

Levon prefers vodka to gin and red wine to white. Levon smokes but is allergic to it. Levon is a great joke teller and will sit for hours sharing jokes with company. Levon is a staunch vegetarian who likes to chew on garlic beef jerky while drinking beer. Levon is a bit of a mystic who is occasionally startled by weird synchronistic events that somehow blur the line between fiction and reality. Examples:

Kesey mentions that he has read some interesting things by Joseph Campbell. The next week a movie about Campbell and his work on world myth comes to Eugene. We go to see the movie. In the movie Campbell succinctly verbalizes many of the themes we are grappling with in *Caverns*. The following week Campbell dies. A few days later Timothy Leary comes to Eugene. He has a list of books he has been reading that he thinks Kesey might enjoy. Many of these books were written by Campbell.

One of the characters dies in the course of the novel and the following week we receive a bouquet of flowers from the character's mother with a condolence card that reads, "Perhaps he loved his mother too much."

The *I Ching* comes up with Preponderance of the Great.

Kesey stumps into class late. We are all there. In his hand he brandishes a long, black scarf. As he is tying the scarf around his eyes he tells us that he will go sit on the front porch of the house. While he is there he wants us to choose an object in the room. When he comes back into the house we are all to be perfectly quiet and he will find the object. We choose a bookend. Kesey comes into the room and all is silent except for a doggy dream-sigh from Mary in the wicker basket. Kesey extends a trunk-like arm. Slowly he turns in a circle. When his extended hand is facing the bookend, Kesey slows down. No one in the room has moved, coughed or spoken. Faye is in the other room. We glance at each other.

Kesey slowly walks forward. His hand passes along the bookshelf, fingering one object then the next until he comes to the brass eagle. He hesitates only momentarily and then picks up the bookend. Mary wakes suddenly and scratches furiously at a flea behind her ear. No one speaks. The dog's tags jingle in the quiet room . . .

At night we begin to dream about each other and the book, dreams where a simple push on the Delete button would eliminate the frat house across the street. Bonnie-and-Clyde dreams where we shoot Keystone Kops from the running boards of Packards . . .

During this first half of the year some work progressed on the actual manuscript of *Caverns* but it was slow going. By Christmas we had only 60 pages in the computer. A complete novel seemed to be a distant impossibility to me then. Kesey, however, was unflapped.

After Christmas break Kesey presented a new plan. We took a scene that I had been working on and broke it down into thirteen segments of action. Each segment was then assigned a number. We drew lots to see who would write each section. We, including Kesey, wrote there in class for thirty minutes. When time was called we read what we had written into a tape deck. Barbara Platz, a friend of the class, took these fragments and typed them into the computer. We had come up with 64 pages of material that afternoon.

*Caverns* could not have been completed on time without Barbara Platz. There were times when one member of the class would think of a great line, or a change to make and these notes would just be inserted onto the tape. Somehow Barbara managed to keep our different voices and sections on the tape straight.

I think that if we had begun with this method at the beginning of the year we would not have had so many late nights of rewriting at the end of the year. It is hard to say, though. That day all of us were aware that a certain chemistry had been put into motion. Perhaps if we had tried this method earlier it would not have worked because we might not have been "one-minded" enough. In fact, not everyone thought that this new method was at all worthwhile. Jim Finley complained bitterly that no one could be expected to write anything of value on command. He even called the idea stupid. Kesey merely shrugged, looked down at his watch and said, "Begin!"

While we were writing I was aware of Finley down at his end of the table. I could hear him sigh, then hear the sound of another page being torn from his notebook.

As the time progressed he became quieter. Finally I looked up and Finley was writing furiously. When he read what he had written we all found it to be very good stuff. In fact all of us seemed to have been able to write under the gun. With this method all of us, including Kesey, came to believe that there is no such thing as writer's block. There are good days and bad days but if a terrorist were to waltz into a writer's studio, put a gun to the writer's temple and tell him to write something "good," any writer would begin to pound away. No block. It gives new credence to the saying that deadlines produce good prose.

In the beginning of the year it was like we were walking around in a dark room looking for the switch. We walked slowly because we didn't want to bump our shins on a stray chair. On the day we tried Kesey's new experiment the switch was thrown. The lights came on. All work progressed at a manic, almost unbelievable, rate from that point on.

I BEGAN THE LABORIOUS JOB of ironing (as Kesey called it) the 64 pages so that it would jibe with the rest of the material coming in. When I had the section in pretty good shape I brought it in and read it to the class. Kesey and the other students made suggestions. I took the piece home again, used some of their ideas, abandoned others and then typed the section into Kesey's computer.

As later scenes demanded the alteration of my piece, those changes were made. We continued in this fashion until the final scene. Everything was in the machine so any and all members of the class rewrote material, their "own" or another's, as it was necessary. Names, places and dates mysteriously changed in Kesey's Display Writer. Slowly our tones and styles began to drift closer together. By March we had well over 500 pages of material.

The styles of these sections varied considerably at first. We were all in the same basic arena but nonetheless, it was relatively easy to tell who had written what. Kesey worked on this problem by reading sections of Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and Larry McMurtry's *Lonesome Dove* to us before we began to write each day. Finally we discovered the voice of U. O. Levon.

Neil Lindstrom, a two-quart (not hat but the amount of beer he drank each class) cowboy and river guide from Corvallis, read a section he had been rewriting from the tape-deck manuscript. His rewrite was a lesson in disorganization. Sections were scrawled on scrap paper, notebook covers, napkins, etc. The whole mess was spread before him on the floor and if any of it was typed I did not see it. At one point Mary, Kesey's spaniel, trotted across his piles of papers. As the towering stacks cascaded across the carpeting I thought that Neil's chapter might be lost to us forever. We waited while he repiled the chaos. He picked up a stack comprised of stationery and index cards and began to read.

There was a quality to the prose that we all acknowledged as Levon's voice. Neil had the right distance from the material, an almost tongue-in-cheek playfulness with the action and a special attention to odd detail. As the rewrites continued they swung closer and closer to the voice that Neil had developed. As more material came in Jim Finley decided that *Caverns* was a hybrid between Indiana Jones, *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Canterbury Tales.*

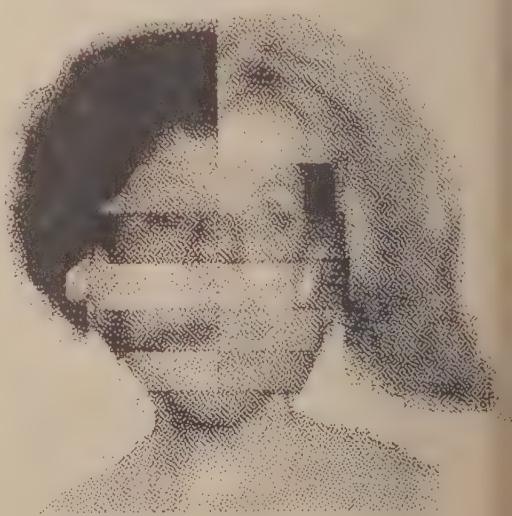
The last term of the year we worked on the final rewrite of *Caverns.* Sometimes we all hunched over the computer screen, heads bobbing for a better view; other times we used the video camera linked to the television in the living room so that everyone could read the manuscript. We took turns in the driver's seat although Kesey was the main pilot. This was where Kesey exerted himself the most in his role as instructor. We read and reread the work, editing (under Kesey's direction) with pencils while we read. It was similar to rubbing a rough, uneven stone, passing a multitude of hands over it until it has finally been worn smooth with handling. We rubbed under Kesey's direction, sat behind him for hours on end and watched Kesey make subtle, stylistic changes. Then we would try until Kesey would take over again. In this way our individual styles faded out of the work and U. O. Levon's voice became stronger.

At any time, early morning on into early morning, there were people from the class over on Hilyard Street working with Kesey. His energy and commitment to the class were far beyond anything I have ever experienced as a student.

Kesey's health suffered from the stress. Allergies plagued him and he lost a good portion of his hearing due to infection. The progress never wavered, however, and the finished manuscript continued to grow in our walnut "out" box. The public presentation was scheduled for June fourth and on the third we pounded our final period.

PERHAPS THE MOST interesting aspect of the process is the usefulness that it could have in a variety of classes. Real demands were made on us by both the outside world and ourselves. This type of class is a positive contradiction to the old adage that "those who can, do. Those who can't, teach." This method forces both the students and teacher into a position where they must do.

The manuscript of *Caverns* has been accepted for publication by Viking Press. With *Caverns'* publication, the ramifications of this type of teaching become even more dazzling. Perhaps writing programs will now be judged by the novels they publish rather than by the writers they turn out, law schools by the cases their students win and the human rights they defend, engineering schools by the quality of the projects they complete, and MBA programs by the amount of money their students make or the percentage driving Saabs or BMWs by the time of graduation. The benefit here is that all of these things operate within a "real" context rather than the fairy-tale safety of a university. ■

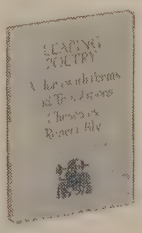


## Leaping Poetry

*This slim, explosive book is about poetry and what the editor calls associative jumps. He establishes the history of association in poetry, describing the phenomenon in language that could be used to explain hypertext, although the book was written over 15 years before the dawn of HyperCard. Hypertext (and the prefix "hyper") is computer-talk for the connection of ideas made in a nonlinear way. You leap from idea to unexpected idea. Poet Bly doesn't talk about hypertext but he does propose constructing similar nonlinear structures to link ideas in poetry.*

*What I find exciting about computer hypermedia is not the hard science of linking ideas, but the art and beauty of extraordinary associative links. Bly makes a good case that a hyper-like phenomenon has always existed in the heart of some great works of literature and surrealist art.*

*—Mike Leibhold*



**Leaping Poetry**
(An Idea with Poems and Translations)
Robert Bly
1972; 93 pp.
**$5.95**
($7.95 postpaid) from:
Beacon Press
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108
800/638-3030
or Whole Earth Access

•

Christian thought, especially Paul's thought, builds a firm distinction between spiritual energy and animal energy, a distinction so sharp it became symbolized by black and white. White became associated with the conscious and black with the unconscious. Christianity taught its poets — we are among them — to leap *away* from the unconscious, not *toward* it.

•

A work of art does not necessarily have at its center a single long floating leap. The work can have many leaps, perhaps shorter. The real joy of poetry is to experience this leaping inside a poem. A poet who is "leaping" makes a jump from an object soaked in conscious psychic substance. . . .

In a great ancient or modern poem, the considerable distance between the associations, the distance the spark has to leap, gives the lines their bottomless feeling, their space, and the speed of the association increases the excitement of the poetry.

•

LOYALTY — *BLAS DE OTERO*

I believe in the human being. I have seen
shoulder bones splintered by bullwhips,
blind souls staggering forward by fits and starts,
(Spanish men on horses
of suffering and of hunger). And I believe it.

I believe in peace. I have seen
high stars, circles of dawn
burst into flame, deep rivers
on fire, human flow
toward another light: I have seen it and I believe it.

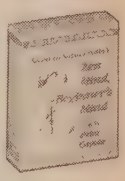
I believe in you, my country. I will tell you
what I have seen: lightning flashes
of rage, love in coldness, and a knife
that is yelling, tearing up bits
of bread; still there is darkness standing alone today; I
have seen it and I believe it.

*Translated by Robert Bly*

## Spiritual Classics on Cassette

*According to Rational Mind, pursuing spiritual lessons while driving a car to work through city traffic should be a total wash. I've found it quite the contrary. My mentor has been this notable series of audio tapes. I started out with Peter Coyote reading a modern (yet reliable) translation of one of the most ancient works of poetry,* ***The Book of Job****. Job leaps from the road, rattles the door and discourses in the timeless voice of Coyote. Then I listened to Robert Bly bark out recitals of the Indian mystic, Kabir, accompanied by the hypnotic drum of tabla and sitar. I'm now on Coyote reading* ***Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind****, convinced that sitting behind the wheel is the proper novice position. Then on to* ***The Cloud of Unknowing****, by an anonymous Christian mystic, the* ***Bhagavad-Gita****, Gurdjieff's* ***Meetings With Remarkable Men****, and Rumi. These are tapes to buy and replay.*

*—Kevin Kelly*



**Spiritual Classics on Cassette: $9.95** (one-cassette books); **$15.95** (two-cassette books). Catalog **free** from Audio Literature, 3800 Palos Verdes Way, South San Francisco, CA 94080; 415/878-4173.

## Death

*Birth and death, opening and closing, the two most intense experiences of our lives.*

*A few years ago David Meltzer edited an anthology (****Birth****, North Point) devoted to birth as myth and cultural event that read like a joyous celebration of the power and mystery of women. Now, in a companion volume, he approaches what, for most of us, seems to be the greater mystery. No celebration this time but rather a poet/scholar's version of the "instant that remains a secret we cannot penetrate."*

*192 separate entries range from places and times as diverse as ancient China and 20th-century America, from forms as disparate as Jewish laments, Japanese haiku, and Egyptian spells. Anthropological accounts, legends, songs, folktales — all of them serve as roadmaps for "the moment we cannot imagine." Lots of practical information here too (that you may or may not find useful): how to create a zombie, interpret dreams of death, and raise the dead.*

*Meltzer calls it a "sourcebook of aspects," and although none of us can truly know death until we experience it directly, exposing ourselves to so many different views just might prove helpful when our own time comes.*

*—Steve Sanfield*

**Death**
David Meltzer, Editor
1984; 322 pp.
**$15.50**
($17 postpaid) from:
North Point Press
850 Talbot Avenue
Albany, CA 94706
415/527-6260
or Whole Earth Access

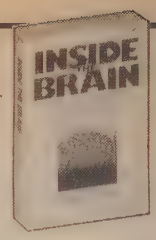
•

*[Eskimo]*
Who comes?
Is it the hound of death approaching?
Away!
Or I will harness you to my team.

## Inside The Brain

*Take the title literally. What we have here is a guidebook to the human brain, complete with maps of interesting side trips and detours. The brain the authors walk you through belongs to "Neil," a fictitious patient undergoing some very real medical procedures. Along the way, you get a look at the basic structure of Neil's cerebral cortex, and learn how the brain stores memories, how neurons transfer information (or don't, or can transfer it incorrectly), and how physical ailments such as tumors can affect thought and personality. My only real problem with this book is that too often it falls back on the already tired and inaccurate brain/computer analogy. If you can ignore all these references,* ***Inside The Brain*** *can offer you quite a trip.* —*Richard Kadrey*

**Inside The Brain**
William H. Calvin
and George A. Ojemann
1980; 226 pp.
**$8.95**
($10.45 postpaid) from:
New American Library
P. O. Box 999
Bergenfield, NJ 07621
201/287-0600




or Whole Earth Access

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There are good reasons for believing that different mechanisms in the brain are used for short- and long-term memory storage. Short-term memory can be disrupted by something which interrupts brain function: a blow on the head, an epileptic seizure, or a brief interruption of the brain's blood supply. Immediately after recovery, the person may have trouble remembering what happened for the minutes (or hours, sometimes even days) prior to the brain disruption. This amnesia does not, however, extend to long-term memories. Even deep coma, which may silence much of the electrical activity of the brain, does not erase long-term memories.

**The dashed line is the cut made in the original "prefrontal lobotomy," an operation which has not been performed for many years. The circles show the sites of several modern psychosurgical operations. The upper target is for an operation called a "cingulotomy;" the lower, an "orbital-frontal tractotomy."**

■

At one time, it was thought that in schizophrenia, neurons released too many dopamine molecules each time an impulse arrived at a synapse. However, the supporting evidence for that idea has been mixed. Autopsy study of the brains of some schizophrenics suggests that there are many more receptors for dopamine in the striatum than in the same brain area of normal people. There thus may be an excess of "keyholes," rather than more "keys." And since the usual situation is to have more neurotransmitters available than receptors (more keys than keyholes), the presence of more receptors means that each impulse has a greater effect on the next neuron.

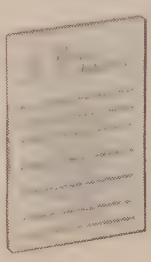
■

Essentially, the prefrontal lobotomy was too large an operation; a small area of destruction works as well, as subsequent surgeons discovered, and then there are far fewer undesirable side effects such as personality changes. In the modern operations, only selected areas on the inner side of the frontal lobe are destroyed, using x-ray placement of probes as in the operation on the thalamus for Parkinson's disease. Then the "uninterested" personality change does not occur and great improvement is seen in depression, phobia, and obsessive behavior (again, schizophrenia is not helped as much by these operations). Behavioral improvements result only if the right location is destroyed, and not if the lesion is made nearby. There is something specific about that portion of the brain in changing the symptoms of depression.

## The Journal of Psychohistory

*This journal caught me. It takes a stab at making sense of the irrational in history. Some articles struck me initially as farfetched, then later as possibly true. Weeks later I'm still thinking about them and the questions they raised. Is Reagan leading us into war because Americans unconsciously demand it? Did sadistic German toilet-training practices lead to Nazi death camps? The journal left me dreaming a different reality — one where the unconscious writes the script for world politics, social upheaval, and historical oddities. Reading the newspaper will never be the same.* —*Corinne Cullen Hawkins*

**The Journal of Psychohistory**
David R. Beisel, Editor
**$40**/year
(4 issues) from:
The Association for
Psychohistory, Inc.
2315 Broadway
New York, NY 10024
212/873-5900



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This paper also raises the question of the relevance of the actual political affiliations of victim and assailant in the motivation of political murders carried out by single persons. Oswald had shot at General Walker and had considered killing both Eisenhower and Nixon, and Sirhan Sirhan had attended a reception in Los Angeles for Max Rafferty, an arch conservative, towards whom he had expressed much antipathy, earlier in the evening that he killed Robert Kennedy, but was asked to leave by some Rafferty supporters who took exception to his dress and surliness. Arthur Bremer, the assailant of Governor Wallace, had "stalked" both Nixon and Humphrey in addition to Wallace, and might just as readily have attempted to shoot either of them. Just as the unconscious has no sense of time, it may fail to recognize political opposites.

•

In ways, the treatment of camp inmates duplicated the harsher modes of toilet training of the German infant. Indeed, features of German child rearing are derived from the same anally-toned destructiveness that erupted in the death camps. Dundes describes the early strict training suffered by German children. In all social classes, training began around five months of age with the expectation that the child would be housebroken at one year of age. Sitting on the pot is the child's major activity in German nursery schools. Dundes cites some evidence to claim that Germans contrived their own variation on swaddling which was employed as late as the mid-nineteenth century. Unlike other nations which also swaddled their infants, the German infants before reaching six months of age were kept unchanged for twelve hours at a time, even twenty-four hours, offensive with excreta, their heads not washed for the first nine months. They were addressed as:"My little shitter."

## Rules of Thumb 2

*Figure that a rule of thumb is an estimate fired from the hip, or as collector Tom Parker puts it, "a homemade recipe for making a guess." It's a rough ratio that helps you remember things like, "doubling a child's height at three years will give their adult height." Once committed to memory they can be indispensable. Countless numbers of these formulas are tucked in people's minds, but no one thought to pass them around until Tom began tracking them. He has now filled his second volume. As in his first, Tom says that many of the best ones were submitted by readers of this magazine, where his collection premiered (**CQ** #35, p. 4). I'd find both volumes a whole lot more useful if they were categorized by subject.*
*—Kevin Kelly*

■

*Listening to Jigs and Reels* The way to tell the difference between a jig and a reel is to sing along with it. With a jig, you will be able to sing "jiggity jig, jiggity jig." If the tune is a reel, you can sing, "I think I can, I think I can." *Wild Asparagus band*

■

*Cutting Firewood* It takes twenty-four man-hours for a nonprofessional logger to bring a cord of wood from the stump to the stove.
*Michael Blyskal, state real estate appraiser, Albany, New York, in* The New York State Conservationist.

●

*Asking For Permission* It is generally easier to ask forgiveness than permission.
*Andrea Frankel, computer scientist, quoting Grace Hopper, San Diego, California*

●

*Keeping a Car* For every dollar of gas you put into your car each year, you'll need to put in a dollar's worth of repairs or maintenance. *Rev. Dan Orine, Athens, Georgia*

●

*Designing a Street* A city street is most visually appealing if its width is the same as the height of the buildings along it. *David and Penny Russell, Dilltown, Pennsylvania*

**Rules of Thumb 2**
Tom Parker
1987; 134 pp.
**$6.95**
($7.85 postpaid) from:
Houghton Mifflin Co.
Attn.: Mail Order Dept
Wayside Road
Burlington, MA 01803
800/225-3362

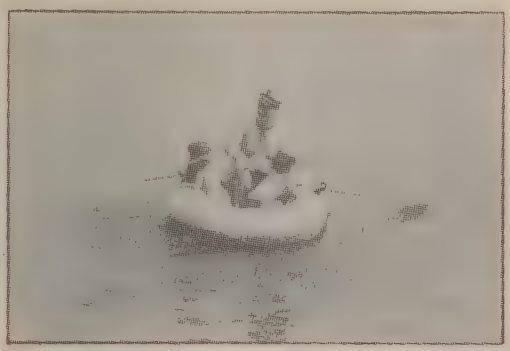
or Whole Earth Access

●

*Watering Your Plants* For watering houseplants, when in doubt, don't. But for plants on your patio or windowsill, when in doubt, do.
*Andrea Frankel, computer scientist, engineer, and holistic health practitioner, San Diego, California*

■

*Writing a Résumé* The longer your job title and job description, the less important you are.
*Dean Sheridan, Downey, California*

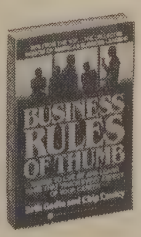


**You will have more fun on your vacation if you maintain a mental age of eighteen or less. Act just old enough to make your travel connections and stay out of trouble.**
***Joe Schwartz, editor, Danby, New York***

## Business Rules of Thumb

*Two business grad students took Tom Parker's original format (see above) and have rounded up rules of thumb pertaining to being in business — as either owner or employee. The authors rightly surmise that most business people frequently rely on rules of thumb for management decisions. According to my own business rule of thumb, you'll find these rules of thumb to be dead-on about half the time.*
*—Kevin Kelly*

**Business Rules of Thumb**
Seth Godin
and Chip Conley
1987; 165 pp.
**$5.95**
($7.85 postpaid) from:
Warner Books
P. O. Box 690
New York, NY 10019
212/484-2900




or Whole Earth Access

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You only have to be 1 percent better than your competition to succeed. In the mind of your customer, you'll seem 10 percent better. And, in terms of sales, it's worth 100 percent.

■

If you are lucky enough to write a good advertisement, repeat it until it stops selling.

■

In a restaurant, food is marked up three times direct cost, beer four times, and liquor six times.

■

In searching for new store locations, choose a neighborhood in which at least one-third of the stores have been there for over five years and one third of the stores have been there for less than two years.

■

After thirty, a highly qualified professional should expect to earn his or her age times $1,000 in salary.

■

If you think an interview question is discriminatory, it probably is.

●

The cost of writing, typing, filing, and mailing a single business letter is at least $4.50. If you can make your point quickly, a long-distance phone call is usually cheaper than mail.

■

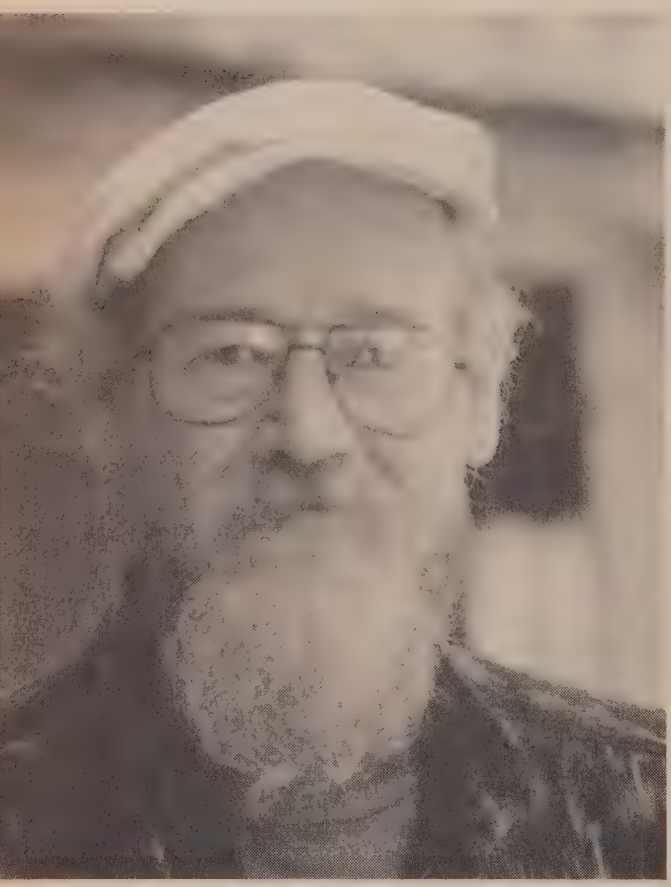
Start cheap, small, and local. That keeps your mistakes survivable and your customer feedback loops rapid and accurate.

# Stephen Gaskin

*lives on the Farm, an intentional community in Tennessee, which he established after a colorful and legendary bus caravan across the U.S. [By phone.]*

*Kevin Kelly:* Stephen, tell me what's happenin'.

*Stephen Gaskin:* Well, it's painfully obvious that we're not going to be able to keep doing what we've been doing, but I don't know what we're gonna do instead, yet. I see that we're hovering on the brink where we may not have any say-so about nuclear power. It may become the least obnoxious alternative in some people's minds. It would be really good if we could reduce the need for that heavyweight kind of power. Yet on the other side of this entropy/Buckminster Fuller balance, I'm computerized like everybody else. I got a Mac+ and a 30-meg hard drive, and I do a magazine on it. I have a Laserwriter right by the bed. It's tremendous! I'm so grateful to those guys for writing that sophisticated code, so I, a nontypist, can have entrée into that world. *Really* grateful.



Looks to me like we're going to be heading for the time where everybody who wants to is going to have their thing. I don't know what to call it but *your thing*. Your digital watch is now also your calendar, and if you want it to be, it can be your blood-pressure checker, and it can keep a few words of vocabulary for you if you like, or a few credit-card numbers, and then your little travel clock is now a flashlight also. People will have their *thing*, and it's going to be their modem and their keyboard. And then everybody's gonna be hooked up.

*KK:* After everybody hooks up, then what happens?

*SG:* People are going to find themselves put together in ways other than that they all have the same color hair and their last names all end in a vowel. Which is how people get together now a lot. It's going to reorganize us. I see decentralization of certain kinds of information and intellectual power is beginning to make a difference. There's a guy in our user group in Nashville, who drove British Leland [manufacturers of Land Rovers] out of the United States. This guy got a bad Land Rover, a real lemon, and they treated him really shabby. So he just Laserprinted and Macintoshed that corporation right out of this country.

I got a satellite dish and a rear-view mirror from a caravan bus sittin' beside my Mac so I can watch the dish over my shoulder while I'm workin' on the magazine. I've got the dish tuned to C-SPAN, and I'm watching wall-to-wall Republicans. It's kind of funny to watch the old-fashioned politicians out tryin' to pull off their sculduggery in front of the television cameras. I keep thinking, well, good heavens, how long can these people watch somebody announce he's going to adjust his image, watch him adjust his image, and be able to pay any attention to it? And then the commentary on the commentary on the commentary . . .

There is some truth in this thing that we're going toward a time of service-inspired work. We're going that way just because there's so many of us and we're getting so automated and that keeps leaving more and more of us around to do things. And so these computers sort of help the small guys a little bit, too. You see, the NSA and the CIA got a Cray supercomputer, but there's a *million* hippies with Macs.

But it's gonna continue to be a hard-fought war. We were right about the results of racism on the South and we were right about the Tennessee Valley Authority, and we were right about all those nukes, and we were right about the radon, and we were right about the stratosphere. And we've been tellin' 'em this stuff 15 or 20 years ahead of the mainstream for a long time. And at some point they should smart up and notice that we're runnin' 15 to 20 years ahead and start tryin' to see what we're talkin' about.

*KK:* Hmmm. What do you think we were wrong about?

*SG:* Well, I think we were wrong that the whole world was going to turn into one great Yellow Submarine acid trip. But, I've never really required that. I feel like that we don't have to be a takeover culture, as long as we're a good vitamin in the blood stream of society. A society, like the Nazis, that takes out all its strange people is real sick. We're putting strangeness in and giving power to people.

KK: What have you changed your mind about?

Stephen Gaskin: Changed my mind about, hmmm. I actually saw 20 years ago that I was on a collision course with this

**continued next page**

# J. Baldwin

*has been evaluating tools and technology for Whole Earth since 1969. He lists his occupation as "fence tester," the guy who checks for slackness at the boundary of things.*

Kevin Kelly

Recently, I heard an old friend bewail the small turnout at an Energy Fair. "People don't seem to be interested in this stuff any more," he said sadly. Thirty years of work with alternative technologies (and nearly twenty years at Whole Earth) tell me that the problem isn't lack of interest, it's lack of newness. That is, we've been successful in getting the message out. Awareness is increasing. The bad guys know they're being bad. Even little kids know some environmental basics. Of course, there's a lot of work left to do before we can say we're winning. By "we," I mean all humanity, not merely the righteous "Us" beating the tar out of the infidel "Them." We're all in this together.

It has been interesting to see that the most effective workers are those that are least contentious — those that don't need an enemy in order to define themselves and their tasks. It's becoming quite clear that it isn't enough to be *against* something, however obnoxious it may be. You've got to be *for* something too, a well-defined concept that can be developed and nurtured by you *and* your adversaries. It's harder to whip up enthusiasm for such projects because they're inherently harder to do, and it can be tough working with folks whose activities you may despise. Also, the satisfying results are often impersonal and slow in coming. Yet it's being done, and done well. Amory and Hunter Lovins at the Rocky Mountain Institute are a fine example, as are the Todds (see p. 44) and their Ocean Arks projects. The increasing number of good examples crossing my desk these days is enough to give one reason for a bit of optimism. I just hope we're in time . . . ■

## STEVEN GASKIN (continued)

culture, and I tried to set myself in the farthest, most pacifistic, gentlest place possible, to delay that collision as long as possible. I've never in my life considered myself leftist or anything like that. I even enjoyed *Fountainhead* and Ayn Rand and *Atlas Shrugged* — I dug that stuff. But the culture has moved to the point where I find myself in the far left without me having gone there. I still feel like I'm putting up my father's old Indiana farmer values. I think I'm a conservative, I don't think these guys that call themselves "conservatives" are really — these guys are high rollers, and plungers, and bet-the-farm-on-slender-things guys, they ain't conservatives. I think a conservative is somebody who cares about conserving the planet and the air and the water and the sky and the sun. It is something mean to say that mankind has fucked up the sunshine.

I've experimented early in life with a lot of varieties of revolution so now I'm looking for the next thing to do. It might be really fun to go to Russia and meet some Russian hippies. I'd be an old elder hippie over there, I bet they'd treat me good. I hear they're having their '60s right now, so I thought, Wow! I'd get to see it twice! ■

# Garrett Hardin

*continues to stir up strong emotions in response to his "Lifeboat Ethics," first postulated in CQ in 1975. He is an economic biologist principally interested in taboo subjects.*

I used to look on the Statue of Liberty as a sweet gesture to the rest of the world; but for years now I have viewed it as pornography of the most reprehensible sort.

Not the statue itself; after all, the lady is modestly draped and the original title was "Liberty Enlightening the World." No harm there.

But 17 years after the statue was erected some busybodies managed to get Emma Lazarus's appalling poem inscribed at its base: "Give me your tired, your poor/Your huddled masses, yearning to be free/ The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,/ Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:/I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

It is both natural and commendable to want to help others. As a matter of policy we assume that other people are as good as we are. If taking in an immigrant helps him, we would like to do it. But notice: I said *an* immigrant, that is, *one* immigrant. Singular need, singular ethics.

But there isn't just one would-be immigrant out there: there are millions. About 2,000 millions, to be exact, all of whom are poorer than our poorest Americans. And the world's poor are increasing by some 40 million a year.

Our hearts may be willing, but our resources can't be stretched that far. Such vast numbers tell our heads to bid our hearts to sing another tune.

The jobs immigrants take are foreclosed to residents. Of course masses of immigrants create some jobs too, but not as many as they fill. Some slick economists say otherwise; they can afford to be indifferent to the plight of workers because there are no economists in the swarm of immigrants.

Unfortunately for society many business operators stand to benefit in the short run from more immigration. As they see it, more people equals more customers, more demand equals higher prices. With more laborers on tap, the bargaining position of the unions is made worse. So don't expect businessmen to oppose immigration.

You might think that union bosses would be against immigration. Some of them are. But many of them actually seek immigrants, figuring the newcomers will one day join the union, thus increasing the bosses' power.

Employers often complain of a "labor shortage." But so long as there are unemployed there is no real labor shortage. Pay enough — make the conditions of work right, and the jobs will be filled.

Take nursing. Hospitals are always complaining about the nursing shortage. But in every big city registered nurses by the hundreds fill other jobs because they got fed up with nursing conditions. Increase the pay, improve the working conditions, give nurses a higher status, and the "shortage" will disappear.

Instead, the medicos import more subservient women from poor regions like Southeast Asia. This technique enables employers of all sorts to avoid improving the work conditions. When the first wave of immigrants becomes independent enough to take other jobs, a new wave of immigration brings in more subservient people. Thus does the immigrant-siphon make our population grow.

Population growth was fine when we were a young country with a wealth of unused resources. But now, more population means more unemployed, more homeless, more violence and traffic gridlock. Technology never catches up with traffic.

Many highly prized things cannot be increased as population grows: for instance, spacious beaches, wilderness, quiet redwood forests. The more people the worse off we are for these amenities. Technology can't help.

What should we do? First we have to produce a revolution in thinking. Over and over we must say to ourselves, "Bigger is NOT better; MORE POPULATION IS WORSE." Then we need to blast Lazarus's pornography off the Statue of Liberty. Maybe we can run a prize contest to find a new Lazarus to write a wiser poem for the 21st century: a poem that praises other people for staying home and solving their problems on their own turf.

With more breathing space we will have a better chance to solve our problems here. ■

# Stephanie Mills

*is a bioregionalist working in Michigan. She was formerly assistant editor of CQ, and co-editor of the special bioregional issue (Winter 1981).*

In two decades, we've all but trashed the planet, so two decades have ingrained in me the habit of lamenting lost life forms, lost lands, lost lifeways. Two decades have brought us within hailing distance of the millennium, have thickened our thighs, thinned our hair, deepened our ruts, lined our pockets, and tried our souls. Two decades seem to have confounded most people's thinking about how to steer the darn thing, what we might optimistically expect, and what to pray for from, and for, our fellow homo sappys. Two decades have grown tots into teens and even some tots from those teens. They've ensnared ecohippies in neckties and lured yuppies back to the land.

Two decades is plenty of time to begin getting older, maybe even wiser. Two decades haven't changed my mind about much, though. An exhaustive survey of my juvenalia has confirmed that. Twenty years after the Whole Earth was discovered, I still believe that ecological destruction is problem numero uno, that civilization has a vested interest in continuing that destruction, and that only magic, which incorporates anarchism, can prevail against that interest. A few notions of class enmity have joined my late-blooming flower-child stereotypes, but no Great Satan.

It worries me to admit that in certain ways my mind seems to operate like Reagoon's, bearing an idiosyncratic and none-too-faithful relationship to details, going steady with certain big ideas. Quantities of new *information* handily fit the ol' ecopocalyptic paradigm. But new *knowledge* spawns awe, wonder, mystery, tenderness, and open curiosity.

If I haven't changed my mind about much, it seems that grace, will, and the passage of time have changed much about my mind. For one thing, my mind is now uncontaminated by consciousness-altering substances. And that my mind should serve at the pleasure of my heart, and not the other way around, has become a frequent prayer.

Of course, those fleeting moments of being from the heart play hob with stereotypes and inevitabilities. Be careful about praying for the quality of compassion: some of compassion is suffering with. Suffering is labor and experience. Compassion may be all the fulfillment I'll see this time around; the earth may not get saved in my day. But the compassion now seems indispensable to the liberation and restoration.

Consequently the questions I am asking myself these days are mainly theological. I'm doing some sightseeing on the spiritual highways. If magic is what it will take to hearten us for the trip out of this life-despising moment, then one must approach the sources of magic, and miracles as well: Spirits; Selves; Gods, Plural: Immanent, personal, located, and particular.

A lot of the miracles I need minute by minute have to do with getting weaned from things. Things are gouged from, and ultimately buried in the Mother's hide. Even knowing that, stuff is a tough jones to kick.

Could I be twenty today? It's a whole new culture, not my favorite. I enjoy my self, and the most savory parts are not of this end of the century. If I were twenty today, I'd probably feel even madder about being cheated of a liveable planet than I did when I was twenty in 1968. I'd wonder what was meant by "free love."

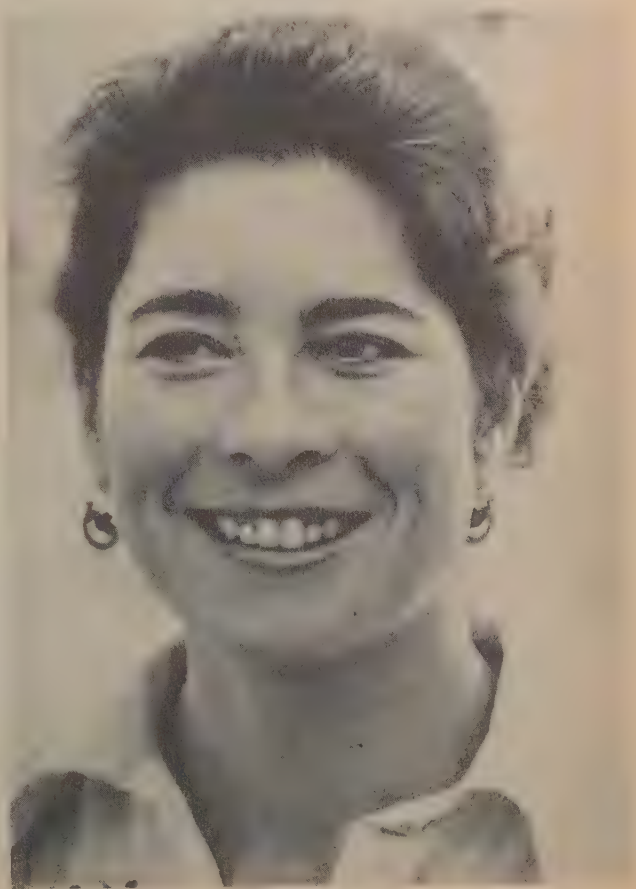
If I were twenty today, I'd go to organizing school, tracker school, study restoration ecology, and become a homeopathic physician/analyst. I'd find a fellowship and look for incredible mentors.

If in twenty years I'm not moulderin' in the grave, I'll be pleased and surprised. I'll hope to be spry, to know the plants, and how to heal with them. I'll hope to be able to grow things and put them by. In twenty years I hope I'll be making sauce from apples picked from the trees we planted in May of '88, and to watch oak trees emerging from the backyard monocrop of pines.

In twenty years, I intend to be looking forward to my silver wedding anniversary and to have, by then, some understanding of what it is to love.

In twenty years I will be trying to eke out another era of service from my Olivetta Lettera portable, still practicing the vanishing art of manually changing typewriter ribbons.

In twenty years I hope I will have gained some self-mastery, and a sense of how and when it's necessary and useful to lead. 'Long about then I'll be aspiring to be an elder. ■



# Hazel Henderson

*is a futurist. She is a video producer and author of such titles as* The Politics of the Solar Age, *which has been recently re-issued in print. [By phone.]*

About a year and a half ago, it was clear to me that Japan had won the Cold War. America and the Soviet Union's game of mutually assured destruction had simply led to the mutually assured destruction of each other's economies. This was the true meaning of Mr. Reagan and Mr. Gorbachev's search for detente. As the old game of mutually assured destruction wound down and the new game of mutually assured development was about to begin, I put on a conference in May 1987 with my friend Robert Schwartz from The Tarrytown Executive Conference Center.

The agenda for the conference: the mutual-assured-development game has a set of new players: Japan, China, the four tigers of Asia (Singapore, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Korea), India, Brazil, and other newly industrializing countries. It is now absolutely *imperative* to redefine what we mean by development. We brought together representatives from Japan and twelve other countries, various industry, investment, and ecologically oriented participants, kicked around what the new opportunities were in the world, to come up with some new criteria for development.

The old economists' definition of development has ended up with ecological devastation, social unrest, and downright hunger. The worst examples of the failure of economics have been in Africa. What I have been trying to do for 20 years is to change the debate about development and move it outside of the box marked "economics." I think of development, instead, in human terms, more the way humanistic psychologists think of it. We should be thinking of development as investing in ecosystems, their restoration and management. The restructuring that's going on in China and the *perestroika* going on in the Soviet Union are opening up the whole question about how to reframe the concept of development.

Trying to run an economy using only economic indicators such as the gross national product is rather like trying to fly a Boeing 747 with a single oil-pressure gauge. What we need to do is to fill out the instrument panel. Most of my work now with Third World countries is involved with constructing these new kinds of social/economic indicators. I suggest that for the measure of political participation, one should go to Amnesty International; for literacy, and education, go to the educational organizations; for health, go to the World Health Organization. You have to get data on the quality of air and water from environmental agencies. Per-capita income turns out to be a very *weak* indicator of human well-being.

I see in the next 20 years a rising of the Southern Hemisphere: an Era of the South. The countries of the Southern Hemisphere are going to develop many, many different models of development. These economies will be specifically based on their own cultures and what those cultures are maximizing for, which may not have anything to do with what *we* find interesting. They're going to begin to develop their *own* kinds of social indicators, their *own* kinds of trading blocs, and probably their *own* kinds of bartering systems that may be somewhat decoupled from those of the World Bank, IMF, and the Northern Hemisphere systems. This is going to be a mechanism by which we rebalance the unequal access to resources which is now so dangerous, both ecologically and socially.

Every time you have a "commons," whether it's the air or the oceans or the electromagnetic spectrum, you have to shift the rules to win/win. Commons are closed systems, and closed systems are always inherently systems to be operated by cooperative rules, which means win/win rules. What has happened in the global economy is it has become a very tightly linked closed system, and you can't operate this kind of a system with win/lose rules. All of the countries of the world are realizing that they have to pool some of their sovereignty and set up the rules of this new game or else it's going to shake itself to pieces.

A whole new set of currency agreements and agreements on how to cooperatively manage this global economy will emerge in the next five years, probably sooner. Everybody knows that the price of not doing it will be a global economic collapse. It will make the October 19th slide on Wall Street look like a tea party. On the other hand, world government is a very old idea which is now sort of just a bugaboo. It can't possibly work. Instead, global institutions will be built from the grassroots up around various irreducible functions. There are already examples of these kinds of emerging global institutions. One is the global postal system. You can put a letter anywhere in the world in the mailbox with a reasonable assurance that it'll get delivered.

**continued next page**

# Rusty Schweickart

*is the astronaut (Apollo 9, 1969) who first floated in space without umbilical connections. Like other astronauts, his space perspective pushed him directly into ocean, atmospheric, and international perspectives.This picture shows him at Marsh Field in the Chilean section of Antarctica.*

For the past year or so I've been trekking and cogitating about Antarctica. I had the good fortune to have the official task of heading up a safety panel reviewing all U.S. activities in Antarctica for the National Science Foundation. NSF is the agency charged with overall management of United States interests within the treaty area, i.e. all ocean and land areas south of 60 degrees south latitude.

Larger than Europe and the U.S. put together, home to 70 percent of the planet's fresh water (in solid form averaging over 7,000 feet in thickness), continental guinea pig for living without an ozone blanket, the highest, coldest, driest desert in the world (7,000-13,000 feet, -128 degrees F, 1-2 inches of water annually) . . . Antarctica is unquestionably unique.

While fascinated with the physical and biological features of the continent, and concentrating on improving the safety of U.S. operations there, my REAL fascination with Antarctica was and is the political regime, its prospects and implications.

Antarctica is one of three or four global commons, depending on how you count the atmosphere. More than the air, oceans or space, Antarctica is a functional, multinational operating environment. The Antarctic Treaty System has governed the behavior of nations for the past 28 years, and it has served well, to the extent it has been challenged . . . which is not much. However, there are 38 nations which have agreed to abide by the provisions of the treaty and 20 which are active on the continent and are full voting members. A recent addition, and by far the most difficult "convention" added to the treaty, was the agreement on regulating the exploration and development of natural resources.

The issue for me, convinced that responsible political management of the space environment (as well as the terrestrial one) is critical to our human future, is the exercise and durability of the Antarctic Treaty and the extension of this experience into the space regime.

More generally . . . in the next 20 years, it will be Antarctica and space which will be the testing grounds for whether or not humanity can move successfully beyond sovereignty to responsible governance of the commons. ■

## HAZEL HENDERSON (continued)

Now *that* whole global operation is run out of a small brownstone house in Switzerland and it's not oppressing anybody. Or you could take the global airlines system. That system employs high technology and several million people. You can make connections to anywhere in the world. They all use the same tickets, they all use the same international rules, they have the same kind of airport safety regulations, and air traffic controllers, and yet that system is not oppressing anybody. Same with the world weather system and satellites. These parts of the global system are being built by agreements and coordination from the grassroots. There is absolutely *no* need at all to think about some enormous world government.

Space is another place we'll see this. The appropriate next agenda for the space programs of the world is cooperation. The Soviets and the Chinese can put up a launch at about *half* the price that NASA can. What's needed now is cooperation among *all* of these space programs, otherwise competing with each other is going to bankrupt each country. These cooperative space projects can begin by being used for treaty verification, for Earth sensing, for understanding about ecological problems that have to be dealt with at the global level, like the ozone layer situation. Yes, of course, at some point we'll have space stations and go to Mars. None of it will be achievable unless there is global cooperation. This is the way to go. ■

# Anne Herbert

*was the first editor Steward Brand hired to assist in producing this magazine. Her prose has animated many issues of* CoEvolution *and* WER. *She now freelances in Mill Valley, California.*

Mike Grandal

If there is a God, why are there crummy little jobs? If we made up God, why can't we make up something better than a worldwide interlocking network of crummy little jobs?

What if everyone were thinking? By thinking, I mean not the process of deciding which is the right answer on a SAT test, but noticing the situation you're part of and noticing what you know about it and chewing on what you notice till you know more.

To do many jobs, you have to turn off all the switches of yourself except one — the filing switch, the hitting keys on the keyboard switch. Noticing the whole situation on a job and having an idea about it and telling the boss the idea often leads to being condescended to, being sneered at or being laughed at. People encouraged to have ideas will have others and one of them might save a lot of money, reduce human suffering or make filing easier. Even a pleasant office may be filled with a great flat pressing feeling when you think of saying something about doing things differently. The very molecules of air conditioned air seem to say, "Shut up and do your job."

A friend of mine said it was scary to her to hear someone say on the news that the reason the Polish government is having trouble now is that it educated people well, so now they think and the government is challenged. That scared her because she thinks we don't educate people well in this country, we don't educate us to think, and the government isn't in trouble.

I used to think school didn't give people any learning by doing, no preparation for real life activities. Now I think many schools do provide continual learning by doing of the most basic adult activity — enduring boredom. In school you learn to endure boredom which you will need to do many jobs. No explicit advice is given on how to endure boredom — kids are thrown into an ocean of it and improvise for themselves how to swim or how to live on though drowned.

Sometimes I have crummy little jobs. Sometimes I don't. When I don't boredom is just a word to me, and not a world of: "Will I run screaming from the room now or in three minutes?" When I have boring little jobs, I think, "Let me out of here," by which I mean, "Let *me* out of here." I wanna be a consultant (which I occasionally am) and get paid to think and talk and ask myself the question, "Am I bullshitting and would anyone notice if I were?" I want to leave my work mates to wither on. *I* want out.

You never know about utopia. P.T. Barnum said he knew only 50 percent of his advertising worked, but he didn't know which 50 percent. Some utopian ideas stay as impossible as they seemed when first dreamed, but others just up and happen and utopianly dreaming them is the first step toward a better life for actual folks. What if everyone thought and brought their unique wisdom to the world as part of their daily routine? How could that happen? What would be some results if it did? Send your answers to the address at the end of this article.

Now it seems that for things to go on, there must be many jobs where people stuff their hearts and minds and souls into a psychic space the size of a soup can and count the minutes till five o'clock. But work structure is not something inevitable but something we choose day by day.

Take five o'clock and the whole "40 hours a week is full-time" idea. That used to be utopian until the people with the crummiest jobs made it real, made their crummy jobs eat up less of their lives, and be done in less horrifying conditions. People did some good work on their working conditions — it might be time to work on working content. The people united are frequently defeated but not always.

When I am in one of my crummy little job phases and whining at my friends about how boring it is and how I don't know how people live so small all the time every day, my friends almost always say things like, "Some people *like* dull jobs. They're not bored. For them it's a good job." Some people like deprivation? Is this how educated people before us spoke of serfs and slaves?

I speak from a position of privilege in lots of ways. One way is that I figure I can always go out and get a crummy job and be a file clerk for as long as I can stand it. Some times and places, when a crummy little job is announced, 2,000 people stand in line for a chance at it. That's depression, and I utopianly think maybe it would happen a little less if more smartness were unleashed, if organizations and whole countries didn't find it so easy to get on a dumb course and stay there until it really, really doesn't work.

If people added their wisdom to their daily routine, the old US of A might be in better economic shape and the old planet might be in better health. Catastrophes large and small, fast and slow are caused sometimes by people who

**continued next page**

# Szanto

*is the alias of our covert correspondent who files his "Real Intelligence" reports from his station as a consultant to the largest multinationals in the world. The questions they ask him shape the subjects of his essays for* WER/CQ.

**Five Questions for the Nineties**

The hardest part of real intelligence is figuring out the right questions to ask. Revealing those rare moments where history turns is the function of good questions.

Looking ahead we can be fairly sure of the inevitable, immense impacts of information technology. The passage of time and further research will reveal the realities of the Global Warming. But there are questions where human choices are at issue and these are the least obvious. All of these questions have to do with our capacity for social innovation . . . the ability to direct and manage fundamental change. If we had the answer to the following five questions we would know a great deal about the decades ahead:

1) Will the United States and Japan achieve a new relationship as mutually and globally beneficial as the one they have enjoyed since the end of WWII?

2) Will the reforms under way in the Soviet Union succeed?

3) Will the restructuring of the European Common Market targeted for 1992 liberate the social and economic potentials of a third of a billion people?

4) Will a new generation of countries take off in the nineties as the Asian Tigers (e.g. Korea, Hong Kong, etc.) did in the seventies and eighties?

5) Will a new set of institutional arrangements for managing the international financial systems develop to take the role of such aging bodies as the World Bank and the IMF? ■

**ANNE HERBERT (continued)**

have been made fun of for asking questions, who were taught their first year on the job or their first year at school to not wonder about the whole thing, just do what you're told and go home.

My current crummy office job I got through a friend who has worked at this place for years. As I struggle through the boredom minute by minute, I ask my friend, "How can you take it?" She said, "I'm over sixty. I couldn't get anything else." She isn't less bored than I; she has fewer choices. I may get a fairly good writing job soon, so when I quit that particular vale of boredom, do I leave my friend there in the spirit of "Tough luck for you?"

What are educated people for? For ourselves we are educated partly to get ourselves out of the worst jobs our society has. We are educated partly to escape having to work at a job where you have to turn off all the switches in your brain but one. We aspire to the jobs where you only have to turn off half the switches in your brain to endure the day's work.

I think educated people are partly to keep thinking of utopian ideas because some of them will work. It must have been a great breakthrough years ago to think of breaking down *thing to do* into many simple repetitive tasks. Now we've got that down — anyone reading this article can figure out how to break a job down into tasks that are easy and deadly to do for more than an hour. Now is a time to think the other way, to imagine groups, organizations, cities being based on every human being being as smart as humans are in every moment.

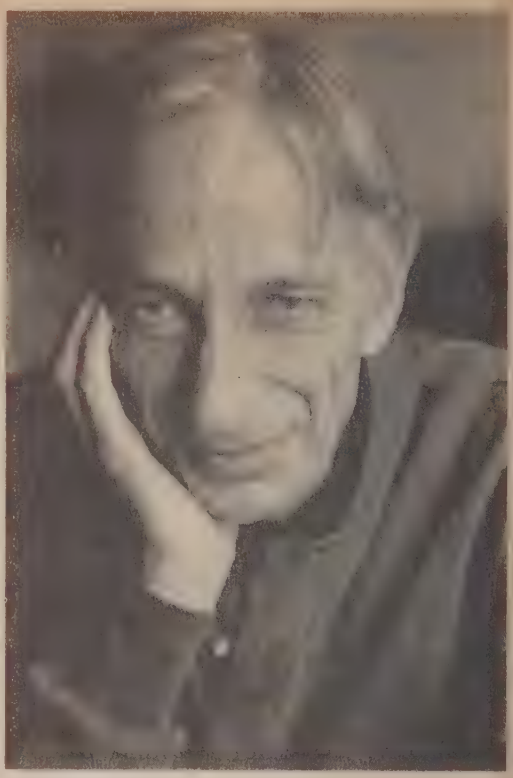
How to do that? How to get there? How to start? I don't know. Being happy when people offer ideas because our offerings of ideas to each other sustains us, in its way, as the plants offering of oxygen does — it's a life making process not to be sneered at. Thinking about how learning could be all the time happening easily might help. For example, I think it might be a lot easier than we think for people to learn to read. Or, to put it another way, I think if schools taught people to talk, millions would be mute. There should be a way for people to pick up reading as they pick up talking. I think subtitles for some TV shows that have the same words the characters are saying as they are saying them might be a good way for reading to ooze in like so many other knowings do.

What do you think? I think dumbing ourselves down must have been a survival technique for a while, or seemed like one. But I think we could stop faking, and enforcing, a mental limp now. How could thinking become common, daily, encouraged, rewarded? If you have any dreams about this, questions or comments, or any of this reminded you of something you almost know, write me a letter. Marianne Faithful once said, "To make good work, you've got to connect head and heart and cunt." And allowing for local variations in genitals, I think she's right. Which makes it good work to change, now that many jobs don't involve any of those three important things but just some dumb activity done by a person made for much more than that.

—Anne Herbert, Box 5408, Mill Valley, CA 94942 ■

# Ivan Illich

*lives in Mexico, and is a radical scholar/historian in the business of overturning perceptions on such topics as education, gender, medicine, energy, economics, and information. In his book,* Toward a History of Needs, *he developed the "economics of scarcity." His recent investigations concern the history of the body.*



I would like to talk about the blessings which we still enjoy in spite of economic growth; the rediscovery of the present as it moves out of the future's shadow; the non-economic boon which surprises us when hope in development fades.

I purposely speak of blessings and boons, referring to the rediscovery of dwelling in self-generated space in lieu of claims to housing, of meeting in bars that exclude TV, of suffering without therapies, of preferring the intransitive activity of dying to monitored medicide. I do not use the word *value*, an economic term recently replacing "the good." But there is a danger in trying to recover a notion of the good. Today, "good" all too often denotes management, the professional "for your own good" in the mouth of teachers, physicians and ideologues. Therefore, I try to resurrect the old ideas of blessing and boon to speak about the rediscovery of joys, but also sorrows, that I observe in both rich and poor countries when the expectation of marketable pleasures and securities comes crashing down. And this discourse can have theoretical consistency and practical relevance only in a language devoid of economics, of references to productivity, resources, decisions, systems and, above all, development.

I am not an economist; rather, something akin to a historian. I study history as an antidote to obsessive speculations about the future. For the historian, the present appears as the future which surprises the past. History heightens my sensitivity to the time vector hidden in discussions of public goods. I become aware that most of the clear certainties by which I act, think and even perceive were neither suspected nor imaginable for the authors whose writings are my sources. I become sensitive to those modern assumptions which, by going unexamined, turn into epoch-specific, a priori forms of perception. I neither *use* history, nor do I try to escape *into* history. And when I come out of the past and enter the present I find that most of the axioms generating my mental space are tinged with economics.

But any serious critic of conventional economics is inevitably trapped: In order to formulate the unavoidable consequences of economic growth, he has to measure the resulting cultural destruction in monetary terms. And this can only lead to a language of ads for band-aids or of religious exhortation.

This age of economics coincides with the progressive discovery of human needs, something which economists define as finite, few, classifiable and universal. We must deconstruct the naturalness of this concept, a recent social creation, something unknown in past epochs.

Therefore, I speak about the sociogenesis of needs, a delicate task, since we need needs, our own and those of strangers, to keep our integrity intact. I must speak without fear, anger or nostalgia. Contrasting, for example, the death of an old man in the familiar corner of his hovel with that of one whose "needs" for intensive technological care have been fully met, I do not compare the desirability of one situation over the other. I only illustrate the impossibility of using the same words to speak about both men. And I seek no moral; rather the clearsightedness which history, properly practiced, gives me about the condition of Needy Man, the current form of *Homo Economicus*.

The sixties added terms like "needs test," "needs analysis," "need pattern," — neologisms indicating lacks operationally verified and managed by the many specialized experts in needs recognition. And since 1960, needing has become a social learning goal. Physicians, for example, no longer confine themselves to defining needs. The patient must learn to recognize *as his own* the needs which are diagnosed for him. Thus the service professions lead the way into a Skinnered Eden.

During the 1970s, the term "basic needs" came into both economics and ordinary discourse, and is increasingly used in the definition of persons. Similar definitions-by-the-negative recently slipped into the language: the illiterate, the undiagnosed, the untreated and the uninsured possess, we are told, professionally definable needs and claims. Defining the human condition through needs is now axiomatic.

The needs-defined discourse also characterizes our alienation from one another. We live among strangers who are no less strangers because we feel responsibility for financing their care. Needs, translated into demands for care, mediate our responsibility *for* the other, exempting us from responsibility *to* him.

The transformation of a culture into an economy is often

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# Bear Kamoroff

*reviews small-business books for us. Part-time CPA, part-time homesteader, his primary endeavor is keeping* Small-Time Operator, *his perennial classic for one-person business, updated and indispensable.*

Since the dawn of economic time, a person with the right idea at the right time and any degree of competence could make a go of small business. This was the case twenty years ago, and hoping that there will be any workable economy left, it should be the case twenty years from now.

What *has* changed in the last twenty years is the media's and the public's perception of it. In the late 1960s, all business, unless it was a co-op or some community-based "not for profit" venture, smelled of greed, self-interest and gross profit. Today everybody thinks small business is glamorous, Esprit de Corps, Sunday-paper features.

The truth is neither glamorous nor reprehensible. There are thousands upon thousands of self-employed people — people without business cards, newspaper ads, 800 numbers, or company logos — who make a living plying a trade or selling a product, usually to neighbors, usually known only by word of mouth. "Find a need and fill it," whatever it is, and you might make a living at it.

But a very special seed was sown twenty years ago, by a small but influential group of mostly young people, who started food co-ops and recycling centers, who were concerned with not polluting, who wanted to avoid poisons and plastic and new crap. Their business experiments, however, rarely paid a living wage. And as times got a bit harder and families got a bit bigger, a living wage became quite important. It meant the end of worker co-ops and free stores and long hours for little money. But it wasn't the end of the idea. Today's profit-oriented businesses that offer organic food and natural fibers and recycled and biodegradable components and quality in general are a legacy of the 1960s.

Still, small business, even very groovy small business, must live within the framework of the big picture. We are part of an economy that is poisoning the earth, and both the earth and the economy are in obvious trouble. For years, most people have been figuring things would hold together until after they were dead. But, like overnight, the mass media is telling everyone that "by the year 2080" has been revised to 1988, and the weather all around the world has moved it to the front page and set in bold type.

For twenty years, Save the Earth was a sideshow. My hope is that our current ecological/economic upheaval will get just serious enough to force the Powers That Be to change course. And I hope they can make a buck at it too, because, alas, that's what's driving them all. ■

IVAN ILLICH (continued)

discussed in terms of increasing monetarization. But for two decades I have pleaded for research examining the shadow which spreading economic structures throw over the non-economic cultural context. Under the lengthening shadows of growth, cultural boons are disvalued. Cooking for Grandmother when she awakens is redefined as work in the employ of the household, behavior whose contribution to the economy can be measured. Or this family tradition is treated as an undesirable remnant to be eliminated through development. In each perspective, simply giving Granny her due is turned into a disvalue once the activity — being home to cook a late breakfast — is construed as a value produced to satisfy a need. Disvalue necessarily accompanies an economy.

I choose this term for the same reasons I choose "blessings." I want to designate loss and boon of a kind that cannot be grasped by economic terms. The economist can calculate external costs. But with concepts formalizing choices under the assumption of scarcity he has no way to get at the experience of a person who loses the use of his feet because vehicles have established a radical monopoly over locomotion. And since most people are now "economized" — a condition similar to being anesthetized — they are blind to the loss resulting from disvalue. The belief arises that in comparison to a world accessible to feet this new environment of vehicles is a greater good.

We must rigorously discipline ourselves that the assumptions of scarcity do not surreptitiously corrupt our conversations when we speak about public goods after the crash of development. We may discover that the recovery of blessings, the good life, comes only through renouncing values and the language which imposes them. ■

# Huey Johnson

*is a pioneer land guardian. His crusades have been instrumental in preserving key wilderness on the west coast, and his methods of doing it influential on similar projects. He serves on Point Foundation's board of directors.*

Bruce F. Wolfe

I have learned from experience that one can work on immediate opportunities that can be projected over the long term. My preference is looking to the future in 100-year segments.

I often use the word permanence in speaking about the future. I came across this concept years ago when I decided to become an environmentalist full time and became specialized as a preserver of unique land. After several years as the Western Regional Director of The Nature Conservancy, and later founder and first president of the Trust For Public Land, I moved toward broader policy directions. But to this day the greatest reward in life is to go back and explore those places that I helped preserve and see the stewardship by the people who care for them. Because of this sense of caring and pride, there is every chance that the land will still be in a natural state not just a hundred years from now, but a thousand years from now.

America has gotten in the habit of thinking about the here and now, and little about permanence. The way that we have mangled and overused our national resources is the best example of this kind of short-term thinking. For instance, there is scarcely an acre that is not bleeding its topsoil into the sea. Since civilizations thrive or die depending on the quality of their soil, this is a great threat to our permanence.

Until now many people discounted the threat of environmental problems, but the cumulative abuse of air quality, and now the warming of the atmosphere from $CO_2$, ozone, and other gases and chemicals is so serious that the majority are concerned enough to demand a global response. I believe that now is the time to move toward a rational and global policy of permanence.

I know it is possible because I have experienced a time when the nation pulled together — in preparation for World War II. I can look back to when I was eight years old, standing with a hoe in the burning sun, filling in for farmers who were gone to war, or wandering the countryside picking up nails to add more scrap steel to the war effort. I will always remember the tremendous focus of the nation and remain hopeful we can do it again, this time for the true national security that will come with improved environmental quality and natural resource recovery.

A more recent example, and a source of great optimism for me about the future because we all participated, is the overwhelming response to the energy crisis since the beginning of this decade. In 1977, I accepted a public post as California's Resources Secretary and soon had to publicly defend my opposition to a nuclear power plant. The Brown Administration was chewed up in the public arena by the public utilities who said that the state would be functioning in the dark if the crazies got away with blocking nuclear power.

The utilities projected a 7-percent growth rate forever. But we stood fast and after the smoke cleared we not only won our case, but everybody joined us, including the former opposition.

Having lived through that experience of viewing what seemed to be an impossible condition, and learning that by trying all kinds of energy experiments — wind, solar, biomass — that each of those alternatives presented a statistical gain in energy accumulation. Currently, 12 percent of California's peak energy is coming from alternative energy sources, not nuclear or coal. And it is soon to be 25 percent. That experiment was a huge billion-dollar undertaking on an enormous scale.

Because we succeeded then with energy issues, I know now that we can reforest the earth, that we can clean our water, that we can ensure a higher quality of life for future generations. But we have to have the vision and be creative enough to structure and carry out those functional ideas that make sense.

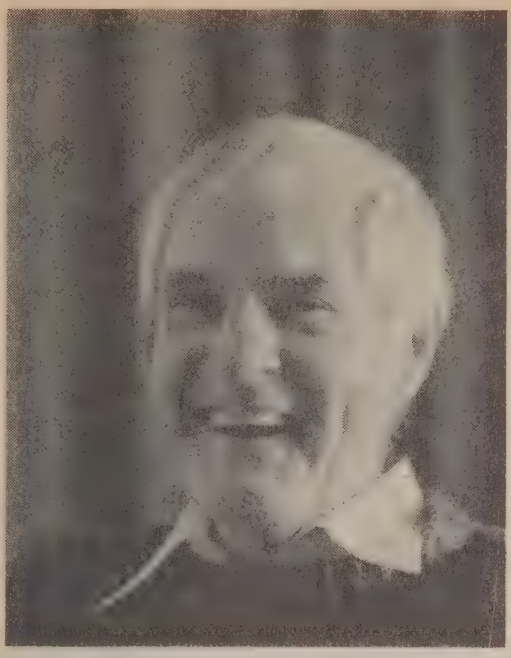
When humanity does decide to pull together great things can happen. We have done it for war, we can do it to ease the Greenhouse effect. And this is possible on a global plane in order to respond to air quality conditions. The massive reforestation that must go on — and I use the word *must* — is a great substitute for munitions manufacturing. Soldiers would be better off planting trees.

That is my immediate grand-scale vision; one I've been working on full-time for several years.

The very role of this magazine, and the Point Foundation, which owns and administers it, is to explore the courageous thinking about the future, and to help publish contemporary ideas that offer a transition point. The reason that I am on the Board is that this foundation is the most relevant beginning point for this transition to the future that I can access easily. And it is another sign for optimism. ■

# Tim Leary

*defined a youth rebellion in the late '60s with the words, "turn on, tune in, drop out." His adventures with hallucinogenics earned him notoriety, jail, and an appreciation for artificial intelligence.*



Kevin Kelly

If one is asked to predict the next stage of human evolution, practical common sense suggests selecting the identifying survival characteristic of our species. What are our survival assets?

The instant-glib answer would be that our species is defined by our enormous brains. Our survival asset is not hive intelligence, as in the case of the social insects, but individual intelligence. Our species is classified as *homo sapiens sapiens.* Victorian scholars apparently decided that we are the creatures who "think about thinking." Our growth as a species centers on our ability to think and communicate. Predictions about our future then would focus on improvements in the way we think.

Our young, rookie species has recently passed through three stages of intelligence:

1. For approximately 20,000 years (20,000 B.C. to 1 A.D.) the technologies for sapient thinking/communicating were those of a five-year-old child: bodily oral gestures.

2. During an exciting period of approximately 2,000 years (500 B.C. to 1775 A.D.) humans living north of the 35th parallel latitude developed highly organized feudal-agricultural societies. The technologies for thinking/communicating were hand-tooled hieroglyphics — illuminated manuscripts. Their philosophy was enforced by authoritarian priesthoods, caliphs and kings.

3. It took approximately 200 years (1775 to 1988 A.D.) to co-opt the feudal kings and to establish the Mechanical-Assembly Line-Managerial society. In this age, the technologies of thought-communication were mechanical — printing presses, typewriters, telephones, produced by efficient workers in highly organized factories, run by centralized bureaucracies.

By now, in 1988, most people in the industrial sectors are extremely dependent upon digital thoughts and images presented on screens. The average American household watches television 7.4 hours per day. Almost all business transactions are run by software programs communicated on screens. Without conscious choice or fanfare we have migrated from the "real" worlds of voice, hand, machine into the digitized info-worlds variously called hyperspace, cyberspace, or digital physics.

This migration across the screen into the digital info-world marks the first phase of the post-industrial society. I suggest that by 2008 A.D. most humans living in post-industrial habitats will be spending as much time "jacked-in" to info-worlds on the other side of the screen as they spend in the material world. In 20 years we will spend 7 hours a day actively (rather than passively) navigating, exploring and colonizing the oceans and continents of digital data. Interscreening — creating mutual digital-realities — will be the most popular and growthful form of human communication.

Interscreening does not imply a derogation or neglect of flesh-interactions. Intimacy at the digital level enriches exchanges in the warm-skin levels. You do not lessen the richness of your murmur-touch contact with your lover because you can also communicate by phone, fax and hand-scrawled notes. Warm-breath interactions with your touch-friends will be more elegant and pleasant with the digital reality option added.

Future global business will take two directions:

Cyberectics (management of the left brain). Mapping and colonizing the digital data-worlds located on the other side of the screens. Interpersonal computing. Interscreening with others. Building communal info-structures. Protecting cyberspaces from invasion and exploration by others.

Psybernectics (management of the right brain). Mapping and colonizing the next frontier — one's own brain. Constructing info-environments in one's own neuro-world. Linking one's neuro-space to others. Marketing, leasing, sharing one's brain power with others. Protecting one's brain from invasion and exploration from without.

Digital business will be run by multinate corporations based in Japan and Switzerland. The multinates will use individual brains as tools. Just as slaves, serfs, and prostitutes were forced to lease their bodies during the three pre-digital stages, people in 2008 will be leasing their brains. Work will hardly exist. Most physical tasks will be performed by automated machines. Work will be considered a primitive form of slavery. No human will be forced by economic-political pressure to perform muscular-mechanical tasks which can be done better by robots.

In the 21st century, the old Judaeo-Christian-Moslem sects are still around, but they have little power beyond entertainment and amusement. The future global religion is, of course, Higher Intelligence. The two main functions of a human being are consumption and production of thought. Our genetic assignment: the receiving, processing, and producing of digital information. Could it be any other way? ■

# Ron Jones

*works with kids and the handicapped. Both have been subjects of a number of stories he's written for us. (A couple of the stories ended up as movies on TV.) Ron is the guy on the right in the photo. It's the beginning of a play starring handicapped actors. Ron is "teaching the audience how to surrender."*

I gave this speech to the San Francisco School Board in reaction to their effort to balance the budget by firing personnel and cutting out "after-school activities." I felt strongly that young teachers, counselors and janitors are an important part of what school is. That sports, drama, marching bands and debating teams teach us how to use our hearts and spirit not just our mind. *That school is more than the basics!*

Following the speech the school officials applauded and requested copies of the speech. Then they voted to fire 300 employees and eliminate the schools' sports, music, and drama programs. In a time when the soul of our school is being cut out we should pause and remember what school is. So this gift. A reminder. School is more than the basics. School is —

School is
being in our places
with bright pee-chee faces
show and tell
and why do I have to wear
braces?

School is
doing a report with a
picture on the cover
a pledge of allegiance
back to school clothes
report card woes
and — that girl in the
very first row.

School is
hall guards
yard guards
and standing in line
quietly!
Important papers
only I can take home
and bring back safely!

School is
being a part of something
where everyone cares about
me and us.

It's safe here
where the teacher likes me
and so does the janitor
named William.

School is
learning how to work
together.
Heck, I don't even mind
picking up like all the rest.
This is my school, you see
and we're the best!

School is
10 fast passes
23 car washes
74 candy sales
3 lost jackets
1 trip to Great America
and I'm running for
recording secretary.

School is
finding out that the kid
sitting next to me is
bigger, older, funnier
and brighter
but not necessarily better!

Now to convince the
girl in the very first row
perhaps with an
official school letter.

Maybe I'll meet her at lunch
or ask her to a show
maybe I won't.
I don't know.

Maybe she'll notice
if I go out for track,
I'll be the fastest runner
and never look back.

School is
the Pythagorean Theory
Abraham Lincoln meets
Madame Curie
dinosaurs
Peloponnesian Wars
and have you read
Romeo and Juliet
or my favorite
Cyrano de Bergerac?

School is
the track meet
at Kezar.

I finish in the back
sorta like de Bergerac.
It's OK, you see — I know
my counselor says
geniuses sometimes run
a little slow.

School is
joining the chorus
right after school
singing foreign songs
breaking lots of rules.
The teachers real neat
she brought us a pizza
and the girl in the
very first row
her name is Lisa!

School is
hearing a voice for
miners in South Africa
for the homeless in
our doorway
for the citizen dying of
AIDS
or poverty's scorn
for anyone without a choice
anyone forlorn.

School is
a tuxedo
20 dollars from grandma
an orchid corsage
and realizing you can't
go to a dance on a
fast pass and — Lisa
she's beautiful!
Even if a lot taller
than William predicted.

School is
Oh Mom!
Please stop crying
I'll be home safely.
Oh mom — did you
forget you're driving
and do you have to wear
that funny kid's hat?
I know it's mine
my Giant's cap —
Oh mom!

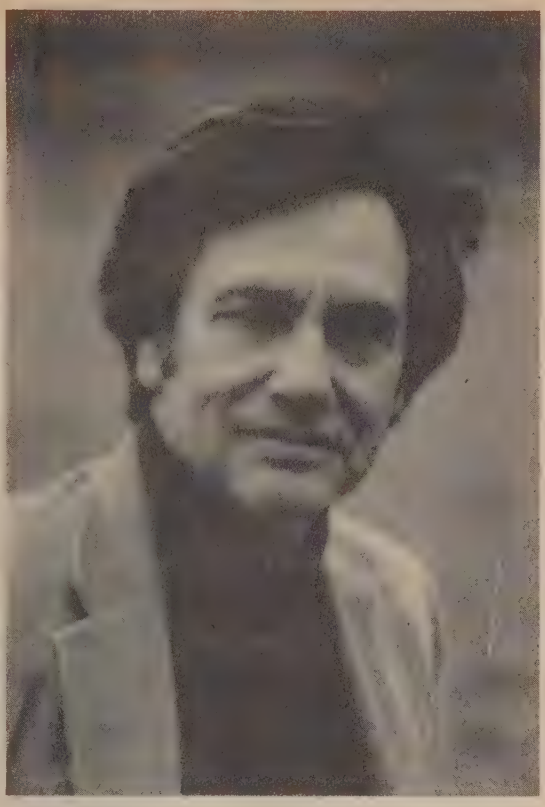
School is
being together
teachers and friends
crepe paper dreamers
and hall pass schemers
It's all of us
you and me
most likely to succeed.

Graduation
time moves so slow
I'm thinking about going
into astronomy or the army
and so is the girl in
the very first row. ■

George T. Kruse

# Roy Rappaport

*is a cybernetic anthropologist examining the relation between energy, ritual, ecology and religion in traditional and modern cultures. In the first half-dozen issues of CQ, Roy had three deep, rich papers.*



My concerns have been virtually inverted since my articles appeared in the first two issues of *CoEvolution Quarterly*. I was concerned then with humanity as a species among other species, one that participates in ecosystems in ways which are fundamentally similar to the ways other animals participate. That is, I took cultures (American, Bushman, Eskimo, etc.) to be adaptations of particular groups to particular ecosystems.

By culture I mean events and processes either constructed out of symbols or contingent upon their use. Words are the fundamental symbols, and language the fundamental symbol system. Culture, which emerges with and is contingent upon language (a possession exclusive to humanity), includes not only discourse — myths, beliefs, laws and other aspects of ideology — but institutions, social organization and technology as well.

The emergence of the symbol was not only a momentous development in the evolution of our own species but perhaps the most important and novel development in the evolution of evolution itself. With life, information first emerges, largely encoded genetically. With language, three billion years later, information is encoded symbolically.

The symbol, however, is not simply a new way to encode what genetics or simple non-symbolic learning could encode. With the symbol the world comes to be furnished with qualities that previously could not have been conceived of — like truth, honor, democracy, kings, gods. There could be no conception of god, for instance, until there was a symbol to signify it because god is not material. So culture furnishes the world with concepts that are deeply meaningful but not concrete. The human world, as a consequence, is radically different from, and immeasurably richer than, the worlds inhabited by other creatures.

In a world devoid of intrinsic meaning but subject to physical law, humans can only live in terms of meanings they themselves construct. There is nothing to prevent them from constructing self-destructive or even world-destroying follies. Culture poses dangers, both novel and immense, to the species in its possession. I say "in its possession." We all know that people will sacrifice their lives to serve God or to preserve democracy or communism, or to save their honor. If people act in terms of meanings they or their ancestors have constructed, then they are as much in the service of those conceptions as those conceptions are parts of their adaptations. There is, then, an inversion of the relationship of the adaptive apparatus to the adapting species. The symbolic capacity that is central to human adaptation produces concepts that come to possess those who thought them into being. It is therefore too simple to say that culture is merely the human mode of adaptation.

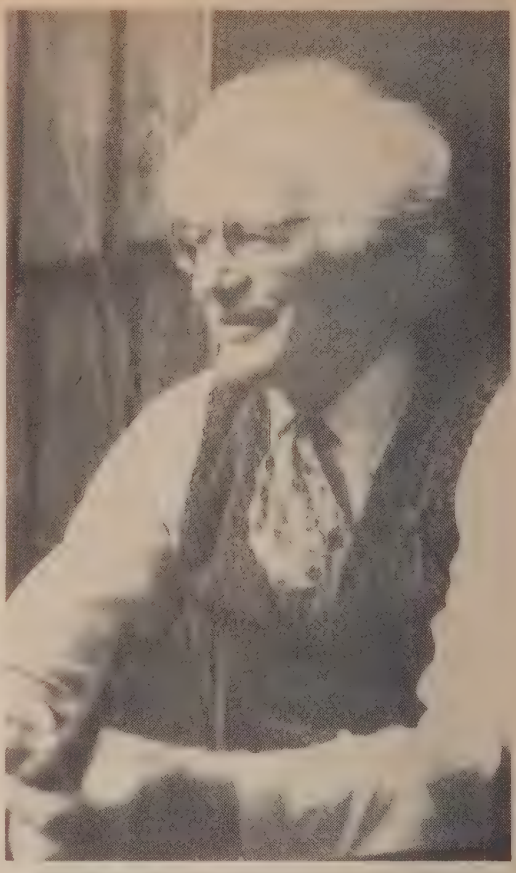
When the world is constructed, in part, out of symbols, enormous variation becomes possible. This makes for adaptive flexibility, but at the same time multiplies possibilities for disorder. It becomes necessary for every society, therefore, to canonize or sanctify certain versions of order, and to deny, reject, forbid, or anathematize conceivable alternatives. I use words like "canonize," "sanctify," and "anathematize" advisedly. In *all societies* such arbitrary orders have become sacred. They become unquestionable by being established on religious grounds although they're neither verifiable nor falsifiable. Ultimate sacred postulates, postulates about gods and the like, are the ground upon which human social and cultural orders have always been built.

In the last few hundred years a new problem, a profound contradiction, has manifested itself. Science has liberated itself, as it had to, from the constraints of religion and has, since its liberation, been enormously successful in its efforts to discover the principles with which the world's physical processes proceed. Science is grounded in the assumption that not only is nothing unquestionable but that all things must be questioned. Therefore, the epistemologies through which modern science *discovers* physical law are inimical to the symbolic processes through which humanity *constructs* its guiding meanings. The concept of the sacred is, as a consequence, in deep trouble and we as yet have nothing adequate with which to replace it as a ground for social life.

In contrast to modern science, a *post-modern* science *must* accommodate a contemporary version of what Newton and others saw as "natural theology" in an effort to reconcile law and meaning, discovery and construction. Of course, we may not live long enough to do it. ■

# Robert Bly

*writes and translates poetry from his home in Minnesota. He often perform-reads the poetry of authors from distant times and lands. [By phone.]*



George Biehs

About twenty years ago I spent some joyful time writing about the ancient matriarchies and the goddesses. I think the impulse for that exploration came from the recognition that a man needs to develop his feminine side. I, like many other American men, embarked on this effort seriously, even though the language being used — "the feminine side" — makes it clear, looking back, that we were being pulled into a one-sided view. Feeling is being identified with the feminine.

That identification still goes on. Suppose a man in business, say thirty-five years old, brings his marriage or vitality problems to a Jungian therapist. He or she may say: "You are lacking, it seems to me, in Eros." "What's that?" "You're really undeveloped in feeling." "What does that mean?" "You don't know much about relationship." "Why not?" "You haven't developed your feminine side." "How do I do that?" Etc. An equation has developed in some, not all therapy, during the last twenty years, which goes: Feeling = Eros = Relationship = the Feminine. Men then are left with a complementary equation: Masculine = Linear = Domination = the Pentagon. Men's formula is the only one which includes the Pentagon, even though most women have a little pentagon inside of them; Margaret Thatcher surely has hers.

Both formulae have some truth in them, but we have to get over these primitive and simple-minded mythologies that promote oppositional thinking and isolate men and women at opposite ends of a spectrum. If someone says to me now, "There is something missing on your feminine side," I say, "No, what is missing in me is the masculine." I could say that I am superficially masculine, but not deeply masculine.

Another dilemma I did not know of twenty years ago is the Young Man-Old Man split in the male personality. James Hillman has written brilliantly of this. Some younger men are in touch only with the Young Man, and so miss the Old Man's fierceness, his dark passion, his love of the cultural past, his discipline, his underground intensity. Such men insist on novelty in every field, whether rock music, or architecture, or poetry, and will tear down old Sullivan buildings. Henry Ford was such a person; he said, "History is bunk." A poet of this sort will refuse to memorize any poetry of the past. Some men, by contrast, are in touch only with the Old Man, the senex, and thereby miss the Young Man's creativity, moistness, luminosity, ability to contain spirit. Such men tend to be domineering, isolated, dry, as stick-like as Bush. Masculine depth of feeling has something to do with the Old Man and the Young Man both developed and joined. The chronological age is not at question.

Marion Woodman has written recently about the Virgin, the Mother and the Crone inside women, and I think her work on that is marvelous. Young women clearly benefit greatly by association with old women; in Minnesota they hold Meridel Le Seuer festivals just to look at her. For similar reasons I'm opposed to women suing the Boy Scouts, demanding to be group leaders, etc. Young men do not lack association with mothers; they lack association with older men.

One image I've found useful in imagining masculine feeling, and where to find it, is the image from the opening section of the story called Iron John or Iron Hans, preserved in the Grimm Brothers collection. At the bottom of the male psyche, the story says, there is a man entirely covered with hair, under water. He has apparently been under water a long time, since his hair is rusty colored, like iron that has rusted under water. He's related to the hairy man or wild man Enkidu, in Gilgamesh, which goes back to roughly 2000 B.C., as well as to Esau. One could say that in the West, he has been inaccessible to men for a long time. Blake is the one who recognized that quality of wildness and tried to bring it back up — "Energy is Eternal Delight" — also recognizing that such hairy energy was unacceptable to the orthodox Christian Church. We need to make clear that the Wild Man is not the same as the Savage Man, or the Macho Man. One could say that the Savage Man is unconscious of his own wound and so goes around wounding others. The Wild Man is aware of his own wound. His wildness is more like the wildness of the old Zen priest, or the men in the Arthur stories. As the Iron John story goes on, it's clear that he, when brought up from the water, becomes a teacher and guide of younger men. So the entire story gives a good image of the union of Young Man and Old Man as a carrier of masculine feeling, something I hadn't imagined twenty years ago. ■

## BaFá BaFá

*BaFá BaFá is one of the premier cross-cultural simulations. It has been around for a long time and has been used to train State Department officials, Peace Corps volunteers, and others in cross-cultural communication, culture shock, and cultural sensitivity. BaFá BaFá is a perfect example of experiental learning which can be adapted for a wide range of workshops or classrooms.*

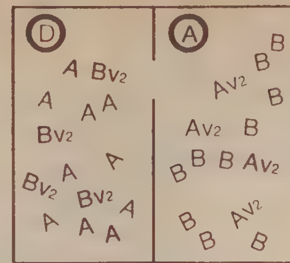
*The simulation requires two facilitators, two cassette tape recorders, and two separate rooms (or a room and a hallway). The number of participants can range from 12 to 60. They are split into two groups and each group learns its own culture. The two groups then exchange visitors. At the end of the activity the facilitators lead a discussion on what the participants observed and felt. The participants also explore their interpretations of what went on.*

*Trainers and teachers have high praise for BaFá BaFá. Garry Shirts has done a wonderful job of designing a simulation which provides a great deal of learning in a short amount of time. To top it off it is great fun to play!*

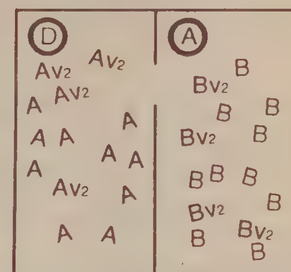
*—Robert Domaingue*

**BaFá BaFá:** Garry Shirts, designer. **$69** from Simile II, P. O. Box 910, Del Mar, CA 92014-0910; 619/755-0252. Catalog **$1**.

11.
New visitors go to other culture and participate, are given artifacts but cannot ask specific rules.




12.
Visitors return to own culture and report. Tell what they think other culture is like and add any additional information on how to live in it.




## Spinal Network

*Lots of info on living with a spinal cord injury and anything else that may put you in a wheelchair. The medical section offers all the nitty-gritty of SCI, but unlike many other books, this one covers other aspects of disability — sports, media, sex, law, computers, and travel. Interviews by disabled filmmaker Barry Corbit follow up on the SCI survivors he interviewed in his 1979 documentary, "Options." Two caveats — there are ads and too much Courageous Cripple crapola ("I want to make people think that if they're not in a wheelchair, they're missing something"). But there is also honesty ("I'm not going to lie, this thing's a bitch") and a determination to get on with life. The reference section gives the names of every rehab agency, SCI hospital, disability lobby, and independent living center in North America. Able-bodied himself, Maddox has written the most complete book of essential wisdom on wheelchair living that I've seen.*

*—Mark O'Brien*

**Spinal Network**
Sam Maddox
1987; 372 pp.
**$24.95**
($27.95 postpaid) from:
Spinal Network
P. O. Box 4162
Boulder, CO 80306
800/338-5412
or Whole Earth Access

•

Following a spinal cord injury, messages from the brain telling the bowel to empty don't get through. Without those signals, and without control of the anal sphincter muscle, people can become constipated and impacted. Or, the bowel may move on its own, and at the wrong time. Part of the rehabilitation process covers a bowel training (re-education) program.

•

In football, you need good chair handling, and a good instinct for survival. Falling out of your wheelchair isn't uncommon. If you do fall, here's a tip or two. First, if going over backwards, tuck your chin in and grasp the front upright arm rest or hand rims. Your handlebars should absorb the impact. If you fall out the front of the chair, cover your face with your elbows extended, and try to roll onto your shoulder, then your back. . . .

•

*Moss Rehabilitation Hospital*
offers a Travel Information Service for people with disabilities. For a $5 fee the service provides an information package and fact sheets on up to three destinations. There aren't many places left on the globe not covered in the ever-deepening Moss files. Part of the detail (where to go, what to see, where to stay, how to get there) on each place comes from reports of previous visitors who used the Moss resources. . . .

Contact Moss Rehabilitation Hospital, 12th St. and Tabor Rd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19141, 215-329-5715.

**Janni Smith, the Petrofsky FES walking system, and Pate the goose.**

# DISTANCE LEARNING

*BY KATHLEEN NEWROE*

## Tuning In To The World's Lessons On Satellite TV

**SCOLA's "satellite heaven" at Creighton University includes 24 dishes. The first, homemade from a kit, was installed in 1981.**

*Visionaries of satellite TV promised universal access to learning. What the technology delivered was more entertainment and sports per hour than you could watch in a lifetime. Kathleen Newroe, a video activist in Santa Fe, New Mexico, winnowed through the cosmic video-fluff to find the original promise kept here and there. Her research developed out of a proposed book called "A Satellite Distant Learning Guide," still in search of a publisher. Write to her at Route 9, Box 52C, Santa Fe, NM 87505. —Kevin Kelly*

THE U.S. HAS BECOME a "learning society," with close to 40 percent of the population in some organized learning situation all of the time. Changes in the types of work we do, in the information that is needed to do that work, and in the amount of time and money we have to spend on self-development study have made us a nation of lifelong learners. Increasingly, both self-sought and job-mandated instruction have become available to us outside the traditional classroom. Corporations hold classes for their employees, government agencies present needed information for their personnel and for the public, universities keep their graduates certified with continuing-education credits, voluntary organizations keep members up to date and involved through ongoing interactive instructional programming. More and more, this programming is being offered through the skies by satellite television signal to homes and work sites, to traditional school buildings and to regional conference centers. Some courses are designed to tie into college degree programs. Accelerated programs in science, math and language are also available to high schools with satellite downlinks. Schools receiving such programs are being dubbed "star schools."

Access to a satellite TV system means access to a selection of more than 100 channels. In recent years, a number of the more popular entertainment channels carrying movies, sports, popular music, news and some special events have been "scrambled," that is, made unavailable to home dish owners without descramblers and current subscriptions. (Subscription channels like American Movie Classics, HBO, ESPN, CNN and many others are available in package deals or by separate subscription.)

There do, however, remain a number of channel choices available to the home-dish viewer who has not installed a descrambler. Luckily for the lifelong learner, those programs offering some of the most intelligent and pleasurable viewing are among the unscrambled.

Following is a selection of the many choices available to you when you're looking for the substantial programming that can easily appear at your doorstep. Both earth and sky addresses are provided for these programmers so that you may help them reach you. Some programmers publish a guide to their offerings. Write or call and ask them for information, as some can be found regularly coming from the same transponder on the same satellite while others contract on a program-by-program basis, so notice about upcoming programming, and where to tune to find it, is essential.

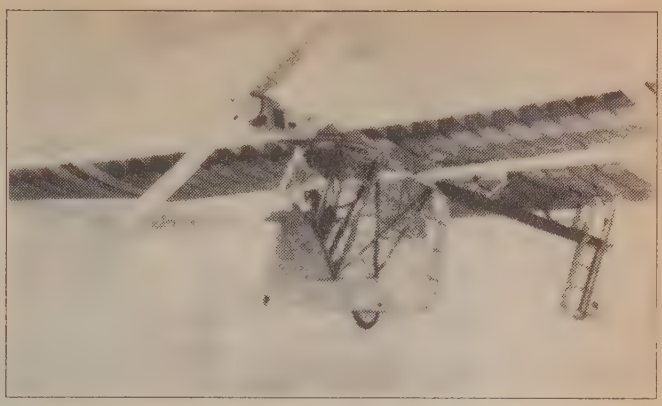
## SCOLA (Satellite Communications for Learning Worldwide)

The SCOLA project, with reception facilities strategically placed around the world, can pick up about 70 to 80 percent of the global satellite signals. The programs are then retransmitted by satellite from the center of the United States. Countries represented in SCOLA transmissions include the United Kingdom, West Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, India, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Niger, Nigeria, Zaire, Libya, Iran, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Sri Lanka, the Soviet Union, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, China, Japan, Argentina, Chile, Colombia, Mexico, Peru, and Venezuela. SCOLA provides language courses to augment the video feeds they retransmit. They are also a good source of information about the programming that is relayed from one part of the world to another across the skies above us. It is possible to pick up the **NHK** (Nippon Hoso Kyokai: Japan Broadcasting Corporation) daily live broadcasts from NHK bureaus in London and New York sometimes on Westar 4, transponder 13, for instance. Also **RAI USA**, America's Italian-language television and radio programs, are sometimes available via Satcom F2, transponder 20. The Spanish-language network, **UNIVISION** on Galaxy 1, transponder 6, has everything from game shows to drama for those wishing to practice hearing, and understanding, that language.

**SCOLA:**
2500 California Street, Omaha, NE 68178-0778; 402/280-4063. Telstar 302, transponder 24.

## TDC/The Discovery Channel

Calling their offerings "documentary television," TDC is rich in travel excursion series like "Rendezvous," "Festival," "World Showcase," and "America Coast to Coast." Primers in history are "The Race to Space," "The World in Conflict," and "An American Album." TDC features portraits in sports and recreation in "The Adventurers," "The Sporting Life," and "Challenge." Colorful programs on science and environment are in "The Natural World," "Global Village," and "Secrets of Nature." TDC publishes a glossy monthly magazine listing the individual programs within these series.



**"Search For Adventure," TDC's 14-part series, profiles men and women looking for the ultimate challenge.**

**TDC/The Discovery Channel:**
Cable Educational Network, Inc., 8201 Corporate Dr./Suite 1260, Landover, MD 20785; 914/621-1101. Galaxy 1, transponder 22.

## EENET (Emergency Education Network)

EENET offers conferences and courses for emergency-response education. There are training programs for law enforcement agencies, firefighters, nuclear power plant employees, heavy industry, hospital staffs, airport personnel, and private relief agencies. Program examples: "Handling the Radiation Accident Victim in the Hospital Emergency Department," "The National Flood Insurance Program Today," and "Partnership Against Fire."

**EENET:**
Federal Emergency Management Agency/National Emergency Training Center, Emmitsburg, MD 21727; 301/447-1068. Spacenet 1, transponder 4, channel 7.

## C-SPAN and C-SPAN II

C-SPAN was created in 1979 by the cable television industry to provide live coverage of the U.S. House of Representatives. In 1986, C-SPAN II began coverage of the Senate. C-SPAN also provides access to other public-affairs events such as congressional hearings and National Press Club meetings, and has special programs focusing on the media and on the court system. "C-SPAN Update" is a weekly tabloid for view-

**"Hazardous Materials Response," a 16-hour course for first responders (local fire departments, police, emergency medical personnel) is videotaped at the EENET studio.**

ers. C-SPAN works with schools in educational applications of its programming.

**C-SPAN/C-SPAN II:**
The Cable Satellite Public Affairs Network, Suite 412, 444 North Capitol St. NW, Washington, DC 20001; 202/737-3220.
**C-SPAN:** Galaxy III, transponder 24. **C-SPAN II:** Galaxy III, transponder 14.

### Silent Network

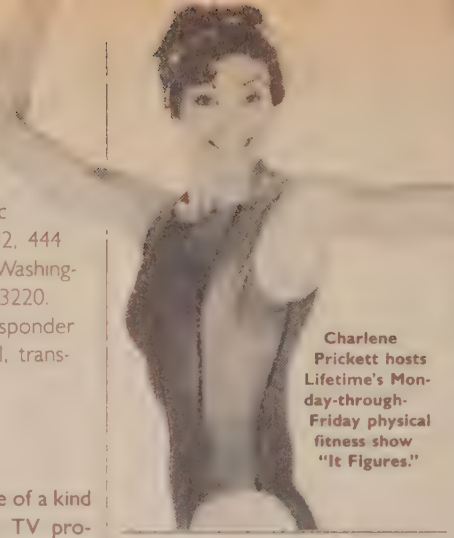
The Silent Network is one of a kind in the world, producing TV programs for the deaf and hearing-impaired using sign language, open captions and voice. Examples of programs: "Festival," a celebration of the visual arts; "Say It With Sign," a language and lifestyle program; "Musign," a theatre company combining sign language, mime, dance and theatrical interpretation.

**Silent Network Satellite Service:**
P. O. Box 1902, Beverly Hills, CA 90213; 213/464-7446.
SATCOM F4, transponder 23; Saturdays 9:30-11:30 A.M. (ET).

**"Festival!" — Silent Network's weekly children's series is presented in sign language, normal sound and open captions.**

### Lifetime (scrambled)

Lifetime is dedicated to providing contemporary, innovative entertainment and information programming of particular interest to women. Lifetime also provides professional medical information. During the day Lifetime offers information and advice programs such as "What Every Baby Knows" with Dr. T. Berry Brazelton, "Mother's Day," and an exercise show called "It Figures." Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the sex therapist, has a show on Friday and Saturday nights. All day Sunday, Lifetime provides medical television programming for physicians and other medical professionals. "Doctors' Sunrise" also airs early morning Monday through Saturday.



**Charlene Prickett hosts Lifetime's Monday-through-Friday physical fitness show "It Figures."**

**Lifetime** (scrambled):
Hearst/ABC-Viacom Entertainment Series, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036; 212/719-7230.
Satcom F3, transponder 17 (East); Galaxy 3, transponder 20 (West).

### NTU

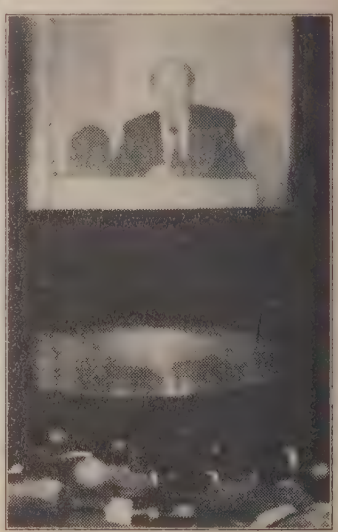
NTU has over 341 credit courses from 21 participating universities; also short courses, workshops, seminars. It is teamed up with the Association for Media-based Continuing Education for Engineers (AMCEE). It is possible to obtain a master's degree through NTU in computer, electrical, and manufacturing systems engineering, computer science and engineering management. A catalog of the academic programs is available.

**NTU (National Technological University):**
P. O. Box 700, Fort Collins, CO 80522; 303/484-6050.
Ku-band: GSTAR I, transponder 17.

### NUTN

Serving as "an interface between the academic and business worlds," NUTN offers interactive teleconferences providing training and information. "Interactive" means the audience is watching the conference in "real" or contemporaneous time, thereby able to call questions in even as the lecture or panel discussion proceeds. NUTN is a consortium of over 250 institutions of higher education united to develop a telecommunications system for higher education. Conference examples: "Hazardous Waste Management," "Enterprise Skills for a Changing World," "Drug Use and Misuse in the Elderly," "National AIDS Forum."

**NUTN (National University Teleconference Network):**
332 Student Union, Oklahoma State University, Stillwater, OK 74078-0653; 405/624-5191.
Satellite and transponder vary.



**Live interaction between NUTN's conference site in Stillwater, OK and NASA officials in Washington, DC.**

### PBS

The granddaddy of satellite-relayed as well as educational programming, PBS now sends both scrambled and nonscrambled programming across the country. Supported by a 50/50 partnership of government and pri-

vate sponsors, PBS delivers about two-thirds national programming and one-third regionally or locally obtained programming. PBS excels in the arts, as does **Bravo** (Satcom F4, 2) which frequently presents opera and stage drama. **A & E, the Arts and Entertainment Channel** (Galaxy 1, 12) has programming in theater, symphony and seasonal arts specials from the U.S., Canada and Great Britain.

**PBS (The Public Broadcasting Network):**
1320 Braddock Place, Alexandria, VA 22314-1698; 703/739-5000.
Westar 4, transponder 17.

**PBS's "Dance in America" features the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater with Deborah Manning, April Berry and Patricia Dingle.**

### TLC

TLC offers a wide variety of educational courses, both formal and informal. There are programs on business, hobbies, career, personal enrichment and how-to. Programs such as the PSAT/SAT/ACT Exam Review Series are especially for junior- and senior-high-school students. In-service programs, business and career development and continuing education for adults at all levels ranging from a GED Series to for-credit courses in science, math and the humanities are also available. Enrollment information and assistance with using the telecourses in a credit or continuing-education program is available by request. TLC is also to be commended for its showcase series, "The Independents," which features works of independent film and video producers. Recent series themes in "The Independents" included "Likely Stories" and "Spirit of Place."

**TLC (The Learning Channel):**
1525 Wilson Blvd./Suite 550, Rosslyn, VA 22209; 703/276-0881.
Satcom F3, transponder 2.

### AGRI-SAT

The rural connection for the approximately 213,000 farmers and ranchers who own satellite TV systems, AGRI-SAT provides market information, an agribusiness database and programming of an instructional nature. Examples of AGRI-SAT's seminars include "Catering Pecans," "Determining Markets within 30 miles," "Ginseng," and "Moonlighting with Computers." AGRI-SAT also sends out the Superior Livestock Cattle Auctions and the Satellite Cattle Exchange Auctions from different satellite positions other times in the week. Programs from the Wisconsin University Extension Service are also available through AGRI-SAT.

Other universities offering programming via satellite include **CSU-Chico** and **Stanford** in California, **Boise State University** in Idaho, **The University of New Mexico** (offering a continuing legal-education program and a bachelor's-level nursing program), Oregon's **State System of Higher Education**, **Iowa State University**, **Eastern Washington University** and San Antonio, Texas' **TI-IN**, distributing advanced high-school classwork. **Amherst**, **Boston University** and **South Carolina** also have educational satellite networks. Check with your favorite university. It's possible their educational programs are making giant leaps beyond the ivy-covered walls.

**AGRI-SAT**
**(The Agriculture Information Satellite Network):**
P. O. Box 314, Belmont, WI 53510; 608/762-5327.
Westar 5, transponder 3.
Sundays 7 P.M. (CT).

### The Travel Channel

The Travel Channel gets you there. Examples of recent programs are "Latin America/Geovision," "Hawaii," "Travellin' Gourmet," "Bahamas Diving," "Out of Town . . . On Business," "Looking East," and "World of Travel Bargains."

**The Travel Channel:**
605 Third Ave., New York, NY 10158.
Satcom F3, transponder 16.

### BizNet

BizNet programs "Nation's Business Today" for **ESPN**, and "It's Your Business" and "Ask Washington" for **The Learning Channel**. It also produces and hosts live, face-to-face international videoconferences linking government and business leaders around the world. Past events included "Dialogue on Korea-U.S. Trade" and "Dialogue on Japan-U.S. Trade."

**Biznet**
**(U.S. Chamber of Commerce):**
1615 H St. NW, Washington, DC 20062; 202/463-5858.
Westar 5, transponder 5.

ALL OF THE ABOVE (with the one exception of the scrambled "Lifetime") are there, free, for the finding. If you want to participate in a class or teleconference to receive continuing-education credits, certification or credits toward a degree, however, it is necessary to register for a class and, in most cases, to pay a fee.

The educational programmers listed above are interested in interesting you in their programming. Call or write them and ask if they have a free schedule of programming, or mention a specific subject in which you are interested and ask what programming may be upcoming of special note to you.

The nonscrambled universe awaits your turning on, tuning in, and finding out. ■

# GOOD VIDEOS FROM DOWN UNDER

MALCOLM

*BY SARAH VANDERSHAF & CORINNE CULLEN HAWKINS*

HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET a foreign perspective without having to read subtitles — videos from Australia and New Zealand. If you have problems locating any of the videos reviewed here, Facets (mail-order rental service, reviewed in *WER* #59, p. 67) carries them all. (Facets Multimedia Inc., 1517 W. Fullerton Avenue, Chicago, IL 60614; 800/331-6197.)

**The Last Wave** (Australia, 1977)
*Director Peter Weir broke into the American consciousness with this hallucinogenic film about aboriginal magic in modern Australia. Richard Chamberlain is a lawyer hired to defend a group of aborigines charged with murdering one of their own. It soon becomes apparent that the murder is linked to several inexplicable events — rains of frogs and oil, the lawyer's prophetic dreams of a cataclysmic end of the world. Weir deftly handles the film's images, creating an ominous atmosphere in which water trickling down a staircase takes on sinister overtones and the difference between dreams and reality is obscured. The difference between the conflicting white and aboriginal cultures is also obscured in a surprise ending that hints at a common link among the world's ancient religions. —SV*

**Smash Palace** (New Zealand, 1981)
*Al Shaw is perfectly content to spend the rest of his days driving racecars and puttering around in his beloved junkyard, Smash Palace. Wife Jacqui has put up with this arrangement for eight years and finally leaves, taking their daughter with her. Cut off from his child — the only thing he cares for other than his cars — Al takes desperate action. What might have been a standard tale of marriage between incompatible people is elevated from the mundane by fine performances and a story with a warm sense of tragedy and humor (the Buick is listed in the credits). —SV*

**Lonely Hearts** (Australia, 1983)
Lonely Hearts *is a painfully funny comedy about first love at fifty. Peter Thompson is a piano tuner who's taken care of his mother all his adult life. When she dies, he tries out a dating service and meets Patricia — a young woman with clinging parents and a fear of sex. Through the beginnings of love, the couple is portrayed with all the hilarious awkwardness of the socially inept — something rarely seen in slick American films. Well-developed characters, a focus on the absurd in daily life, and a touch of warmth make this a delightful film. —CCH*

**Bliss** (Australia, 1986)
*Harry Joy is a man who has it all: a lovely wife, two promising children, a house, his own advertising agency, and peace of mind. Everything is just perfect — then he dies. After his heart attack and four minutes "on the other side" Harry has a hard time picking up where he left off. For one thing, he's convinced he's in hell.* Bliss *satirizes western culture's spiritual bankruptcy through the experiences of naive Harry (his efforts to "be good" are hilar-*

BLISS

*ious). The direction is faultless as the film slips gears from mythic to surreal to the blackest of comedy. It disturbed my thinking for days. —CCH*

**Malcolm** (Australia, 1986)

*Malcolm is an idiot-savant, a whiz at inventing mechanical toys, a zero at understanding the world and the people in it. His new boarder, a professional thief, is a moron of a different sort. Together they plan and execute some of the funniest heists and near-heists I've ever seen on film. There's no point to this movie, no message — it's just fun. —CCH*

**A Town Like Alice** (Australia, 1980)

*This gentle, haunting love story takes place first in brutal circumstances, then in merely harsh ones. During World War II Jean Pagett, along with other British women and children, is force-marched from one end of Malaya to the other by her captors, who don't know what else to do with their prisoners. (The prison camps are only for men.) She briefly meets an Australian POW who entertains her with stories of Alice Springs, memories that sustain him in his own captivity. So begins a saga that continues after the war in Australia's outback. It's a good story, told well, faithful to Neville Shute's international bestselling novel. It's the best TV mini-series I've seen since "Roots." Be prepared: it's five hours long. —CCH*

**Careful, He Might Hear You** (Australia, 1984)

*This custody battle from the child's point of view makes for powerful drama. P. S. has been raised by working-class Aunt Lila for all of his six years. Then rich Aunt Vanessa wants to take him away — make a snob of him. He hears more than his aunts realize, but understands less than they think, relating mostly to the emotional content, not the words. At first P. S. passively accepts the lies and manipulations, while becoming more and more withdrawn. When Logan, the father he's never met, appears briefly, he gives P. S. a gift that changes his life, enabling him to fight back and get what he wants. A number of films have been done from a child's point of view; this one is different. It takes courage to survive and grow. The way director Carl Schultz depicts that courage makes this film unique. —CCH ■*

***CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU***

## Japan, Inc.

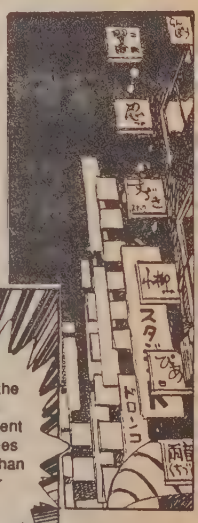
*Comic books in the United States are a relatively minor entertainment medium. But in Japan, comic books, cartoon strips, and other animated media — called* manga *— are a major source of information and entertainment for over two-thirds of the population. Since the 1950s,* gekiga *— narrative picture stories — have emerged as a serious medium for social, economic, and even business information. Some of these* gekiga *have found their way into American bookstores during the past decade and are beginning to influence American comic books and cartoons.*

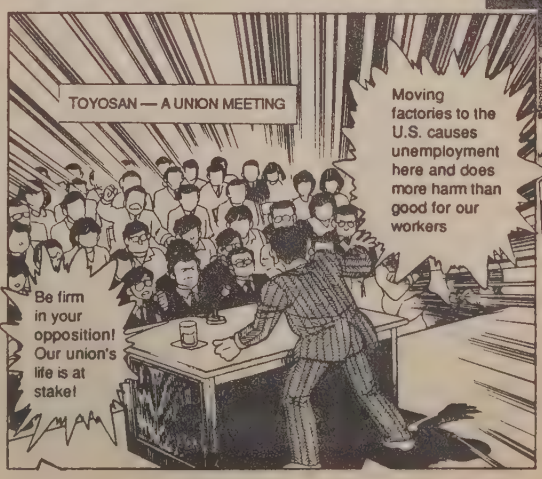
*The most recent and important* gekiga *to come to the United States is a 315-page "comic book" called* ***Japan, Inc.: Introduction to Japanese Economics****, written by Shotaro Ishinomori and originally published in 1986 by Japan's equivalent of the* ***Wall Street Journal****. On the surface, it tells six stories about the daily lives of Japanese men and women working in a large, modern Japanese conglomerate. But* ***Japan, Inc.*** *is really about how the Japanese see their own society and economy and their role in the world. Its story does not match the conventional American wisdom about an aggressive, monolithic Japanese economy undermining American industry and jobs.*

***Japan, Inc.*** *covers topics such as trade, the rising yen, changes in Japan's industrial structure, and its monetary policies, all from the Japanese point of view. Its heroes and villains struggle with familiar business and ethical issues, with the impacts of Japan's new role in the world on Japanese society, and with their own vulnerabilities in an often unscrupulous world.*

*This is an authoritative, highly readable, and thoroughly entertaining English-language book for anyone wanting to understand Japan business and society in a changing world from the Japanese perspective. —Tom Mandel*

**Japan, Inc.**
Shotaro Ishinomori
1988; 313 pp.
**$10.95**
($12.95 postpaid) from:
University of
California Press
Attn.: Order Dept.
2120 Berkeley Way
Berkeley, CA 94720
800/822-6657
or Whole Earth Access





# More World Music *BY JONATHAN E.*

THESE are my recent favorites that put a new twist on old folk sounds. Old, as in several decades, or several millenia.

***The Egyptian Music***
**Soliman Gamil** Touch TO:7

There is an Egyptian rock painting dating from about 5200 B.C. of a jackal playing a long reed flute, the "nay." More recently and more readily accessible, there is this record from Egypt's foremost musicologist. The tunes are based on ancient Egyptian folk melodies, and are played on traditional instruments such as lute, kanoun, arghoul, sallamiya, sinsimia, and rababa. Don't worry, the sleeve notes explain what they all are. There are other, more familiar instruments: flutes, trumpets, and various percussion. The music is serene and deep, yet not sleep-inducing. Although based on folk melodies, it is complex and varied. It really does sound ancient, as well as strange and beautiful. You could be floating down the Nile. The artwork is exceptionally well done and complements the record well.
**$11.98** from Down Home Music.

***Fatala***
**Fatala** WOMAD 011

We don't get to hear a lot of records from Guinée [northwest Africa], due mostly to the lingering legacy of the economic problems brought on by the French trashing of the country at independence in 1958. Post-colonial trade links with Russia rather than with the West did not improve things either, in spite of state efforts to develop musical culture and establish a national recording company. Most of the Guinéan music that has emerged, such as Bembeya Jazz and Les Amazones, is a fascinating blend of strong traditional roots and distinctive modern styles. Fatala use a more traditional approach. They play the rhythms, songs, and dances from pre-independence days with only a dash of contemporary feeling. Percussion is the major ingredient, with balafon, chants, and occasional guitar and harmonica spicing up the mix. The result is exciting music of complexity, mystery, and power. It is a studio recording and much better-sounding than many traditional percussion field recordings. As usual with WOMAD releases, the sleeve notes are informative.
**$12.98** from Down Home Music.

***Rai Rebels***
**Various artists** Virgin 91000

Rai music comes from the western Algerian port city of Oran. Vocal elements of the music can be traced to the turn of the century, but the modern instrumentation of bass, accordion, and electric guitar was added in the '50s. In the late '70s the characteristic cheesy synthesizers began to be used, but more important for the increasing popularity of the music was the change in content of the words. Rai was the punk of the Arab

world and dealt with cars, sex, and drugs. "Beer is Arab, whiskey is European" was not the sort of thing Islamic authorities encouraged, but was just the sort of thing disaffected youths were waiting for. Another sign of rai's rebellious-youth attitude was the adoption of the prefix *Cheb* (or, if female, *Chaba*) to the singers' names. Cheb means young or kid. Previously singers had used *Cheikh*, a title signifying age and respectability. Rai is Arabic for opinion, and the singing is impassioned and fervent, well integrated with the accompaniment. The percussion is exciting; frenetic and emphatic; it's mostly hand work and tambourine, with maybe some kit drum or machine buried far back in the mix. The other dominant instruments are the synthesizer, guitar, and accordion. You'll also hear flute and violin. It's a tantalizing, shimmer-

ing, wailing, somewhat electronic cascade of sound. This compilation has most of the big-name singers represented, and good sleeve notes, making it a fine introduction.
**$8.98** from Down Home Music.

***Same Lovin'***
**Jimmy McCracklin** Evejim EJ2001

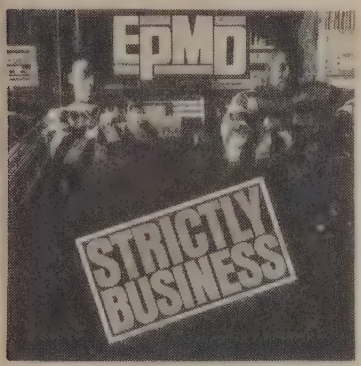
Jimmy McCracklin's recording career goes back to the late-'40s L.A. scene, while producer Leon Haywood goes back almost as far. Neither shows any signs of losing steam on this new recording. What I really like about this record, however, is that it doesn't sound like it was recorded in this decade. It sounds more like a Stax R'n'B recording of the '60s: chunky bass and drums, tight driving horns, some swirling organ and sweet backup singing. The guitar is subdued and funky. McCracklin sings about the state of affairs between the sexes in a comfortable, warm, and slightly frayed voice. In this day and age nothing earth-shaking perhaps, but it's nice to know that some of the originals are still out there producing classic quality music without kowtowing to the electronic beat of what too often passes for contemporary soul.
**$8.98** from Down Home Music.

***Strictly Business***
**EPMD** Fresh LPRE-82006

Hip-hop [electronically recycled pop music] is one of the most vital genres of music today, and I suspect that if it wasn't for the racism and ageism endemic in our society it would receive much more respect. Out of a rash of recently released strong hip-hop records,

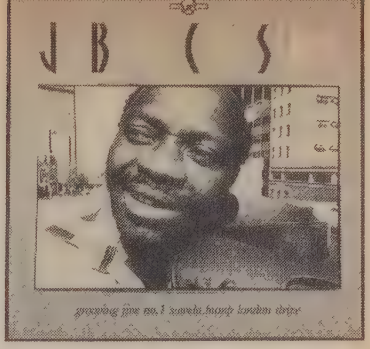
I pick EPMD because their use of samples and scratches from those golden hits of yesteryear is wider-ranging, less predictable, and more imaginative than most. The scratching is tightly on the beat and stylistically distinctive, while the sampled drop-ins add the right feeling of cultural dislocation and backdrop. Rappers Pee MD and E Double E trade off lines with practiced jigsaw precision. Their vocals are, at times, heavily treated with effects producing an air of heavy menace. The bass and drums are solid. The total result is a dense, tangled web of sound reflecting the life faced by too many of our urban youth. It's threatening without too much hope, and what hope there is comes from the energy within the culture, rather than from any government agency or societal institution.

**$10.99 postpaid** from Tower Records.




***Grooving Jive No. 1***
**Jo'Burg City Stars**
Globestyle NST 123

For a plain old-fashioned, stomping, grooving good time, this 12-inch 45 is it. The sawing violin is irresistable over a township [South African black pop] beat that won't let you stay still. Gruff vocals exhort you to greater and greater feats of terpsichorean endeavour, while added hand percussion vies with the sax to boogie with that violin. And it is the violin that's the star here. Violinist Noise Khanyile has spent years as a session musician playing mostly traditional Zulu and jive music, but here he steps forward with a modern sound. Three cuts on this energetic EP and they're all winners. It




still amazes me that anything this joyful can come out of South Africa. Maybe it's explained by the Mahotella Queens' quote, "This is our kind of freedom, in Africa we send our messages through music. It's our tradition, in Africa." Let music be your freedom.

**$7.50** from Down Home Music. ■

***Down Home Music, Inc.:*** *10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530; 415/525-1494.* ***$2.50*** *handling per order. Also add* ***$1.60*** *in postage for 1–2 albums;* ***$1.80*** *for 3–4 albums.*

***Tower Records:*** *Mail Order Dept., 692 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; 800/648-4844.*

## Century of the Wind

*This is the concluding book in* ***Memory of Fire*** *(**WER** #56, p. 47), Uruguayan writer Eduardo Galeano's brilliant three-volume history of the Americas. As in the preceding volumes, Galeano's wry humor and anecdotal format breathe more real life into the dry facts of history than the ordinary truckload from academia.* ***Century of the Wind*** *starts at the beginning of the 20th century and brings the story up to the present, to what Galeano calls "this shit, this marvel, America." Carlos Fuentes has written that "art brings truth to the lies of history."* ***Memory of Fire*** *is a work of art.*

*—Daniel Barth*

**Century of the Wind**
Eduardo Galeano
1988; 301 pp.
**$10.95**
($11.95 postpaid) from:
Random House, Inc.
400 Hahn Road
Westminster, MD 21157
800/638-6460
or Whole Earth Access

• *1961: Playa Giron*
The Second U.S. Military Defeat in Latin America

It takes Cuba only three days to finish off the invaders. Among the dead are four U.S. pilots. The seven ships of the invasion fleet, escorted by the United States Navy, flee or sink in the Bay of Pigs.

President Kennedy assumes full responsibility for this CIA fiasco.

The Agency believed, as always, in the reports of its local spies, whom it paid to say what it was desperate to hear; and, as always, it confused geography with a military map unrelated to people or to history. The marshes the CIA chose for the landing had been the most miserable spot in all Cuba, a kingdom of crocodiles and mosquitoes — that is, until the revolution. Then human enthusiasm had transformed these quagmires, peppering them with schools, hospitals, and roads.

The people here are the first to face the bullets of the invaders who have come to save them.

• *1965: San Juan, Puerto Rico*
Bosch

People stream into the streets of Santo Domingo, armed with whatever they can find, and pitch themselves against the tanks. "Thieves, get out!" they yell. "Come back, Juan Bosch, our president!"

The United States holds Bosch prisoner in Puerto Rico, preventing his return to his country in flames. A man of strong fiber, all tendon and tension, Bosch, alone in his anger, bites his fists, and his blue eyes pierce walls.

A journalist asks him over the phone if he is an enemy of the United States. No, he is only an enemy of U.S. imperialism.

*"No one who has read Mark Twain,"* says Bosch, *"can be an enemy of the United States."*

• *1984: São Paulo*
Twenty Years after the Reconquest of Brazil

The last president of the military dictatorship, General Figueiredo, leaves the government to civilians.

When they ask him what he would do if he were a worker earning the minimum wage, General Figueiredo replies: *"I would put a bullet through my head."*

Brazil suffers a famished prosperity. Among countries selling food to the world, it stands in fourth place; among countries suffering hunger in the world, sixth place. Now Brazil exports arms and automobiles as well as coffee, and produces more steel than France; but Brazilians are shorter and weigh less than they did twenty years ago.

Millions of homeless children wander the streets of cities like São Paulo, hunting for food. Buildings are turning into fortresses, doormen into armed guards. Every citizen is either an assailant or assailed.

# Jay Kinney

*collects esoteric teachings for his magazine* Gnosis. *Formerly he was editor of* CQ/WER, *and is still this magazine's peerless tracker of things underground and subversive. He is also a cartoonist of note.*

It's been several years since Huey Lewis and the News sang that it's now "hip to be square," which may go down in history as the theme song of the '80s. In many ways it seems like hipness (in the classic sense of being on top of the latest trends) is irrelevant and has outlived its utility. This proposal will come as no surprise to most people who are on the far side of thirty and no longer feel quite at ease wedged into the middle of a crowd at a Butthole Surfers show. When you begin to lose your hair and have given up on trying to look youthful by buying your clothes at the Gap or, better yet, trying to look embalmed by sporting dreadlocks, white pancake makeup, and a completely dirt-black wardrobe, the ever-increasing energy required to be cool hardly seems worth the effort. Thus, for untold millions of aging baby-boomers, hipness has had a long lingering decline.

Of course, one of the curious aspects of the concept of hip is that hardly anyone ever really admits to *not* being hip, even if they spend most of their day selling real estate in a three-piece suit. I've been in the stupidest locations in my life (say, the "It's a Small World, After All" ride at Disneyland) and there is never a shortage of sophisticated people there who somehow wandered in by chance and seem intent on distancing themselves from the proceedings by cracking sarcastic jokes. In fact, for years I was bodily dragged through shopping malls, protesting my innocence and purity every step of the way. "I know it's uncool to be here," my body language would holler, "but don't blame me! I'm hating every minute of it!"

At some point, however, I began to realize that such protests were simply a losing battle with the unasked-for wisdom of age. With the pace of change ever accelerating, only the very young (or the terminally vacant) have the energy required to sort out the nuances of difference between rap, hip hop, house music, and a 12-inch Siouxsie single remixed for after-hours dancing. Where once it might have been argued that the essence of hip was grasping the relative priorities of things ("how can you waste your time watching a sell-out show like 'Mod Squad' when there's a war going on in Viet*nammmm?*") that essence has mutated over time to its present state where it is only possible to maintain a hip edge by either championing the *outré* at all costs or burrowing into the very heart of bourgeois squareness. (Thus we have the *Village Voice's* Richard Goldstein touting the safe-sex cool of adult infantilism on the one hand, and my post-punk friend Gary's proud brandishing of his 2-album boxed Perry Como reissue, on the other. No doubt the ultimate in '80s cool would be to lounge around in diapers while listening to "Hot Diggety, Dog Diggety.")

Countercultural hip was predicated on not selling out and not being co-opted — which unfortunately proved to be impossible. As long as the vanguard of hip was to be "different," the fashion-conscious would be the first in line, since the motor-force of fashion is calculated difference. And because everyone likes to be both unique and fashionable, it is not long before everyone has glommed onto the latest hip outrage, in a tasteful manner of course. These days the half-life of hip is about six weeks, at which point the ad agencies step in and milk the style for a few more months, leaving a dried-up husk to blow off to the Valhalla of Johnny Carson routines.

In my own case, I'm at something of a loss to pinpoint exactly when I began to lose patience with hip and yearn for a stability of values and meaning. Going to Europe for the first time, ten years ago, had something to do with it: it was a revelation to discover that many shops in Paris had maintained the same aged facade by dint of a local ordinance that kept commercial landlords from raising rents if shopkeepers didn't redecorate the exterior. That may have been bad news for landlords, but it had helped maintain a sense of place for generations.

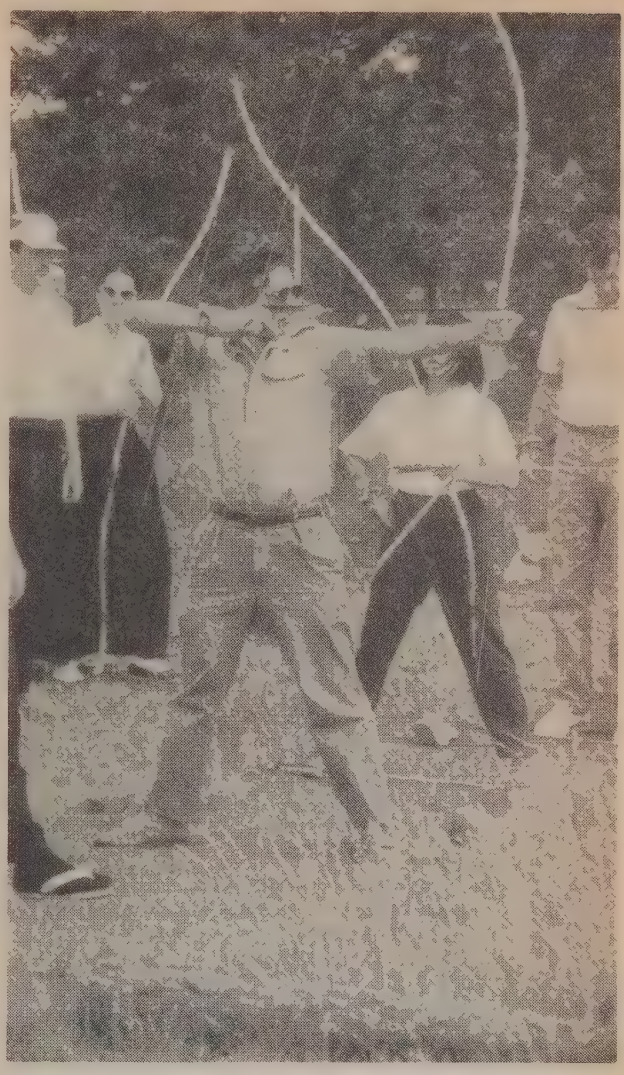
Similarly, wandering around with dozens of other tourists in the basement of Westminister Abbey amongst the tombs of Britain's honored dead stirred an emotion in my innards that was decidely unhip, not to mention politically taboo to the max. Up on the streets of London the mohawked punks of a declining Empire may have been chanting "no future," but ten feet below, I was beginning to comprehend the curse of the hip yankee with "no past."

A further monkeywrench to the gears of sophistication was provided a couple of years later in the course of a religious ritual that could trace its elements back for millenia. Nothing can better cause a reevaluation of priorities than meeting meaning where it is least expected: in an ancient form whose power has nothing to do with the pick hit of the week.

**continued next page**

# Rick Fields

*is a Buddhist activist; he was the* Whole Earth Catalog's *original "religion" editor. He wrote a history of Buddhism in America,* How the Swans Came to the Lake, *and later a book of practical approaches to spirituality,* Chop Wood, Carry Water. *[By phone.]*



I'm less interested in change than I used to be. Change has gotten to be kind of an overrated commodity. That which happens occasionally when I sit in meditation is not what I would call "change." It's not what I would call "not-change," either. Instead we have cultivated a sort of fetishism of change. Once when I was working at *New Age Journal* this person called up and said, "you've gotta come and take this seminar. It will completely change your life in just one weekend." And I said, "Well, I don't really want to completely change my life this weekend. I've got a lot of things to do on Monday."

The things to do are always right at hand. Change is constant. It's something to be surfed on, rather than something to be sought after.

I've been working on a book about the concept of the warrior. A warrior is someone who can dance with change and hold his and her ground at the same time. The notion of a warrior has evolved along with the evolution of our institutions of defense and warfare. Warfare at the agricultural village level had a very different function than warfare at the state level. The task of the warrior in this state of development is to figure out a way to defend the Earth, the big frog pond. That's the compassionate call to arms these days.

There is a common misunderstanding that there is no conflict in spirituality. The myth is that if you're involved in spirituality then you shouldn't be involved in conflict. The problem, of course, is that there's a lot of conflict involved in being alive. People have shut off whatever strength they have cultivated in their spiritual life from their life of action. The task of the warrior is to bring silence and gentleness and nonaggression into the realm of action.

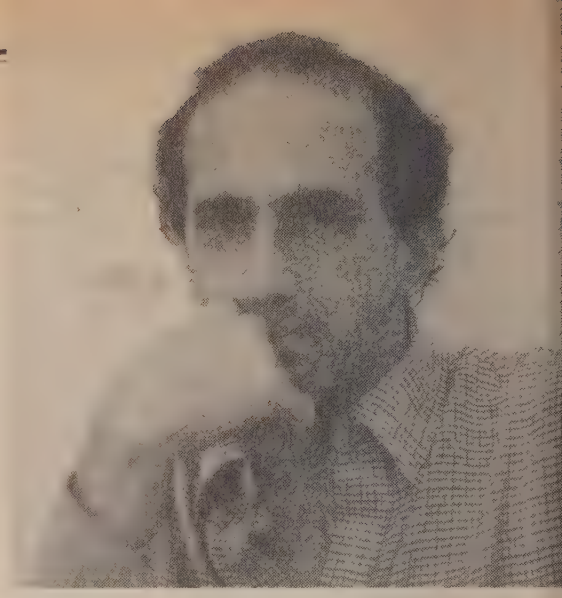
There is an old tradition that a warrior would go out to the battlefield to find a worthy opponent. Rather than say, "I'm gonna save the planet," it's more interesting and probably more fun to pick one particular opponent, and engage it intelligently. (Possibly anonymously, taking a hint from Earth First! It's called nonattachment to the fruits of your action in one of the early warrior texts, the *Bhagavad Gita.*) It's not done alone. It's kind of a lonely journey that you take with everybody else. In Buddhism, the bodhisattva is someone who doesn't enter enlightenment until everybody else enters enlightenment.

I'm hoping that people become more disillusioned than they are. Because if we can actually become disillusioned we'll find what Thoreau called "the bedrock of existence." The problem continues to be that we're expecting the bedrock of existence to be something solid. When in actuality it has something to do with the capacity for silence and the wind of clear action. ■

**JAY KINNEY (continued)**

I'm reluctant to generalize from my personal epiphanies of the unhip to the culture at large, but that reluctance has never stopped me in the past. Thomas Merton once wrote about modern urban life as "a life of vain hopes, imprisoned in the illusion of newness and change which brings us constantly back to . . . the contemplation of our own nothingness." On beyond the hip — and even beyond the square — there's plenty of uncharted territory in which to make a life. Of course, as I noted at the start, this conclusion is hardly news — it is undoubtedly one of those perennial verities of life that is despised by the young and cherished by the curmudgeonly. As time goes on, you begin to appreciate that which lasts for longer than a season, and before you know it, you're hopelessly out of it, and proud of the fact. But I've saved the worst for last, and that's my sinking feeling that you can't write about the death of hip without implying that the ultimate in hipness is to swear off being hip. Yes, It's Wild! It's With It! Everybody's Doing It: Nothing! ■

# Art Kleiner



*formerly edited this magazine. Art directed construction of the colossal* Next Whole Earth Catalog, *and introduced computers and telecommunications to Point Foundation. He teaches new media at New York University.*

I feel like I've been suckered by information.

I've spent the past 12 years practicing journalism — pursuing facts that explain how the world works, hoping to educate myself by finding patterns. I bought the prevailing mood of the 1970s, the spirit of new journalism — remember? The Sixties had convinced us that reality was stranger and more interesting than anything fiction could dream up. (In fact, it took the traditions of fiction 15 years to get rid of the bankrupt, half-dead attitudes which current events had already proven wrong.)

Facts in *The Pentagon Papers* proved a war to be deliberately malign. Facts, coming to light after Watergate, toppled a presidency. Facts, dissecting every splinter group in America from car customizers to Elvis followers, convinced most people that most everyone else was irredeemably loony. If the facts could only be spread around and made available enough, they could change the world.

At the time, who could blame the writers, planners, prognosticators, politicians, and publishers who, in other times, might have become reasonably respectable liars — but now, instead, chose fact-gathering as a way of life? Truman Capote, Joan Didion, and Tom Wolfe inspired us by making facts sing. What's-his-name who wrote *Megatrends* became a corporate hero by clipping newspapers. We too lusted for the power we thought facts would give us. The data bank was mightier than the pen. By the early 1980s, even the jargon of psychobabble mimicked the jargon of information: "That tantrum informed us all, Mort, but I'd like to collect some more reactions before we evaluate it."

It was all made more seductive, of course, by the looming shadow of computers — particularly for me because information technology was my beat. I gathered facts *about* the world of fact-gathering, and facts about *those* facts. I thought that buried somewhere within, I would delve out the greatest story ever told, a story of redefined passions and reshaped relationships, forged around the glowing campfire of the phosphor screen. But I kept getting sidetracked. To learn about the reshaping of culture, I had to learn about computer networks. That meant learning about software. And privacy. And health hazards of computers. And on, and on . . .

Plus, I was working for Whole Earth, a magazine devoted to facts almost to the point of addiction. Have you ever noticed that the tone of this magazine is often like that of a smart-ass little brother, reminding you of all those facts you didn't ask for? "Wiring your house? There's a book on that — and it knows more than you do."

Whole Earth taught me that, to write about facts effectively, you have to have confidence in your interpretation of them. I remember composing the preface to the second *Next Whole Earth Catalog*, saying that our book contained some more-or-less arbitrary opinions. Stewart crossed it out. "Our opinions aren't arbitrary," he told me. At the time, I thought that was an attitude of sheer bravado. Then I came to feel that the effort we put into researching the facts behind our judgments justified our self-assurance. There was a book on wiring your house, and it did know more than you do, dammit!

Now I'm not so sure. I'm inclined to agree, as Ronald Reagan blurted out this summer, that facts are stupid things.

In a traditional essay I might continue by preaching that we countercultural baby-boomers, we independent freethinkers, tend to wrap ourselves so deeply in facts that we lose sight of their deeper meanings. (Apparently the Vincennes sailors suffered from the same problem.) But that's just another factual point, and even if I cared, nobody else would. The juice of journalism (especially "interpretive" journalism) is dry; it's been done to death. What's fresh is the juice of storytelling. Truth is no longer more interesting; the compelling understandings are now *in* fiction.

Maybe the facts are too depressing — especially if you live in the New York region, as I do, and see how the ordinary glory and dignity of daily life has been diminished. (Here, your wealth is measured by your ability to escape daily life.) Or maybe the "whole systems" of the world are too complex to understand as simple agglomerations of facts; they can only be understood as mega-agglomerations, which most people lack the skills or machines to sift into something meaningful.

Or maybe we're just not biologically equipped for evaluating so much information. Ivan Illich recently said that the idea of "junk" — that some things are just not worth having — is only 200-odd years old. In the case of information that means that discriminating among facts is alien to our innermost natures.

Or maybe it's just me. Maybe I'm downhearted because twelve years of gathering facts has made me rusty at telling stories. I console myself by thinking that the skills of information-gathering and storytelling are not that far apart. Or maybe what I'm looking for is the greatest story never-to-be-told. Hell, I don't know what that means either, but who cares? The heat wave's over, and so are my 800 words. They've cleared the algae out of the lake. I'm going swimming. Hit a serve for me, and say hello to Fred. ■

# Paolo Soleri

*is a mystical architect constructing his dreams in concrete in the Arizona desert, where he and his students have built the artistic community and architectural showcase called Arcosanti.*

If the notion of interconnectedness is seriously endorsed (and science proposes that it should be) then the very size of reality advises us that the factual (of now) interconnections leave much to be desired: therefore the imperative of moving from the de facto situation into a better one.

Luck seems to be, for once, on the side of reason. Reality though immense (anthropomorphic paragon) is not only limited but has the potential of recongregating itself into a "point." The hyperrelatedness intrinsic to such a point would be, in its being not a hyperdense grain of matter-energy but a hyperdense "grain" of consciousness, a radiant mind-point.

We and reality are fatherless children, since no genetic material is guiding evolution. What springs forth, offspring after offspring, is the mystery of becoming itself. Becoming is that endless sequence of events generating from the fatherlesss-motherless past piling up into the endless accruing of pasts upon pasts upon pasts (we call them presents) with no inclusive genetic matrix to appeal to, outside of the puny, combative matrix of discrete phenomenons we call organisms.

This is why the end result of reality's journey can be legitimately defined as the *Omega Seed. Omega Seed* is the totality of the generation, the becoming of reality *in toto* and with it, the living "blueprint" of all the past, which is the genesis of reality.

The *Omega Seed* is a break with tradition. It is, in a way, the *bouleversement* of Christianity. In the face of science, the Creator in Christianity cannot stand up as causa prima nor in fact as causa ultima. He-she-it is nowhere to be found.

Fact is, this hypothetical autocratic, despotic, capricious powerhouse (god) is not what grass-roots evolution tells us reality is and no serious democracy can proclaim its trueness when the central icon of its reality is a despot. "Praise the Lord!"

A more profound religiosity is called for with *Omega Seed*, but the following must be acknowledged:

*First acknowledgment:* In terms of life, the nature of reality is cause for despair. Think of the immense loneliness and vulnerability of life vis-a-vis the prodigiously indifferent and life-crushing astronomic reality.

*Second acknowledgment:* Life is not second fiddle when it comes to inflicting pain and engendering terror and anguish, as the food chain well documents and as the human species abundantly confirms.

*Third acknowledgment:* A god creating and supervising such reality would be a despicable megabrain (Do you hear me, God?) unfit for adoration and unable to perceive and partake in the suffering he-she-it would have generated. And even if, for a quirk of cosmic size, such a divinity were to exist, what would it mean for us poor devils? Probably only that a predetermined process of convulsive and colossal proportions dictates what is to be.

Since that which is prefigured (in all details) is dead on the spot, the becoming would be part of the deception (all is given, nothing changes).

But most of all, what the hell is the meaning of perfection (God) generating imperfection so as to let perfection relish, or forget, the spectacle of imperfection trying to climb up to the (benevolent) spot (perfection) that so thoughtfully provided the kick-off?

*Fourth acknowledgment:* The unbridgeable gulf separating matter from mind as the Christian and the other theistic religions maintain is sufficient reason to render nonsensical all sophistries on what and when and where and how paradise will be, is, has been.

Tragically, a drowning man strikes at any floating nothing to "save" his own life, but the water is placidly indifferent.

On such a backdrop, the hope for an equitable denouement of reality is dim indeed. But what a glorious journey it would be if things were turned around! Matter forced step by painful step to become sensitized first, mindful second, and finally mind itself. The whole journey a coherent travail in no need of "supernatural" twists and turns, of mysterious voices, of clairvoyant predictions, of ironclad guarantees, of pampering by deception, of devilishly cruel demons and radiant, if somewhat passionless angels. All those are metaphors about the harshness intrinsic to a struggle in which matter cornered itself when that first breath of life sounded the post-deterministic era of the big-bang explosion.

From then on, ALL IS ABOUT matter being dragged into mind, every inch of the way a titanic exercise of will, the will to live, multiply, persevere, persist and transcend. ■

# Paul Krassner

*is a stand-up satirist, and the editor of the original irreverent and naughty newsletter* The Realist, *which Paul resumed publishing in 1985 after an 11-year hiatus. [By phone.]*

*Kelly:* I've been asking folks some questions like, what are the questions you're asking yourself?

*Krassner:* Well, as I go over my personal history since I signed with Simon and Schuster for my autobiography, I keep asking myself, why did I do that?

*KK:* Did you come up with any answers?

*PK:* Yeah, in retrospect, I can see how ego blinded me from being more open. So the trick is to have your retrospect in advance.

*KK:* Right. Do you know any good tools for that?

*PK:* Yeah, really knowing your motivations, so that you don't get clutter in the way when you're making that decision based on a knowledge of yourself so that you can project yourself instantly into the future to know whether you'll regret a decision or be grateful that you made it.

*KK:* Gotcha. Isn't it kind of early to be doing your autobiography?

*PK:* Oh, well, but when you're dead it's too late. Anyway, my editor says I'm not doing an autobiography, I'm doing a social history of the last two decades.

*KK:* Since you are now an expert on where we've been the last 20 years, I'd like to ask you where you think we're going in the next 20?

*PK:* There is a parallel, because a countercultural explosion came out of the blandness and repression of the Eisenhower years, and I see a similar countercultural explosion now, coming out of the blandness and repression of the Reagan years. Except that it's different, because young people have less deconditioning to do and so they have a different starting place. For example, a 16-year-old student interviewed me just a couple of months ago about the underground press. And, in the course of the conversation I used the the phrase "the Cold War," and he didn't know what it meant. It could've been people sneezing at each other, ya know? Or throwing ice cubes. It had no relevance to him. But, he did know the meaning of "glasnost." That's an evolutionary jump in consciousness.

*KK:* Do you feel that the young have a counterculture?

*PK:* Oh, absolutely. It's just not gettin' the kind of publicity it got then. There was just a reunion of Timothy Leary, Ram Dass, and Ralph Metzger, for the first time in 25 years, at a benefit to raise money for the Albert Hoffman Archives, which I emceed. Young people are coming to these events. The fact that I, as a stand-up satirist, got invited to perform at Lincoln Center gives a sense of the crossover from underground cult to relatively mainstream. The audience was a *lot* of young people. I got copies of maybe six publications that could be called "underground publications" from Boston alone.

*KK:* Is there a common ground among these undergrounds?

*PK:* Irreverence toward authority, combined with a sense that we can help shape the future. What's happening now is that information rises to the top much quicker. It used to take perhaps 10 to 20 years for something to evolve from, I was going to say xerox but it wasn't even called "xerox" then, it was called "mimeograph," from that into the overground press. Now it happens much sooner, because of the competition, because of cable news, because of so many more magazines. When I started *The Realist* originally there was no Doonesbury or "Saturday Night Live" or *National Lampoon*. There was no *Whole Earth Review*, there was no *Mother Jones*, there was no *Rolling Stone*. The taboos have changed incredibly too, so that the same words that Lenny

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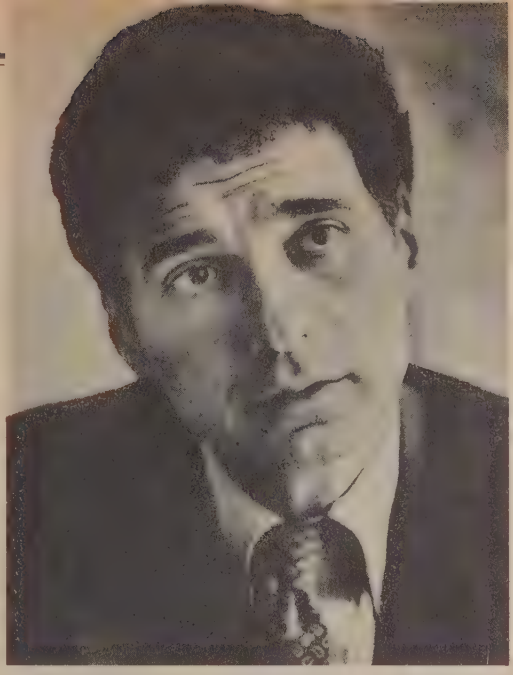
Lynn Kushel

# Ralph Nader



*invented the modern consumer-rights movement. His work in Washington, DC, now extends beyond safer automobiles to such issues as voter registration. [By phone.]*

Developing a sustainable, efficient global economy is going to require a geometrically higher level of urgency in the next 20 years, than in the past 20 years. The past 20 years documented the need for converting to sustainable energy, the need for recycling, the need for efficient use of natural resources, the need for reduction of harmful consumption, and the need for a better allocation of natural resources for the world's poor. These were all marched for, but little implemented. The next 20 years, if only because of the greenhouse effect, ozone depletion, increasing shortage of water, and massive deforestation, will produce a crossroads culture which will either discernibly begin to disintegrate or begin to recuperate.

The biggest step to recuperation is converting energy away from nuclear and fossil. The second step is distributing simple tools for protecting and restoring the environment in a very highly decentralized way. The third step is a more efficient consumption pattern; for example, less solid waste, more degradable materials, more mass transit, and more than one person in a car going to work. The Jeremiah-type time span is too limited. The issue is not whether there is enough oil and gas left. We can't burn it if we had a million years' worth left.

The problem is that for every thousand exhortationists there's only about ten organizers. And that's not going to do it. There's just too many people exhorting and throwing the caveats all over the place, and not enough rolling up their sleeves and organizing, or training organizers. That's what does it. Especially training the young. Ecologists and sustainable-economics types have forsaken the younger generation. A whole new learning has to pervade our culture. Our youth are learning for a world that doesn't exist.

The best way to exemplify the learning in schools today is to just stand in front of a vending machine and contemplate it. School vending machines are the symbol of our culture. From nutrition, to solid wastes, to misallocation of resources, to monopoly pricing, to the infiltration of the school with the mercantile mentality, to the inability of the schools to educate students to turn their backs on this kind of food and drink, to the willingness of the schools to allow school property to be used for private purposes, to the bribing of the school athletic fund by the vending machine companies, to the vulnerability of the senses of the teenagers who have turned their tongues against their brains. You couldn't ask for more of a Rorschach test for our culture.

In contrast, what is needed is, first, a civic education. The highest status of an educated person is one who knows how to be an effective citizen. Secondly, a collaboration of personal and social values. You can no longer just live the acquisitive life and not affect society adversely. For example, we have the highest pool of capital the world has ever seen, the highest reservoir of technology, and it's being vectored increasingly into parasitic, speculative, and worthless economic activity to the detriment of applying these massive resources to uplifting the standard of living on the globe. Students should be obliged to analyze this consumption, so that they realize that what they consume has enormous consequences. As a by-product you'll get the three Rs. The thing I would have done differently in the last twenty years is to have put far more emphasis on training young people. ■

**PAUL KRASSNER (continued)**

Bruce got arrested for 20 years ago, Meryl Streep got an Academy Award for in "Sophie's Choice." So, everything is accelerating, including the media coverage of that acceleration, which further accelerates it.

*KK:* Well, that's an interesting question. Are there any taboos left?

*PK:* I think that the big taboo now is not so much government censorship, as it is fear of lawsuits. One of the turning points for me was when I wrote an introduction in *The Best of The Realist* and in it I had a whole big paragraph about indications that taboos were changing. One of the examples I gave was left out by the editor. I told the story of how when David Letterman was interviewing Dr. Ruth Westheimer, she told him that if he wanted to improve his love life he should practice inventive foreplay with his girlfriend by having her toss french-fried onion rings at his waiting erection. The editor left that out, and I said, why'd you do that? And he said, well, Paul, that's "actionable."

Well, first of all, he didn't know that it was true, that it actually happened. So I couldn't blame him. I told him, I would've thought I made it up if I hadn't seen it myself. But it shows you the level of fear. It's not fear of the idea, it's fear of the lawsuit. Although taboos have changed, social commentary itself has become a taboo. ■

# Jerry Mander

*first brought the inherent hazards of television into focus in his landmark article (later book), "Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television." (CQ #16). What follows is an excerpt from his new book-in-the-making.*

If you have heard of the Mackenzie River Valley, it is probably because of that Russian nuclear satellite which, in 1978, began falling out of orbit to Earth. People feared it might fall on Paris or New York, so everyone was pleased that it finally crashed in hundreds of pieces along a 300-mile swath in what the press called an "unpopulated icy wasteland" near the Arctic Circle; the Mackenzie Valley in Canada's Northwest Territories. Actually the satellite carried directly over twenty-six communities of Dene Indians and Inuit (Eskimo), whose people have lived there for at least 20,000 years. To call the region "unpopulated" only reveals the degree to which native people remain invisible today. It's not as if the stuff fell on Canadians.

A few years ago I was invited to visit that region, to be part of a workshop concerning television. The sponsor was the Native Women's Association of the NWT. The women were worried. The Canadian government has been pushing the native communities to accept *free* satellite dishes. Fifteen of the twenty-six villages had recently consented. The women had noticed startling and disturbing change in those places.

Now keep in mind that this is a region where people still live in a mostly subsistence economy: fishing, hunting, trapping. Some cash is earned from pelts and leatherwork (incredible beaded mukluks). And a few men have gone north to the oil rigs to work for wages. But except in the one real town, Yellowknife (pop. 10,000), people live more or less as they have for millennia, in log houses with smoke sheds attached, all the generations together.

Although this is nominally Canada, until the 1960s there was scarcely a Canadian presence, save for the old Hudson's Bay Company traders and a few Mounties. It's one of those terribly harsh parts of the world that Western society left alone, until recently, when oil was discovered nearby. Even today, English is not the first language; twenty-two native languages are spoken and some 40 percent of the natives speak no English at all.

"At first I was very enthusiastic about television," one of the women told me upon my arrival. "Many of our communities are hundreds of miles from each other, with no roads connecting us." (There are less than 30 miles of paved road in the entire Northwest Territories.) "The only communication is by radio, or mail." (delivered either by dogsled, skidoo or airplane.) "Until recently it didn't matter," she said, "because the villages have been self-sufficient for thousands of years. But now the government is out there trying to change things. They want the people off the land so they can mine it and drill. The people need to know what's going on. I thought TV would help."

So far it has not. The people are mainly seeing programs from the United States, including *The Edge of Night, Dallas, Happy Days* and *The Six Million Dollar Man.* The rest is from Toronto and Ottawa.

Cindy Gilday, the Communications Coordinator for the Dene Tribe, told me: "We're not getting any chance to deal with our own problems on TV. There's only one hour each week of local programs in the entire NWT, and only rarely do we see an Indian or Inuit face, even though we're the majority population here. Instead, all the Indian people are sitting in their log houses, alongside these frozen lakes with the dog teams tied up outside and the dried fish hanging on the lines and they're watching a bunch of white people in Dallas drinking martinis around their swimming pools and plotting to destroy each other, steal from each other and get their friends' wives into bed."

The women all felt that TV was glamorizing behaviors and values which are poisonous to life in the north. "Our traditions have a lot to do with survival here," one woman said. "Cooperation and sharing and non-materialism are the only ways people can live here. TV presents values opposite to those."

Another woman, who identified herself as a schoolteacher, said: "When TV came to my village I saw an immediate change. The kids lost all interest in the native language. They only wanted English. But worst of all is that storytelling has stopped cold. Storytelling used to be the main activity at night; all the kids sitting around the old people. I was raised that way. We'd ask our grandparents for the same stories night after night. We loved those stories and they were important. They taught us how to live here. But more than that they conveyed trust and love and admiration between the young and the old. The old people were windows into the past; the way we could see who we are as Indians. It was how the culture was passed on. We used to honor our old people but that's all going now. The generations are sit-

**continued next page**

# John Marks

*heads Search for Common Ground, a citizen-run department of peace based in Washington, DC.*

I used to specialize in throwing monkey wrenches into the old system. First, as Executive Assistant to Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey, I was at the hub of the successful effort to cut off funding for the Vietnam War. Then, I co-authored a bestselling book that was extremely critical of the CIA, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence.*

I saw myself as an avenging angel. I wrote from the perspective of exposing what the black hats were doing. And of course, my hat was white.

Ten years ago, I came to see that my work was defined by what I was against. Without apology for having opposed the Vietnam War and the CIA's abuses, I recognized another option — which was to be for things. I realized it was possible to build a new system rather than tear down the old. That shift in perspective was extremely important in both my professional and my personal development. I no longer felt the need to oppose, although sometimes I chose to.

After I had made the shift, I still retained the tools I had picked up along the way — in the Foreign Service, as an aide to a Senator, and as an award-winning investigative reporter. However, I found many new applications.

Six years ago, I started an organization called Search for Common Ground. I define my role as that of a social entrepreneur. For me, the best training turned out to be investigative reporting, the U.S. Senate, and the Foreign Service. My job calls for a great deal of entrepreneurial energy; the ability to create from scratch projects that have never been done before; and a good discriminatory filter to weed out what I want to know from what I don't. Another requirement is a high tolerance of ambiguity because I have to be able to keep moving forward even when I'm not sure where I'm going. (Incidentally, I realized a few years ago that I tolerate ambiguity much better in myself than in others — I accept my not knowing as a virtue; when others don't, it looks like ignorance or indecision.)

I have a very large vision: To bring about a political transformation in the United States and the world — away from adversarial ways of dealing with public policy issues toward non-adversarial approaches — from competition to cooperation. No one really knows how this can be done, but after six years of working on the problem, I am beginning to get some ideas.

One of my models is the Heritage Foundation — which played a key role in a non-linear shift in American politics — a shift with which I largely disagree. The Heritage Foundation was founded in the mid-1970s by Joseph Coors, the beer magnate, and some other very conservative people. Their vision — very different than mine — was to move the political system in a hard-right direction. When they started, their supporters were not quoted in newspapers, not invited to conferences, not part of the mainstream. They were, in essence, outside the acceptable limits of the political spectrum. Through the 1970s, the Heritage Foundation and other like-minded groups served as entry points and transmission belts for hard-right ideas into the mainstream — until by 1980 their ideas started to define the mainstream and a President of the United States was elected who shared their views. That President, Ronald Reagan, then turned to Heritage for a 500-page blueprint on how to govern.

Lauren Greenfield

My goal is for Search for Common Ground to play a role akin to the Heritage Foundation's in transforming the nature of the political system.

The time is ripe for such a shift — one that makes non-adversarial approaches into the dominant reality. This has become clear in US-Soviet relations: President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev, at least on the issue of war and peace, have moved away from exploiting the other's weakness — picking at scabs — toward working together to reduce the common danger. They are building a relationship based, not only on national security but on common security.

Each superpower's security increases as the other's increases. That is the non-adversarial, "win-win" approach to U.S.-Soviet relations. Search for Common Ground is committed to applying similar wisdom to other foreign and domestic issues — to maximize the gain for as many parties as possible. We call this the "common ground approach," and it will be getting a national airing starting in January 1989 when we produce a 10-part PBS television series called "The Kwitny Report Presents: Search for Common Ground." ■

**JERRY MANDER (continued)**

ting all together now, silently watching television. And on TV it seems like being young is all that matters and that the old have nothing to say."

Listening to these women and, in the following days, observing what they were describing, I realized that for all my criticism of television this was the first time I was actually seeing, in front of my eyes, the beginning of a process that had already been completed in the United States. Television has begun to re-design the people of the north — their feelings, ideas, images, nervous systems — to be "compatible" (in computer terms) with the world of the "south." Commodity life. Technological passivity. Acceleration. The role of satellites is to provide a delivery system for this process in hard-to-reach places. Together they serve the creation of what Peter Berg calls "monoculture" — the cloning of cultures. ■

# Lynn Margulis

*is a microbiologist who, together with James Lovelock, developed the radical Gaia Hypothesis, which says that the Earth behaves as if it was a single living organism. Her second controversial theory is less well known: that ordinary biological cells evolved from cooperating proto-cell entities into a symbiotic community — that cells are a society of pre-cells.*

Recently I moved to the University of Massachusetts at Amherst (UMA) with several of my students. John Stolz, my former graduate student who pioneered the study of Baja California microbial mats with the electron microscope (as if they were the "tissues of Gaia") was already at UMA in the biochemistry department. The head of microbiology at UMA, Canale-Parola, is a renowned expert on squiggly bacteria of great interest to me: spirochetes, as I explain below.

The people and facilities at UMA will allow me to definitively test the postulate of my SET ("Serial Endosymbiotic Theory"), i.e., the theory of the origin of nucleated (eukaryotic) cells via bacterial symbioses. Nucleated cells are those comprising animals, plants, fungi and protoctists. The visible world of life around us is made of eukaryotic cells whereas all bacteria (even cyanobacteria formerly called "plants" or "blue-green algae") are made of prokaryotic or non-nucleated cells.

My theory of cell origins states that nucleated cells derive, in an evolutionary sense, from more than a single type of bacteria. Otherwise stated, cells (including those of our own bodies, of course) are champions of COEVOLUTION on far more than a QUARTERLY basis: they are co-evolved bacterial communities. Virtually all biologists today agree that mitochondria (oxygen-processing energy-generating cell components) were once respiring bacteria and that green plastids (organelles of photosynthesis in algae and plants) began as cyanobacteria. Most agree that the cell that became the nucleocytoplasm (involved with the mitochondria-to-be and the plastids-to-be) was a Thermoplasma-like sulfur and acid-tolerating bacterium. What, then, still must be done to prove the theory?

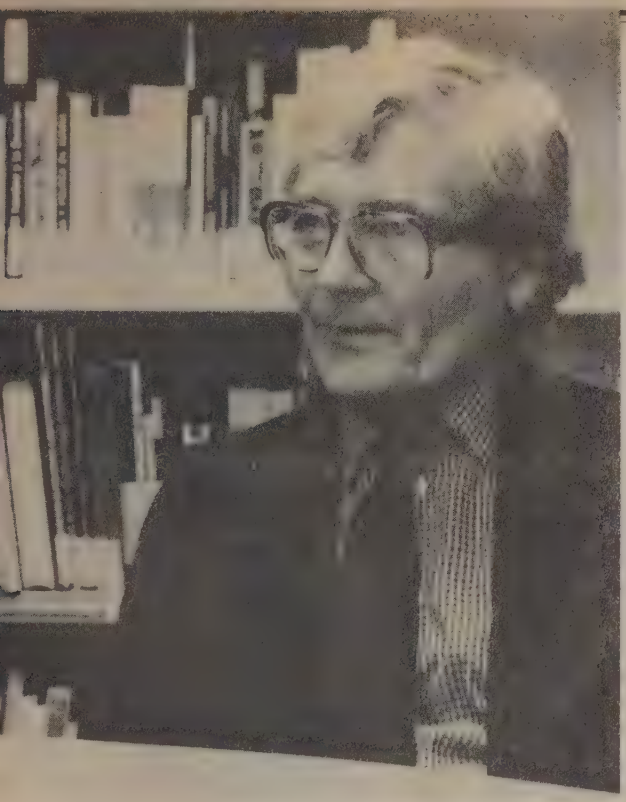
Whereas the above postulates have gone from *offensive-scandalous* (twenty years ago) to *ordinary-obvious* (today's textbooks), I am still nearly alone in my judgement that the wavy "cell hairs" (called cilia, undulipodia, sperm tails and other aliases) evolved from still another kind of free-living bacteria. If I think "cell-hairs" come from spirochetes, the burden of proof lies on me.

I believe, as do most biologists, that cell hairs — and all sorts of other microtubule-containing structures in living cells and whole animals — all share common ancestry. For example, the sensory cilia of the balance organ, lobster antennules, the kinocilium of the inner ear that responds to sound, the mechanoreceptor of cockroaches, sperm tails including those of mosses, ginkgo trees, water ferns, and men, the rods and cones of the retina, the microtubules of the mitotic spindle (a structure in cell division) and the microtubule-studded axons and dendrites of the neurons, cells of the nervous system, all have the same microtubules composed of the same set of proteins. Clearly these all (in Darwin's words) "descended with modification" from *something* that contained microtubules. What was this common ancestor?

Whereas most biologists believe the ancestors to these structures were simply nucleated cells that developed microtubules, I believe the ancestors to the moving "cell hairs" and their relatives were spirochetes. In addition to the three types of bacteria listed above (oxygen-respiring, photosynthetic and acid-tolerant) I postulate even another kind of free-living microbe was essential to the chimeric origin of plant and animal cells. Predaceous, wary and incessantly moving spirochetes (like those in a latent syphilis infection) once tried to attack and eat our bacterial ancestors but ended up as their intimate and essential companions. Growth, chemical communication and dancing have become the physical basis of learning, depression and elation.

The powerful new techniques of molecular biology and genetics coupled with the spirochete and microtubule expertise at UMA will permit our research group, unimpeded for the first time, to pursue this scientific postulate. The methods for finding definitive answers are now available. If we are correct, G. Edelman's (Rockefeller University) "neural darwinism" as a model for learning must be taken literally. Coevolution of bacterial symbionts will be established as the major mechanism for innovation in evolution, and insight will be provided into all nervous and sensory systems including those detecting gravity.

Since this research will initially cure no diseases, nor promise any marketable product, and will spend rather than generate funds for universities, it has been on the back burner for over twenty years. UMA administrators (with the aid of granting agencies such as NASA Life Sciences and the Richard A. Lounsbery Foundation) have supported me in these efforts. The possibility of making progress is thrilling. ■



# James Lovelock

*practices independent scientific research in Cornwall, England. His primary work is in the biochemical balance of planetary atmospheres. This pursuit led to his formulation of the Gaia Hypothesis. In this photograph Lynn accuses Jim of being the true author of the Gaia notion.*

For the moment it seems that peace has broken out all over the world; conciliatory noises are coming from almost all of the erstwhile combatants from the super-powers to purely tribal confrontations. Perhaps as an example to monitor the intensity of peace, Northern Ireland continues the monstrous irrelevance of its permanent war.

In this new political climate there has been time to stand back and wonder what looms ahead. There is a growing realization that the future political agenda will be filled with environmental concern. Not those minor problems, like nuclear radiation, nuclear waste, or the fearful non-event of Three Mile Island or the noxious effluents of chemical industries, or indeed anything that might titillate the public fear of cancer. The problems that lie ahead are vast, perilous, and certain.

In the next few decades the Earth will pass through one of its major transitions and we, its first social intelligent species, are privileged to be among the spectators. The event is an imminent major climate change, one that will be twice and could be six times as great as the change from the last ice age until now.

So let's look at the depth of the last glaciation, some tens of thousands of years ago. When the glaciers reached St. Louis in America, and London in Europe, the sea level was some 400 feet lower than now and as a consequence an area of land as large as Africa was above water and covered with vegetation. The tropics were like the warm temperate regions now. In all, it was a rather pleasant planet to live on and was the home of simple natural humans just beginning to try such neat ecocidal tricks as fire-drive hunting: set the forest on fire and a free effortless barbecue is provided.

Just imagine a change in climate at least twice as great as that from then until now, the start of a heat age. The temperature and the sea level will climb decade by decade, until eventually the world will become torrid, ice free, and all but unrecognizable. Eventually is a long time ahead, it might never happen, and need not worry us now; what we do have to prepare for are the events of the transition itself, events that are just about to begin. These are likely to be surprises in the way of extremes, like storms of great ferocity, and unexpected atmospheric events like the ozone hole over Antarctica. Nature is non-linear and unpredictable and never more so than in a period of transition. So sit back and enjoy the show — it is all but unstoppable now.

But what of Gaia? Will she not respond and keep the status quo? Before we expect Gaia to act, we should realize that the present interglacial warm period could be regarded as a fever for Gaia and that left to herself she would be relaxing into her normal, comfortable for her, ice age. She may be unable to relax because we have been busy removing her skin and using it as farm land, especially the trees and the forests of the humid tropics, which otherwise are among the means for her recovery. But also we are adding a vast blanket of greenhouse gases to the already feverish patient. In these circumstances Gaia is much more likely to shudder and move over to a new stable state fit for a different and more amenable biota. It could be much hotter or much colder, but whatever it is, no longer the comfortable world we know.

The onset of the human and political consequences of these two geocidal acts, forest clearance and suffocation by the greenhouse gases, will be the news. News that will usurp the political agenda. Soon, and suddenly, in the regions that are now the humid tropical forests, there could be a billion or more humans enduring drought and floods, perhaps with mean temperatures of 120° F. They would be without support, in a vast arid region around the earth. All this could happen at a time when we in the North, who might otherwise come to their rescue, are facing rising sea levels and major changes in our own climate, and the most amazing surprises. These predictions of events are near certain and not the fashionable fiction of doom scenarios. We are like a modern version of the Gadarene swine, driving our polluting cars heedlessly down the slope into a sea that is rising to drown us. ■

# Bryce & Margaret Muir

*monitor the drift of a continent from the far corner of Maine. Margaret is an anthropologist. Bryce is a toymaker.*

In the '70s rural Maine saw an influx of young back-to-the-landers in search of new lifestyles. The natives called them hippies, and were thoroughly entertained. These downwardly mobile folks tended to plug into the local subsistence economy, and were a wonderful source of gossip. Most of them suffered culture shock: reduced expectations, cold feet, owner-built divorce, and other hazards. By the mid-'80s they'd either hurried back to the fast lane or been absorbed into the local scene.

For the last four years coastal Maine has seen a development boom sparked by the overheated capital economy upalong. Maine real estate was grossly undervalued by cosmopolitan standards. Touting Maine property was a self-fulfilling prophecy: buy a piece, and the value goes up, and up. Suddenly there was all this outside capital available, all this enhanced equity to borrow against, all this action. Sleepy coastal villages, quite content to share the landscape with summer visitors who performed their economic role with a minimum of nuisance, were faced with a flood of strangers, intending to stay. Land prices soared. The woods are full of bulldozers. "Developer" is a dirty word.

The new immigrants are rather more buttoned-down, upwardly mobile, and middle-aged than the do-your-own-thingers. This is the second wave of boomers to follow their dreams east — after they got it all together. These flatlanders aren't interested in subsistence economies. They are fat cats, by local measure, and like it that way. They drive European cars and speak of "architectural harmony" and the "rural character of the landscape." The local characters are not amused.

Bob & Paz McHitton

Class has come to rural Maine and brought along its cultural baggage. The newcomers are generally well-paid professionals whose institutionalized education was all about power: pecking orders. Their identity is wrapped up in authority. They may idealize the rough egalitarianism of traditional Maine, but *they* intend to get ahead, not get along. They don't see the hypocrisy in goodbuddying the hell out of you, then doing their business out of town. They don't understand that a town must have gathering places to survive, and that means patronizing the local store and restaurant, regardless of the price or the cooking. These folks are comparison shoppers and prefer gourmet boutiques to greasy spoons.

Many immigrants are fleeing the impersonal character of over-crowded suburbs where public interaction is merely role behavior in a world full of strangers. They are looking for community, and they haven't a clue. Small-town politics of place are invisible to them. Their affluence is divisive. They have no need to join the local economic web by exchanging labor and goods (and sociability) around town. When they do buy local, their economic advantage blinds them to the balanced reciprocity of local exchange based on equal worth. They think they're worth more, and it shows. They think paying cash ends a transaction. Mostly they purchase goods and services from the mass economy out by the highway. They don't make the local rounds and gossip, they form committees. Their social network, their community of interest, isn't focused on the place they live. They bring the impersonal social atomization they are fleeing with them. Mobility, mass communication, and easy money are centrifugal forces pulling the local fabric apart. The natives discover they live in a town full of strangers.

As exurbia oozes eastward, following the decentralization of middle-class opportunities, the cosmopolitan culture and the local ways come head-to-head over land use. How people use the environment is revealing, whether it's defining the home territory with some painted rocks and lawn ornaments or defining the character of the town with a no-trailer ordinance. Most natives see the environment as a source of income and a place to hunt and fish. The from-aways see Maine as a scenic landscape where any sign of resource-based economic activity is a desecration. A generation ago it was hard to find a zoning ordinance in rural Maine. The buttoned-down types mistake invisible politics for anarchy, and these well-behaved professionals crave the security of orderly rules and formal proceedings. The state of Maine has just instituted a mandatory zoning law requiring every town to adopt land use planning to ease middle-class anxiety. Committees of well-intentioned upwardly mobile folks are busy writing new rules for the rest of Maine.

The victory of bureaucratic procedure may be short-lived. Forming committees does not a community make, regardless of the suburban civic myth. The surviving core of the traditional community, bound together by common economic interests and a lifetime of familiarity, is digging in its heels. When planning was supposed to slow growth it was OK, but

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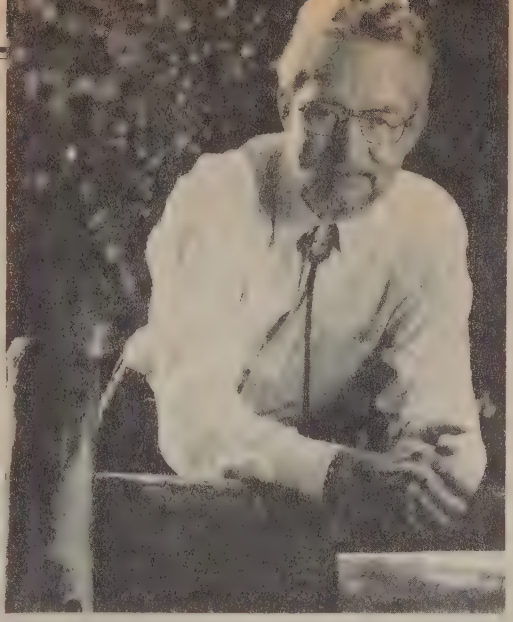
# Robert Rodale



*manages the Rodale network of publications* (Organic Gardening, Prevention, New Farm, *many books) and research centers in eastern Pennsylvania. For a generation, these publications have been preaching that no, or at least fewer, chemicals for soil, plants, or humans is the best for all. There would be no better example of how formerly fringe ideas of the '60s have moved to the mainstream. [By phone.]*

I've always been more optimistic than pessimistic, but I'm now getting really optimistic. The big contributions of the last 20 years have been made by people focusing on problems, both agriculturally and environmentally. The movement toward change in the next 20 years is going to focus much more on solutions. We've documented the problem, and have created a real broad base of understanding of these problems, but now the crucial challenge of the next 20 years is to switch into a much more solution-oriented mode. If we don't, we're going to lose the public. The mass of people in any country have a tendency to become immune to problems after a while.

We have an opening now to really move away from being parochial in the matter of language. Are we going to talk about this movement in ways that exclude people, or are we going to talk in language that makes these solutions available to everybody? We've made a beginning in agriculture, for example, with concepts such as sustainability, regeneration, and low input. These are now part of the mainstream, in the sense that these ideas and this language is where the action is.

I foresee in the next 20 years a fundamental switch from an intellectual focus on the city to an intellectual focus on the countryside. We've been through a period of perhaps 150 years when all the intellectuals and the thinkers went to the city. The ideas which were most exciting and which were changing the world were coming out of cities. It's become clear now that the city as an environment is very temporary, and not sustainable. Current thinkers are so narrow in their thought because they're all tied in with universities and disciplines and specialization, and city things. In cities there is no basis for thinking about regeneration, or sustainability. I foresee agriculture as more than just a way to grow food and fiber. It's a framework for new visions of society.

This doesn't mean people will necessarily move. The back-to-the-land movement that really started in the mid-'40s, right after the war, and continued up through the '60s until not too long ago, was a back-to-the-land to *live.* This is different. This is back-to-the-land to *think.* The previous back-to-the-land movement was very much focused on the individual who wanted 10 acres and independence. This person not only didn't care much about farming as a whole agricultural environment, he also had no basis to influence it. That movement has not died. It's just that the people who are doing it are older and retired now. Getting back-to-the-land to think means that only people who work in broad natural systems, and biological systems including agriculture, will have the capacity to think about the sustainability of the world itself. Agriculture will be seen as a basis for thinking about the world in the future.

Society needs a continual flow of big new ideas and we haven't been getting any lately. We're dealing with old large ideas which are getting kind of tired. Some great ones of the past have been evolution, mass production, communism, Christianity as religion, and psychoanalysis. The big ideas that are very interesting and exciting now are coming from natural resources. Conservation is one of them. Regeneration is another, the big idea that is at the center of my work. Not only do natural resources need regenerating, so do social, economic and political resources. ■

## BRYCE & MARGARET MUIR (continued)

zoning was invented to aid growth and folks are catching on. The new rules reflect a suburban image of a town. All structures must be set back from the neighbors and the road. It just won't do to have roadside intimacy or the conviviality of dense settlement. House lots should be two acres or more. The aliens prefer to remain aloof, as befits their status. Visual clutter is *verboten,* especially if connected with a home industry or a subsistence lifestyle. The new rulers want an orderly environment, and a classy one: lawns not dooryards. Trailers and Fat Fanny lawn ornaments are the acid test of class attitudes: the better sort find both utterly reprehensible. The advent of class distinctions will test rural Maine's ability to absorb immigrants without destroying the small-town sense of community, or losing the small-town sense of humor.

There is hope in this conflict, however. The newcomer's environmental activism may limit slash-and-burn development. The native realization that it's Us and Them may case-harden the core community and assure its survival. And the new kids will go to the high school and get enmeshed in the local soap opera. They'll be natives, caught in the web of social intimacy and cultural familiarity which makes a community — if they stay. Meanwhile, the locals had better turn out for town meeting and let the better sort know that importing the civic style of Massachusetts has never been fashionable in Maine. We'll keep you posted. ■

# Abd Allah Nur ad-Din Durkee

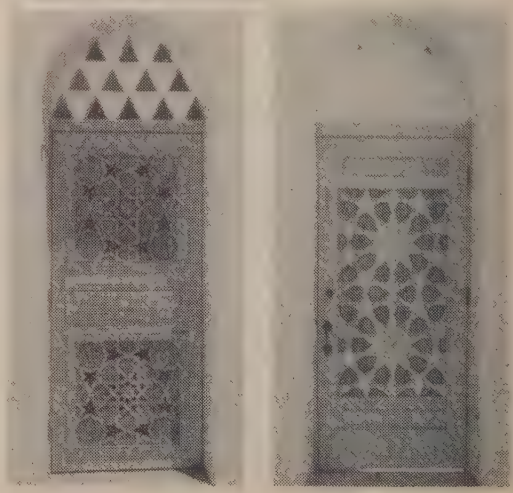
*reported on the multi-ethnic city of Jerusalem and the "family-sized conflict" brewing in the Middle East for CQ in 1975 Nuradin also painted the front and back covers of issue 4*

The last time I had the opportunity to address the readership of *CQ/Whole Earth* was in an article I did on Al-Quds (Jerusalem) in 1975 on my return from Occupied Palestine where I had been working on a book of interviews with, and photographs of, Muslims, Christians, Jews and the Holy City they inhabit. Unfortunately that book, *A Garden in Flames*, was never published, even though it was under contract, as it was "too political," "too controversial," etc. I found that it was virtually impossible to alter the deeply conditioned views on Islam, Palestine and the Middle East held by most of the people I approached, among them some very well-meaning people. Not only did I find this to be true in the "infonnation establishment" but even more so in the "spiritual establishment" and "counter-establishment." After three years I left the United States with my family to live in Makkah, and in the intervening years I have lived more than half of my time in the Muslim world. What time I have spent in America has mainly been living and working in the upper Sonoran Desert (mercifully one of the regions not totally dominated by the prevalent monoculture), devoting most of my time, as I have for the past thirty years, to the development of a spiritually oriented anti-utopian parallel community life that is based on the land and craft with a strong emphasis on building as the "mother" of the crafts.

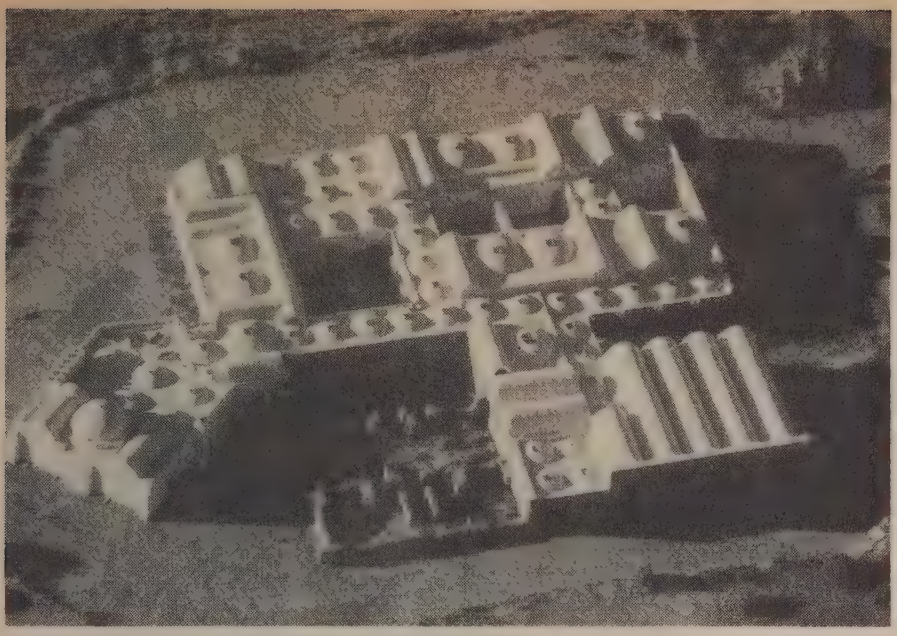
Four years ago, after many years as a journeyman builder and designer, I received a certificate of mastery in the principles and realization of spatial architecture from one of the great traditional master builders of this era, Dr. Hassan Fathy. Additionally I have continued my spiritual studies under the guidance of my Shaykh in Egypt, Dr. Ibrahim al-Battawi, Distinguished Professor of Islamic Spiritual Sciences at al-Azhar University (the oldest university in the world), who has named me as his *khalifa* in North America. In the field of architecture and community development I am presently at work designing a small center in another part of New Mexico devoted to traditional architecture and appropriate technology with special attention to the furtherance and preservation of the crafts and craftspeople, indigenous and worldwide, who still ply their craft. In the literary and graphic realm I am translating, editing and producing a series of Sufic texts on and by the early masters of the Shadhuli Tariqa. In the realm of public life, beside serving on the boards of various foundations and institutes, I give talks, mainly in Africa and Asia, and participate in regional and world-wide meetings devoted to vernacular regional architecture and small community planning as well as both intra- and inter-faith discussions held around the world under the auspices of the Council for the World's Religions. As a Muslim living simultaneously in the 15th century and the 20th century I have found that an antidote to "modern" secular life is immersion in what is left of the traditional Islamic world combined with periodic prolonged immersion in what is left of "virginal" nature. The first permits me to live with other human beings in a relatively "normal" fashion and the second permits me to live in harmony under Heaven.

When I was asked to contribute to this special 20th Anniversary edition it was in the context of "presenting what you think is important." What I have written above is not really important except that I have grown weary of having people say upon meeting me, "I thought you were dead," due both to my long absences abroad and my habit of living on obscure mesas above river valleys between the virgin and the sown.

**Traditional doors at Dar al-Islam.**



Richard Khanlian, *New Mexico Magazine*



Paul Logsdon

**Adobe vaults in the Islamic style house the community Durkee founded in the New Mexico desert.**

Accordingly I have taken this opportunity to rectify this problem, at least amongst those old friends and acquaintances who read this journal. As to what *is* important I have grown wary over the years of stating what "I" think is important, preferring to demonstrate it by how and where and the way in which I choose to live my life, but . . .

What I believe is of the most crucial importance is living within a seamless garment in which heart, head and hand are informed and directed by a single Reality. In Islam this is known as *Tauhid* and, rounding the circle so as to approach from another perspective, it could be characterized as living in the realization of the alignment between the *Teh* and the *Tao.* It is the life that partakes of the unfolding horizontal continuity of a particular Message and the vertical connection to meta-historical Transcendent Reality. It is approachable only in a life lived wholly, rigorously and completely within a particular Way and has absolutely nothing in common with various putative "New Age" syntheses, which, inevitably, are sentimental, non-consequential and ultimately misleading.

From my travels it is overwhelmingly apparent that the emerging World monoculture is effectively destroying (on a daily basis) traditional life almost everywhere on earth. We live in the Age of the Flood as sure as did the Prophet Noah (peace be upon him). I know of no solutions except on a personal or small scale level. I have no trust, nor do I believe in the efficacy of any form of mass-movement as a means of real change which, inevitably, must come from an inner revival *(tajdid).* I hold no hope for any of the agencies or movements for change, religious or political, which operate under appellations such as "fundamentalist," "modernist," "nationalist," "millennialist" or "futurist." When change comes it is through being rather than acting, through presence rather than assertion and by knowledge rather than assumption. I continue to hold to the words of the Prophet Jesus (peace be upon him), "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all else shall be added unto you," and the saying of the Prophet Muhammed (peace and blessings be upon him), "There is within the human that which, when it is dis-eased, the whole being is dis-eased and which, when it is sound, the whole being is sound. This is the heart."

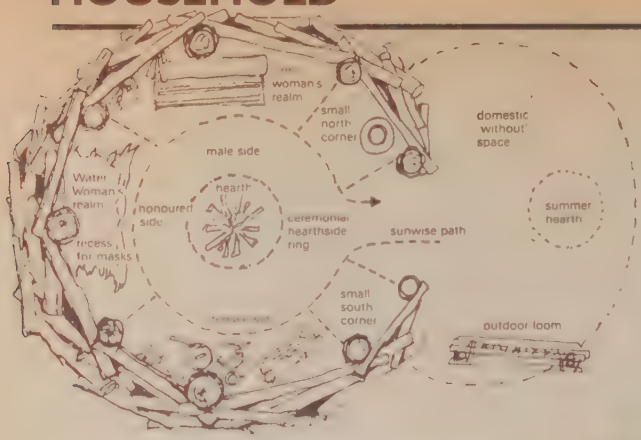
In short what I hold as important is the purification of the heart by the remembrance of The God and the cessation of limited self-centered "existence" in favor of universal and unlimited existence. It is, as the saying goes, "Die before you die if you would live forever." As the great Sufi, al-Shustari, wrote, "After extinction *(fana)* I came out *(baqa)*, and now eternal am I though not as I. Yet who am I, oh I, but I."

I would hope that these words have meaning for the readers of this Journal. The God has revealed in the Last Testament, al-Quran, that "He sends down water from heaven so that the valleys are in flood with it, each according to its capacity." (13:17). May rivers run through our every day.

If any reader wishes to continue exchanges along these lines as correspondence I can be reached, from time to time, through the Madrasah Shadhuli, Drawer B, Abiquiu, NM 87510. I am thankful for the opportunity to address the readers and ask that, if you find any mistakes in what I have written, you forgive me and understand that it was not by intention. If you find anything of the Truth within these words know that they are not from me but from the One who inspires me. This from one who is poor before his Lord, the slave of Allah, Abd Allah Nur ad-Din Durkee, Abiquiu, 12 Muharram 1409 Hijri. ■

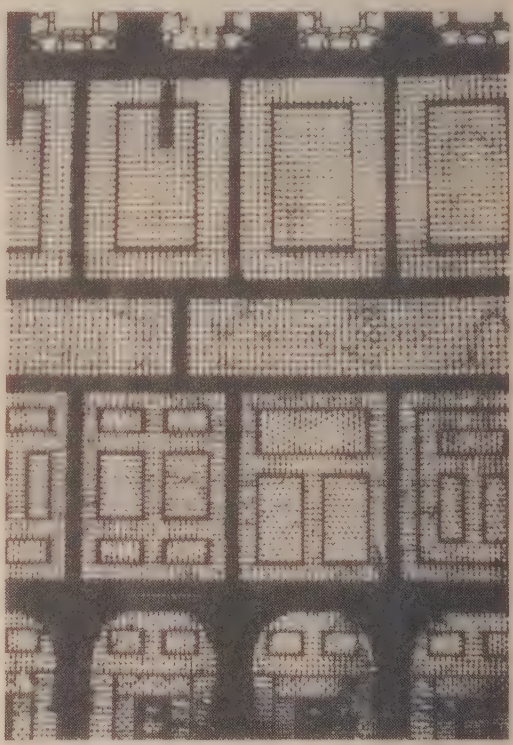
**Dar al-Islam, in Abiquiu, New Mexico.**

Paul Logsdon



**The spatial organization of the *hogan* [Navajo] and the *ger* [Mongolian] compared. Differentiation by gender, symbolism of internal spaces, and movement around the central hearth have many points in common. Other arrangements have been recorded.**

**A *mashrabiya* [window lattice] seen from within, showing the large open surface and the decorative effects of the turned pegs. These disperse the light, the curved surfaces further diminishing glare.**



## Dwellings

*A few years back a book of photos of native vernacular structures called **Architecture Without Architects** transformed people's ideas of what was possible with buildings. This volume is more comprehensive and detailed, and it focuses on domestic structures and uses, but it has the same inspirational qualities. A book like this teaches us how to recognize soul in buildings, and maybe a little about how to re-achieve it ourselves. —Stewart Brand*

**Dwellings**
Paul Oliver
1987; 256 pp.
**$12.95**
($14.45 postpaid) from:
University of Texas Press
P. O. Box 7819
Austin, TX 78713-7233
800/252-3206
or Whole Earth Access

## Home & Remodeling Kit

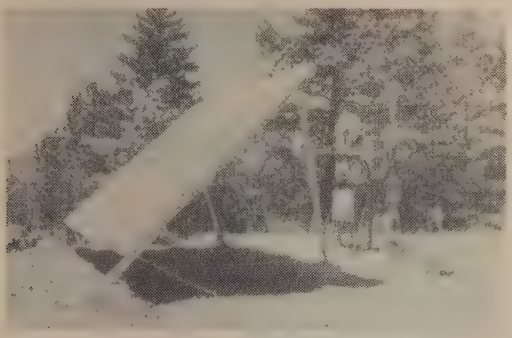
*We've liked the earlier efforts by these folks; their design-your-own-home kits (**EWEC** p. 118) made visualizing your dream house lots easier. This much more complete kit not only allows designing, but modelmaking as well. What you get is a printed grid at 1:48 scale (¼" = 1') and a bunch of scale building materials, components, appliances, and even a cat. You can apply the interior details to the included transparent grid and then transfer it to existing blueprints for remodeling, or do the whole thing right on the table as you go. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, that beats a model for making things clear to yourself, your architect and the builder. Highly recommended. But don't forget that any kit or other ready-made format subtly tends to discourage wild ideas. Might be that's good. Might not. —J. Baldwin*

**Home & Remodeling Kit: $38.50** postpaid from Design Works Inc., 11 Hitching Post Road, Amherst, MA 01002; 413/549-4763.

## Home Power

*Not all magazines of this type went extinct when big corporations took over the alternative-energy business legitimized largely by amateurs. This one feels like it's from the '70s: funky-looking, down-home, and full of do-it-yourselfer's hard-won knowledge. But a look at the contents reveals that we are not talking guesswork and hype here. It's all good proven stuff, most of it the very latest news that'll take years to get into spiffier-looking publications. I especially like the column dubbed Things That Work where the* ***Home Power*** *staff tests devices under real-life conditions. There seems to be very little undue influence from the advertisers who pay for it all. That's right, it's free (to those with a U.S. zipcode). Not only useful and good, but free! Golly.* —J. Baldwin

**Home Power**
Richard Perez, Editor
**free**
(6 issues/year) from
Home Power Magazine
P. O. Box 130
Hornbrook,
CA 96044-0130
916/475-3179



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Several manufacturers are now marketing devices that promise to triple current output from a PV panel. These linear current boosters (LCBs) help eliminate the need for storage batteries or oversized arrays when running electric motors directly from the panels. Is this magic or simply a lot of hype? Actually it's neither. In keeping with Home Power's philosophy of delivering accurate and useful information on new renewable energy products, these devises were tested and their performance documented. The following article explains their operation and gives the facts and figures in how well they perform. . . .

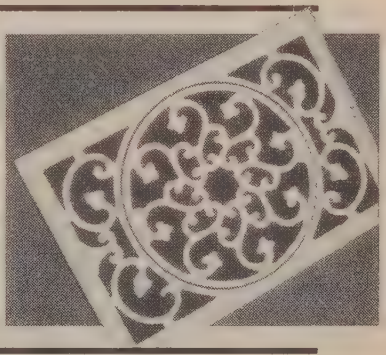
**Eight Kyocera PV modules & the SolarJack pumps water from this 400-foot-deep well — 1,000 gallons per day.**

## Reggio Registers

*Air-duct grilles: they DO make 'em like they used to: cast iron or brass, thick, heavy (up to 85 pounds!), satisfying, with or without adjustable louvers and fans. They even have those huge floor jobs that permanently branded the soles of many a wayward bare foot in my younger days . . . Just what you need for an authentic restoration or other quality work.* —J. Baldwin

**Reggio Registers:** Catalog **$1** from The Reggio Register Co., 20 Central Avenue/P. O. Box 511, Ayer, MA 01432-0511; 617/772-3493.

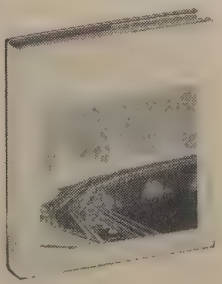
**The striking beauty of the solid brass grille is mated to a rugged cast iron body and louvers to produce this handsome register of functional elegance. To operate the brass register, simply rotate the round center piece left and right to open and close the louvers.**



## The Science of Structures and Materials

*A fine day it is when J. E. Gordon graces us with another book, for he must be one of the world's best explainers. This book refines his earlier ones (****EWEC*** *p. 119) and then proceeds into very up-to-date discussions of the strength, form and stuff of muscle, trees, ostrich femurs and life rafts as well as the expected bridges and aircraft. The voice is warm and redolent with dry British wit, free of technical jargon, and a joy to read in the same way one reads, say, a good geology text: helps you understand what's going on around you.* —J. Baldwin

**The Science of Structures and Materials**
J. E. Gordon
1988; 217 pp.
**$32.95**
($34.45 postpaid) from:
W. H. Freeman and Co.
4419 West 1980 South
Salt Lake City, UT 84104
801/973-4660
or Whole Earth Access



**Photomicrograph of concrete.**

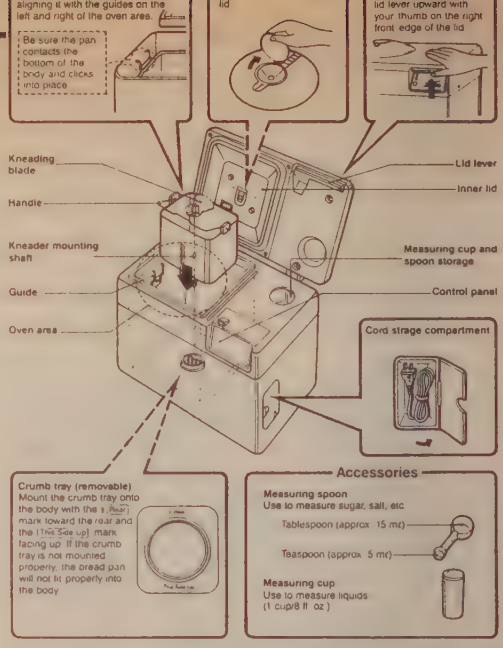
**Surface cracks on fresh ordinary Pyrex glass. Such cracks are present on the surface of virtually all glasses and account for their comparative weaknesses.**

## Panasonic Automatic Bread Maker

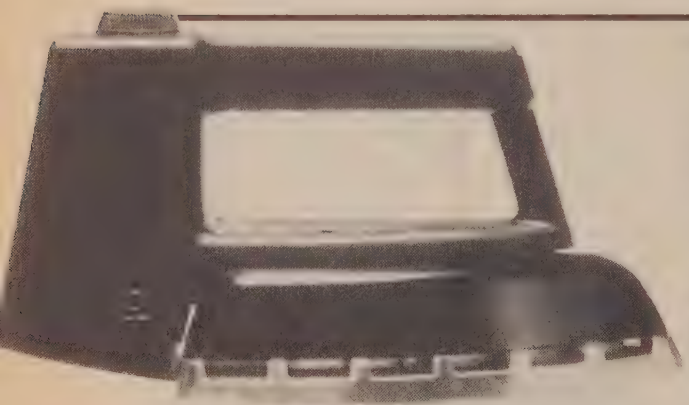
*I'll have to admit this first struck me as the ultimate YUP-PIE gadget. I've used Panasonic video equipment for years and was convinced that they wouldn't put their name on something that just didn't work so my gadget mania led me to purchase one of these machines.*

*The machine is absolutely unbelievable. You won't believe how well it works until you try it. In two minutes or less, you measure the ingredients to make a consistently perfect loaf of about the best homemade bread I've ever tasted. That's it — you measure, the machine does the rest. In the next four hours, the machine mixes, rests, adds the yeast, kneads, lets it rise, punches it down, lets it rise again, and then bakes a perfect little loaf of bread. A computer timer allows you to set the machine up to 13 hours ahead so your bread will be done at the precise time you arise in the morning. The smell of fresh-baked bread filling the house as you awake is worth the price of the machine even if nothing else worked. The loaves are a little small — about right for a family of two to three members or one absolute glutton to eat at one sitting. It is so easy and so fun to use, I've baked loaves for gifts to just about everyone I know — most people assume several hours of manual toil with this gift.*

*—Milton Sandy*




**Panasonic Automatic Bread Maker: $329.95** (suggested retail). Call 201/348-7000 for local dealer.



## Cordless Iron

*No, it doesn't run on batteries (they'd only last a few minutes). It runs on cigarette-lighter butane, giving about 3½ hours of thermostatically controlled ironing per $2 cartridge. A button lights it instantly. Though intended for Amish use, it is, of course, well suited to photovoltaically powered homes, boats, and other situations where making heat with electricity is impossible or stupid. I haven't used one, but Whole Earth learned long ago to trust the hardware store that sells it. When Lehman's says it's good, it's good.* *—J. Baldwin*

**Cordless Iron: $66.95** postpaid. Catalog **$2** from Lehman Hardware & Appliances, Inc., P. O. Box 41/4779 Kidron Road, Kidron, OH 44636; 216/857-5441.

## Metal By Mail

*Fifty bucks for one square foot of eighth-inch-thick common old aluminum plate! Aiee! Well, that's what most of you would be forced to pay, because most metal supply houses have a large minimum charge — they're not set up for smalltime retail. Moreover, unless you live in a big city, it's unlikely that there's any metal supply at all other than your local blacksmith, and he will probably not have what you need. Well, Metal By Mail is a good start. Not a huge inventory, but a useful one. Prices include UPS shipping which can be expensive. ("Metal is heavy stuff" as they say in the catalog.) They have uncommon fasteners and some plastic too.* *—J. Baldwin*

**Metal By Mail:** catalog **$2**. 18170 W. Davidson, Brookfield, WI 53005; 414/786-4276.

ROUND NICKEL SILVER RODS

CA GRADE 792 LEADED NICKEL SILVER: WITH A MACHINABILITY OF 60% (CDA 360=100%), COMBINES HIGH STRENGTH CORROSION RESISTANCE & SILVER WHITE COLOR. PARTS MADE FROM THIS ALLOY INCLUDE OPTICAL GOODS, CAMERAS, JEWELRY, DENTAL PARTS, INSTRUMENTS AND HARDWARE.
COLD FINISHED AVERAGE TOLERANCE +.002 / -.002

| | 1"to 11" | 12"to 35" | 36"to 71" | | 1"to 11" | 12"to 35" | 36"to 71" | | 1"to 11" | 12"to 35" | 36"to 71" |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3/32 | $0.11 | $0.10 | $0.09 | 7/32 | $0.27 | $0.26 | $0.25 | 9/16 | $1.10 | $1.05 | $0.98 |
| 1/8 | $0.13 | $0.12 | $0.11 | 1/4 | $0.38 | $0.37 | $0.35 | 5/8 | $1.30 | $1.25 | $1.20 |
| 5/32 | $0.20 | $0.16 | $0.14 | 5/16 | $0.75 | $0.70 | $0.65 | 3/4 | $2.50 | $2.25 | $2.00 |
| 3/16 | $0.24 | $0.18 | $0.16 | 3/8 | $0.85 | $0.78 | $0.75 | | | | |
| | | | | 1/2 | $0.95 | $0.90 | $0.85 | 1 | $3.40 | $3.20 | $2.85 |

ROUND PHORSPHOR BRONZE RODS

CA ALLOY GRADE 544 FREE CUTTING PHORSPHOR BRONZE HAS A MACHINABILITY OF 85% (CDA 360 = 100%) AND IS A HIGH STRENGTH ALLOY WITH EXCELLENT CORROSION RESISTANCE AND GOOD FATIGUE PROPERTIES. USES INCLUDE GEARS, VALVE PARTS, BUSHINGS, SHAFTS AND BEARINGS, AND FOR AUTOMATIC SCREW MACHINE PARTS SUCH AS PINIONS, CONTACTS, TERMINALS AND SWITCHES. ALSO ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT AND METER PARTS.

| | 1"to 11" | 12"to 35" | 36"to 71" | | 1"to 11" | 12"to 35" | 36"to 71" |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1/4 | $0.40 | $0.35 | $0.30 | 1/2 | $1.00 | $0.95 | $0.90 |
| 5/16 | $0.60 | $0.55 | $0.50 | 3/4 | $1.95 | $1.75 | $1.60 |
| 3/8 | $0.65 | $0.60 | $0.55 | 1 | $2.70 | $2.50 | $2.30 |

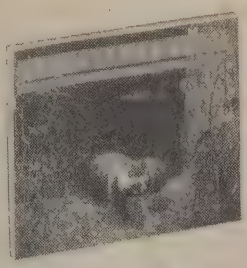
## The Animal Trail

*This is a distinctively Japanese book of color animal photographs. It blends a reverence for nature, high, technology, and an approach that verges on Zen (if a shutter clicks in the wilderness, is there a photographer . . . ?) Manabu Miyazaki positioned cameras at five locations — two of them stream crossings — along trails used by animals near his home, 4,500 feet up in the Japanese Alps. And then left them there for several years, through all the seasons, inside waterproof skindiver housings, with laser-beam triggers, strobe flashes, and car batteries to run everything. The animals, including a few humans, took their own pictures.*

*The results are superb. The captions, occasionally chattily anthropomorphic, are easily ignored. This book will give you a new sense of the term "nocturnal."*

*—Richard Nilsen*

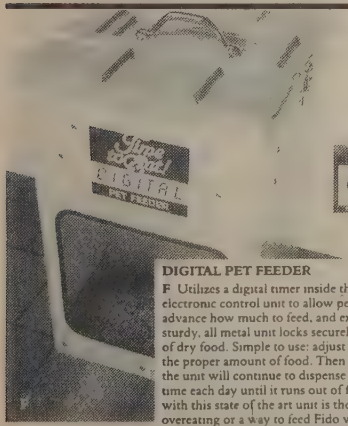
**The Animal Trail**
Manabu Miyazaki
1986; 66 pp.
**$12.95**
($14.95 postpaid) from:
Chronicle Books
275 Fifth St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
415/777-7240
or Whole Earth Access



## Animal Tracks Posters

*Big (25" x 36") handsome wall posters keyed to different regions of the U.S. Each has 40 to 50 tracks of reptiles, birds and mammals that live there. Except for a few of the larger mammals, all tracks are 2/3 life size. Each poster makes a striking graphic display, and the large scale of the prints gives a better sense of the size of each critter (especially for kids) than the teeny-weeny footprints in field guides. Wildlife identification doesn't get much easier than this.* *—Richard Nilsen*

**Animal Tracks Posters:** six versions — Rocky Mountains (ID, MT, WY, CO, UT, NM); Great Lakes (MN, WI, MI, IL, IN, OH); California; Mid-Atlantic (NY, NJ, PA, DE, MD, WV); New England (ME, NH, VT, MA, RI, CT); Pacific Northwest (WA, OR, BC, AK). **$4.95** (each) postpaid; catalog **free** from The Mountaineers/Books, 306 Second Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98119; 800/553-4453.



**DIGITAL PET FEEDER**

**F** Utilizes a digital timer inside the lid together with an electronic control unit to allow pet owners to decide in advance how much to feed, and exactly when to feed. The sturdy, all metal unit locks securely and holds up to 25 pounds of dry food. Simple to use: adjust the portion control knob for the proper amount of food. Then set the 24-hr. clock once and the unit will continue to dispense the same amount at the same time each day until it runs out of food. Portion control feeding with this state of the art unit is the ideal solution for overeating or a way to feed Fido when you can't be home. All-weather construction makes this rugged unit suitable for use indoors or out. Measures 15" wide, 15" deep, and 23¾" high. Weighs 23 lbs. Uses 2 "D" batteries (not included)
**D1149** Digital Feeder **$200.00**

## Animail

*Luxuries for pets. Sometimes high tech, sometimes, deep plush, mostly pretty practical and clever, these are love offerings for dogs and cats (and some birds and fish). Does your dog devour Frisbees in flight? Try the Gumabone Frisbee of hambone-scented unmunchable polymer, $9.* *—Stewart Brand*

**Animail Pet Care Products:** catalog **free** from 2515 E. 43rd Street/P. O. Box 23547, Chattanooga, TN 37422; 800/255-3723.

## Fine Gardening

*For years I've been reading **Fine Woodworking**, though I'm not a woodworker, and **Threads**, though a dilettante at sewing. I've always appreciated that these Taunton Press magazines never talk down to their readers, always explain clearly enough for novices, and focus on specific people doing what they do best. Because of my admiration and my gardening mania, I subscribed to their new **Fine Gardening** sight unseen, and was not disappointed.*

***Fine Gardening** is similar in format to Taunton's other magazines: elegant rather than flashy, advertising front and back instead of scattered throughout, and with that hands-on, in-depth reporting they do so well.*

***Fine Gardening** promised and delivers articles useful to the home gardener: flowers, vegetables, propagation, pest control, irrigation and garden design; letters, tips, and reviews of books and tools. You don't see those lush shots of country estates with their acres of yews and hundreds of feet of perennial borders that are exercises in futility for most of us with our modest plots. That's not to say they stick with the mundane. The second issue had an article on how to vegetatively reproduce trilliums — not easy, but a useful challenge for those concerned about the collecting of wild plant material.*

*Common and Latin names for plants are given, of course, and sources for plants and tools. A good magazine for the beginner and the greenthumb.*

*American gardening readers may have noticed that the baby bulge (including me) has discovered the considerable joys of gardening, with a resultant surge in products and peripherals. You'll find **Organic Gardening**, the Rodale publication, enlarged and glossified, and others, including **National Gardening**, redesigned to tempt the next generation of gardeners. Dig in.*

*—Kathleen O'Neill*

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**Fine Gardening**
Roger Holmes, Editor
**$20**/year
(6 issues) from:
The Taunton Press
63 South Main Street
P. O. Box 355
Newtown, CT 06470-9989
800/243-7252

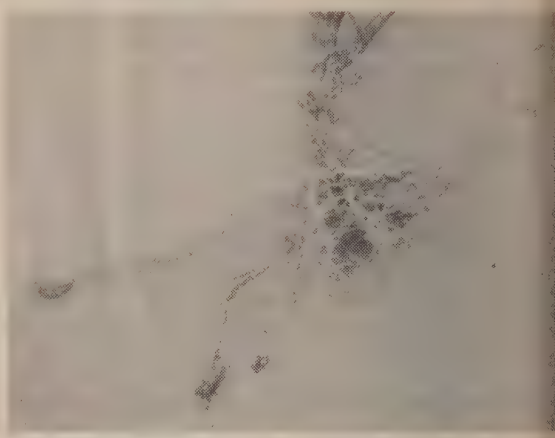
Nematodes are roundworms (in Europe they're called eelworms). They may be more numerous than any other animal on earth. . . .

About 10% of nematode species affect plants, primarily attacking the roots. . . .

Above-ground symptoms of nematode damage vary greatly, but almost always involve stunted growth and reduced yield. . . .

If your area is free of harmful nematodes, be thankful. If they're known in the area but not on your property, be vigilant. For seven years I had the opportunity to plant a vegetable garden on a quarter-acre site that . . . was completely nematode-free. I had a set of tools I used exclusively in this area and I was relentless in my efforts to keep contaminated soil out. A contaminated plant from a well-meaning neighbor or a careless nursery, or a tool returned muddy could introduce nematodes. . . .

I grew annuals there, but had I wanted to transplant perennials such as berry bushes.or grape vines into the area, I would have had to treat them for nematodes. Hot-water treatments have been used for years. . . . The process involves washing soil off the plant's roots, then soaking the roots for from one to 25 minutes in water at temperatures ranging from 113° to 120° F. This works, but it's tricky: too long or too hot a treatment and the plant may die. The times and temperatures depend on the specific plant and nematode, and can be obtained from your county agent.



**The lumpy knots on the ends of these tomato roots are symptoms of nematode damage.**

## Prairie Nursery

*A catalog of North American wildflowers and grasses. Most are natives of the central plains states, but lots of them will do well elsewhere too. Seed for over 70 varieties is sold; and for landscapers with less patience (many of these flowers are perennials that won't put forth showy blooms until the third year) these same varieties are also sold as plants.* *—Richard Nilsen*

**Prairie Nursery:** catalog **$1**. P. O. Box 365, Westfield, WI 53964; 608/296-3679.

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PURPLE CONEFLOWER *Echinacea purpurea*
Sometimes known as "Purple Rudbeckia," this showy and very easy to grow plant adds a flashy touch to the August scene. Has more rigid petals and is not as long lived as Pale Purple Coneflower. It grows in similar habitats and blooms slightly later. Three to four feet tall.

**Purple Coneflower *(Echinacea purpurea)***

## Weed Wrench

*Here is a new tool designed for restoration ecology work in the Marin County, California, section of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. In the endless contest between native plants and escaped exotic species, the broom family is a major problem. It's fast-growing, shallow-rooted and self-seeds with a vengeance. For the park rangers and volunteers attempting to remove acres of the stuff, the Weed Wrench was invented by New Tribe, the same folks who manufacture the SaddlePack (**WER** #46, p. 67). Pincher jaws clasp plants up to 2½ inches in diameter at ground level, and the long handle levers out the roots. It has also been used with success on gorse and young acacias and eucalyptuses. Consider it a major back-saver.* —Richard Nilsen

**Weed Wrench: $120** f.o.b. San Francisco. **Free** brochures for other items from New Tribe, 3435 Army Street #330, San Francisco, CA 94110; 415/647-0430.

## Greenknees

*I garden many hours weekly, double-time due to our short growing season [in Maine]. While I have fantasized a long and happy gardening life on our 30 acres, I was beginning to be concerned about my knees lasting another four decades.*

*Greenknees pants have changed all that and if I go to town before I kneel in the dirt, they pass for a decent pair of town pants. I'm ordering a second pair!*
—Jane Heart

*These are baggy green pants of a breathable 10-oz. cotton twill. The removable knee-pads fit into pockets lined with nylon to repel moisture. The foam is molded, double thickness, with an air cushion in between (carpetlayers and tilesetters, take note). The back of the waistband is elastic and the pants take either belt or suspenders, which are extra. Greenknees have an extra side pocket for pruning shears, and a tiny pocket for seeds.*
—Richard Nilsen

**Greenknees: $48.95** postpaid from Denman & Company, 2913 Saturn, Suite H, Brea, CA 92621; 714/524-0668.

## Rodale's Garden Insect, Disease and Weed Identification Guide

*That old reliable bug identification book, **Rodale's Color Handbook of Garden Insects** (**NWEC** p. 107; **EWEC** p. 80) has been blended into this new volume, which also includes plant diseases and weeds. Most of the color photographs have been lost in the transition, but the line drawings in the new book are excellent. With a one-item-per-page format and an index, this book is an easy place to check first, but do not hesitate to look elsewhere, especially if the recommended "prevention and control" is impractical, inadequate or, in some cases, nonexistent (e.g., for yellowjackets).*

*Following the Rodale organic approach to agriculture, this book lists only natural controls; no synthetic chemical pesticides, fungicides or herbicides are included. Because of the brief format, it barely skims the surface of effective non-chemical techniques. A good place to track that kind of information down is the **Common Sense Pest Control Quarterly** ($30/year from BIRC, P. O. Box 7414, Berkeley, CA 94707).* —Richard Nilsen

**Rodale's Garden Insect, Disease and Weed Identification Guide**
Miranda Smith and Anna Carr
1988; 328 pp.
**$15.95**
postpaid from:
Rodale Press, Inc.
33 East Minor Street
Emmaus, PA 18049
800/441-7761
or Whole Earth Access

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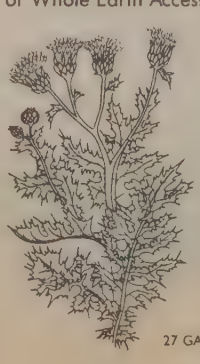
Canada Thistle
*Cirsium arvense* Compositae Weed, perennial

*Life Cycle:* Perennial, reproducing both by seeds and creeping roots. Seeds have a long period of viability, and roots sprout prolifically.

*Prevention and Control:* Pulling or cutting this plant does not eliminate the sprouting rootstock. Dig as much up as you can find and then, several weeks later, go back and dig again under each new plant. Under no circumstances let this plant flower; hoe it out immediately.

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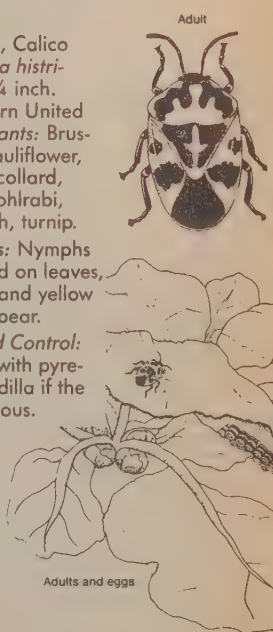
Harlequin Bug, Calico Bug: *Murgantia histrionica.* adult: ¼ inch. *Range:* Southern United States. *Host Plants:* Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, cherry, citrus, collard, horseradish, kohlrabi, mustard, radish, turnip.

*Feeding Habits:* Nymphs and adults feed on leaves, causing white and yellow blotches to appear.

*Prevention and Control:* Dust or spray with pyrethrum or sabadilla if the problem is serious.



# Scoop Nisker

*co-hosted our special broadcast issue in 1978. He is a subversive radio personality and veteran meditator.*

First of all I'd like to lead a big Right On! for the last remaining die-hard tie-died hippie idealists who have refused to let the monsters of materialism squash their glorious '60s visions. Brothers and Sisters! Stand up for your scruffy subjective spontaneous dayglo decade which can't be captured in a made-for-TV movie! Don't let the vapid vampires of '80s anticulture suck out your chromosome-damaged juices! KEEP THE FAITH AND PASS THE GOOD VIBES! And now, further . . .

Even good Buddhist meditators like myself sometimes venture out of the present moment into future fantasies. Mine is a modest desire. I simply want to live at least until the year 2000. Not only will it be the end of the century, it will be the MILLENNIUM, an event that only comes once every thousand years! Just imagine all the great magazine and television specials: *The Century in Review*, and *The Millennium: A Long Look Back*. In the year 2000 there will be so much history to cover that the documentaries will have to be broken down into specialized categories such as *Exploration: From Leif Ericson to Neil Armstrong*. (Ericson supposedly discovered America in the year 1000 A.D.) I look forward to the political retrospective, *One Thousand Years of Leadership: From Henry the Quarrelsome of Bavaria to Ronald the Great Communicator of America*. No doubt there are many such programs being prepared. The year 2000 is a great divide, a time for deep reflection and assessment, resolution and prediction. No doubt New Year's Eve 1999 will also see the wildest party the planet has ever thrown.

2000 is an auspiciously round number. Fundamentalists are searching through their holy books for apocalyptic passages and getting ready to proclaim the end of days or the return of this or that Messiah. At the last millennium there was widespread fear of the End of the World and the Last Judgement. Also, in 1000 A.D. the Chinese perfected the invention of gunpowder. It is appropriate that the anti-nuclear movement is calling for an end to the nuclear arms race by the year 2000, a target date with special psychological impact.

However, as rare as a millennium may be, I suspect that in the year 2000 it will be the 20th century in review that will be most astounding to watch. Time was standing still for the first 900 years of this millennium when compared to the revolutionary changes that have taken place in the last 100 years. It's hard to believe, but in 1900 there were virtually no paved roads in North America and not one parking lot. The Wright Brothers didn't make their first airplane flight until 1903. In 1900 we had not yet discovered that there were millions of other galaxies full of billions of other stars, a major shift in our perspective of ourselves in the universe. Perhaps equally astounding, in 1900 there was no Los Angeles.

It was in the year 1900 that Max Planck formulated his quantum theory, and Sigmund Freud published *The Interpretation of Dreams*. In 1900, the scientist R. A. Fessenden first transmitted human speech via radio waves, and the first magnetic recording of sound was made. At the turn of the century nobody would have believed that only 80 years later space satellites would be transmitting instantaneous color television pictures to all regions of the earth. Also, in 1900, not one person believed in rock and roll.

In 1900 we didn't have birth control pills or genetic engineering or even zip lock bags. Back in 1900 nobody would have considered possible the total destruction of the planet's rainforests, or the heating up of the world's atmosphere due to human pollution, or atomic bombs that could destroy all life on earth. Alfred Nobel didn't invent dynamite until 1866. We've come a long way, baby, and we got here fast. Maybe too fast.

The inventions and discoveries of the 20th century have transformed our lives in ways that we have yet to assimilate. Many of our former ideas about who we are, where we are, and why we are have disintegrated as the rate of change approaches the speed of light. It feels as though we live through many lifetimes in this one life, and many different cultural eras and civilizations as well. This phenomenon makes history transparent and should offer us great wisdom and perspective. It also leaves us without ground to stand on, feeling

**continued next page**

# Will Baker

*writes creative nonfiction. He was this magazine's first assigned foreign correspondent, reporting on Nicaragua at length in issues 45 and 46. Author of* Backward: An Essay on Indians, Time and Photography *among other books.*

I herewith pass along survival lessons learned from my new son, Cole Baker, during his first year of this life. He has given valuable instruction on how to handle advanced Industrial States, now perfecting their techniques for controlling the citizen and gutting the planet.

1. Observe carefully everything that comes within range.
2. If the approaching being is animate, smile at it. If it smiles back, give it a pinch. If it pinches back, smooch it. If it smooches back good, keep it around indefinitely.
3. If the object is inanimate, touch it, smell it, taste it, and strike it several times with a blunt instrument. If it is not gratifying to the senses or does not soothe the mind, throw it away. If it persists in returning, beat the shit out of it.
4. If several large beings collect around you and urge you to do something, consider this something with *special* care. If they want you to eat something that tastes bad, spit it out. If they want you to wear something uncomfortable and ugly (like a uniform), tear it up and throw it in the dirt. If they want you to say something you don't want to say, sing them a song, and if they don't like that, find something they *don't* want you to say and scream it at the top of your lungs for as long as you can.
5. If the Largies try to restrain you or put you in a cage, sing them another song. If they don't release you, piss on them, and keep an eye out for a blunt instrument.
6. If you are repeatedly restrained, smile and appear to go along with the latest Largie plan. Secretly remain, however, a cunning, domineering little asshole and watch for a moment when you are left alone near a valuable, fragile object.
7. If the Largies give you everything you want, take it of course, but piss on them now and then anyway.
8. If they insist that you accompany them to their endless meetings, conferences, parties, etc., learn to fall asleep instantly and fart at will.
9. Learn a complicated series of gestures to make, in case you are at a big gathering of Largies and feel forgotten: imitate Hitler, Leonard Bernstein, someone with muscular dystrophy, The Incredible Hulk, and Marx (Harpo). When all attention is focused on you, take down your pants or blow spit bubbles.
10. After a hard day of applying these lessons, eat and drink all you want, sing some more songs, and find one of the Largies who hangs around a lot calling you precious darling; try to get them into bed beside you and indicate by clear gesture the parts of yourself you want nuzzled before you go sleepy-by. ■

SCOOP NISKER *(continued)*

somewhat lost and insecure. As the Chinese saying goes, "Beware of interesting times."

As we approach the year 2000, I see the major source of difficulty to be the fact that the collective consciousness and conscience of our species have not kept up with our advances in information gathering and technological ability. We have knowledge without wisdom, skill without heart, left brain without right, yang without yin. We have replaced religion with science and in the process lost the ethical and spiritual principles that guide and give meaning to our lives. We know how to do, but not how to be.

Maybe the retrospectives of the year 2000 will be a great consciousness-raising experience for us all. I hope so, but I also have seen enough of history to know not to have great expectations. Nonetheless, I am still looking forward to looking backward.

Meanwhile, here in 1988, I am studying how to be, how to sit still, how to pay better attention, and working on the evolution of my own consciousness as one small way of contributing to the enlightenment of all sentient beings. I also recycle, vote, produce radio shows, and still go to Grateful Dead concerts. Maybe by 11:59:59 PM on December 31st, 1999, I will be in the present moment. Hope to see you there. ■

# Gurney Norman

*created* Divine Right's Trip, *that strange story threading its unlikely way through the pages of the* Last Whole Earth Catalog. *Gurney lives in Appalachia where, he says, ten million people and a thousand artists and writers are happily fulfilled by work without reference to the national culture.*

This is Gurney Norman reporting in from down across the years. They have been good years. In 1973 I fell in with a group of filmmakers that was at work on a new kind of movie. The idea was to follow the adventures of an ex-hippie along his life-path until 1988, a neat fifteen years, videotaping madly all aspects and phases of his public and personal life, and then cooking it all down somehow into a thick ten-hour epic soup of a movie to be shown as a mini-series on cable TV, which these filmmakers, in their stoned prescience, knew would have burgeoned like kudzu throughout American society by the late eighties.

We chose an old boy named David Roy Davenport as our subject. We followed the poor bastard everywhere he went until April, 1988, taping his entire life; but then he mysteriously disappeared on a backpacking trip in the Blue Ridge somewhere west of Roan Mountain, Tennessee. It has been one of the major mysteries of recent Appalachian life, poor D.R.'s disappearance. We have had search parties in the high country since April, but not one sign of our lost hero have we found.

But even as the search continues, editing of the tapes has gone on, in the hope that we can air the mini-series by April, 1989. Perhaps D.R. will re-appear by then. Perhaps he is gone forever. We are looking through the hundreds of thousands of hours of tape for clues that might explain his disappearance. The segment that has been the most revealing so far was taped during one of D.R.'s sessions with his therapy group in Lexington, Kentucky.

The first time he met with the group D.R. gave the people his basic life rap: born in the hills; grew up in Ohio; parents divorced; then dead; college dropout, 1967; on the road; west coast; marijuana, acid, peyote, mushrooms, speed, nervous breakdown; healed by a woman's love but not made mature by it; marriage, divorce-but-good-friends; one child who lives with her mother in Grayling, Michigan; odd jobs through the seventies; then: substitute teaching in the local elementary school, the beginnings of a calling; "non-traditional student" at the university, age 30-32; degree, job, relative stability; solitary personal life, reading Joseph Campbell.

"What's made it hard, though," he says, "is the presence of this damn TV crew all the time."

D.R. looks into the camera as he says it. The camera fans around the circle, thirteen people counting Helen, the psychodrama and sand play specialist whose clinic is the sponsor of the group.

"Why do you put up with it?" Alcoholic Annette of the long blond hair wants to know.

"I must honor my contract," D.R. says. "I made an agreement."

"But it's making you unhappy, obviously," says schizophrenic Cedric.

"It's making *me* unhappy, I'll tell you that," says Hopeless Howard.

"I like it," says Recovering Rebecca. "This is neat. We're on TV!"

"So what's this all got to do with The *Last Temptation of Christ?*" asks Connie Christian. "Have you all *seen* that thing?"

"It's banned in Kentucky," says Crazy Charlie. "That doesn't seem right to me. You have to go to Cincinnati if you want to see it."

"Let's all go, as a group," says Weak Wilgus. "Next week. Instead of talking."

"We're off the subject a little," Helen puts in, sumptuous Helen whose powers of Manifestation Alteration are legendary all up through the Ohio Valley and down the Appalachian chain. "D.R. is telling us about the problem of having his life made into a TV show."

"It's given me a bad attitude about media in general," D.R. goes on. "I'm suspicious of mass anything. I listen to Bruce Springsteen sing about the working class to ten thousand hundred million middle-class fans who pay forty-nine million billion trillion middle-class dollars, and then I listen to Hazel Dickens sing her West Virginia songs and I think — thank God for Hazel. I don't know. It's part of the contradictions of American life. We are split across the cultural brow. Stories of poor people in the *New Yorker* next to ads for ten-thousand-dollar-an-ounce perfume. I don't trust it. I think thirteen people is the largest crowd that should be allowed. I like this. This feels nice."

After the group session the video follows D.R. outside the clinic building and then stays with him as he walks alone across the grounds to the fence beyond which the Japanese are building the new Toyota plant on a field where the an-

**continued next page**

# Jerry Brown

*was governor of California from 1974 to 1982, and ran for president in 1980. He has appeared in this magazine primarily as an interviewer of others, such as Herman Kahn. I interviewed him in Los Angeles by phone.*

For many years I've had three things that describe what I was trying to do, and I think they're more true today than ever. They were: protect the Earth, explore the universe, and serve people. I think those three things are reasonable. They have not lost anything with the passage of time. We have to protect the Earth, but at the same time we should be exploring the universe, and, in our own lives, our basic aspect should be service. The three-prong approach.

So I've come to appreciate more deeply the values and traditions that I learned as a Jesuit seminarian. The universality and the traditional truth that those insights are a part of seem much more evident to me. My experiences of other cultures, and other traditions of both religion and philosophy, reinforced in my mind the validity of much of what I learned there. I sense a fundamental core about human nature and about life that is found throughout the world. They are found in many different guises and in many different images and symbols.

One fundamental principle they taught in the Jesuit seminary, is what they call in Latin, "agere contra" — it means "go against yourself." Another related idea is, "ignatian" — detachment from creature comforts or worldly desires. From my time of study in Japan, I find that very similar ideas, although in different imagery, are part of the religious tradition in the East. So, that reinforces the truth and the validity in my mind of what it was I was taught. I see a lot of profound truth about human nature within the orthodox tradition.

There are big things happening in this tradition. The Pope is having a dialogue between Buddhists and Christianity. Pretty incredible. Thirty years ago it was a mortal sin to go inside a Protestant church. Within the Catholic church, there's a major effort to understand, and to respect, traditions which just a few years ago were called "paganism." At the same time, if sexually transmitted diseases continue accelerating, the more traditional sexual morality will look very very plausible and reasonable.

Maybe I'm just getting older. The closer you get to the grave the more you question the more superficial aspects of your life. You look for something enduring and solid. Another one of the things they used to say in the Jesuit seminary, they used to caution against the significant defect of *hankering after novelties*. I'd say hankering after novelties is a major driver in the modern economy.

I see the power of the human mind to continuously create and invent and, as Bucky Fuller would say, make design changes. Whatever the limits of the human mind are, we certainly aren't even close to them, assuming there are any. We'll invent ways to live with more people and more technology and more information processing and all the rest. But a spiritual path is the number-one place to put your attention. You have to have bread in your stomach, but a tremendous number of people have got that one pretty well down. Then the next point is, What's the point? How do you live? What are the values? Or, better yet, what are the principles? And certainly that's what Bateson was pushing for. A sense of the sacred.

To make change, people have to start changing themselves. Start with yourself. That's where all the healing takes place. Things take a lot longer than I used to think they did. I used to think big changes happen overnight, but it only happens in a slow growth pattern. No quick fixes around the corner. Probably no big catastrophes, either. It's slow, slow *co*-evolution here.

The important point is to link personal transformation with the larger political context. It's not enough just to read the paper and say hey, we better be worried about the people in the Sudan. What I mean is that the same basic challenges of how you deal with your family, or how you deal with the people you work with, is the same as dealing with borders. It's the same game. There is no formula or prescription. It's ancient wisdom, but the consequences are radical. Protect the Earth, explore the universe, and serve people is what I'm trying to do. ■

Los Angeles Times photo

## GURNEY NORMAN (continued)

cient bison fed, where Indians hunted ten thousand years ago, where Boone encamped in 1769 and helped give rise to the myth of Kentucky as an Eden.

We've studied this tape a hundred times, seeking clues. You can feel the clues in there. You can see in D.R.'s forty-one year old face the imprint of his life and years. Old hippie. Old freak. Where are you now? Walking in the woods, alone in the high country.

And where am I? Seated here, as usual, at my desk in old Kentuck, fondly remembering all my friends of yesteryear. Everything has changed and nothing has changed. Go ahead on! ■

# Conn Nugent

*edited an issue of CQ in 1982 exploring the notion of "When Things Go Wrong." In 1985, as executive director of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, he shared the Nobel Peace Prize, which led to a chat with Gorbachev. He now runs Five Colleges, a consortium of five colleges near Amherst, Massachusetts.*

1. The scale of everything is grander than I knew. Big and little, time and space. A Massachusetts rock lives a half billion years, a semiconductor impulse a nanosecond. Electron microscopes see complexity in realms we called invisible. Radio dishes hear billions of galaxies, each with millions of stars, from what we called The Void.

2. People react to this information in different ways. You may feel awed or alienated or, more typically, unaffected, since the very vastness of the scale seems irrelevant to life as it's lived. Personally, I find comfort in musing on the universe. Its bigness prompts notice of my vanities, which is a relief. But with that agreeable humbling also comes pleasure in realizing the power of human thought. That laws of physics deduced by a professor in an armchair are applicable all through the continuum — are really "universal" — seems magnificent, delightful.

3. Maybe this sentiment comes from a longing to feel again the satisfactions of the Catholic religion, but without the incredible Catholic doctrine. One thing seems sure: as our tools and our thinking become more supple, we blur boundaries between the tangible and the spiritual. Or at least we recognize physical characteristics of phenomena once regarded as metaphysical. There are chemical and electrical properties to ideas and emotions, and they reside in locations. Mental illness can be induced or arrested pharmacologically, just as somatic illness can be influenced by mood and intention. For some people, the hypothesis that spiritual sensations exist in energy and matter is ugly, reductionist. Not for me.

4. Religious traditions teach what physicists now seek to prove: that all things partake of a common nature. The acid-trip realization — that foot and shoe and ground are the same thing — is spot on. We are one. But it is equally, paradoxically, true that we are various beyond imagining. From the tension between these two truths — all is one; all is different — come powerful feelings, love among them. Love is a desire for some degree of merger, for some bliss of one-ness to complement the delectable, stressful variety of fragmentation.

5. Love can be seen as a recognition of kinship. Perfect love, God's love, finds commonality throughout the universe. A saint's love cultivates sympathies that stretch both through time (back to ancestors and forward to great-grandchildren) and through space (out to far-off strangers). But most of us have smaller circles of intimacy, narrower bounds of family. We protest when the brainy mammalian dolphin gets caught in the net with lowly tuna. We have a hard enough time loving ourselves.

6. Still, our cleverness now requires that we love more broadly. We are a species that has devised the means to extinguish its habitat. With nuclear weapons for a quick end, with carbon dioxide for the gradual approach. So a sense of kinship with foreigners and descendents and with oceans and forests is not just an aesthetic ideal, it's the prerequisite for self-preservation.

7. Thus it seems ironic that those who want to abolish nuclear weapons are dismissed as wool-heads or worse. Anybody who thinks that 15,000 bombs ready to explode will never explode — now there's a utopian. Anybody who thinks that burning more petroleum solves the problems of the petroleum age is no realist. The alternative is to believe in the capacity of humans to actually plan the changes in behavior demanded by new contingencies.

8. The emergence of people trying to fashion more sustainable systems is therefore a good thing. Overlook the jargon and the piety. Somebody should be inquiring into ways to feed humans without trashing the land and without needing an intravenous for energy and fertility. Like the Jacksons in Kansas, for example, asking questions about the feasibility of perennial food grasses. Or even like those guys who want to digest poplar plantations and make the cellulose taste like Beef Stroganoff.

9. These scattered investigations occur at a time when a money economy links the world. However you calculate the costs and benefits of this development, you can't overlook its tendency to induce great spoliations of the natural order. Can rich nations control (use or modify or prohibit) what they've conjured? Must non-Europeans recapitulate the mistakes of the white guys? Do you need to drive an Oldsmobile before you forego Oldsmobiles?

10. The problem, of course, is that Oldsmobiles are fun. The cash nexus is fun, if you have a little cash. Thermostats are fun, air travel is fun, extravagance is fun. Fun isn't health and fun isn't goodness, but most of us prefer the company of hedonists to that of tut-tutters. There will always be this tension between individual freedom and the fullness of love I mentioned earlier. It makes life hard sometimes.

11. Americans like to think of themselves as generous. I'm not so sure. By many measures of generosity — the sharing of goods; the practice of husbandry; social customs of

**continued next page**

# Ben Cohen

*is the Ben in Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream company in Vermont. Ben & Jerry's is one of the most unorthodox publicly held companies going. The traditional finale to their stockholders' annual meeting is Jerry smashing a cinderblock on Ben's ample stomach, while Ben (at left in photo at right) suspends himself horizontally between two chairs. [By phone.]*

Gary Clayton Hall

There's a window of opportunity in the coming years for consumers to start being a more powerful force in how the country is run. You can do that through purchasing products based on whether you agree with the company's values or not. The Council on Economic Priorities has taken a real leadership role in giving consumers the information you need in order to make purchasing decisions. They publish a landmark book, called *Rating America's Corporate Conscience,* in which they rate America's corporations according to about ten different socially responsible criteria. They're in the process of coming out with a handbook that people can take with them into the supermarket, and it lists 1,500 items that you find on the shelf, and it rates those companies according to how they do business and how they conduct their affairs. You can decide whether you want to support a company that's in South Africa or whose other division is making weapons or not.

I buy Newman's Own salad dressing, not only because it's good, but because I know that all the profits of that company are going to support worthwhile causes. I don't see why we can't have cracker companies or soup companies that are doing the same thing. I would like to be able to go into the supermarket and be able to have the choice of buying most any product that I want from a company which is actually a company which is giving away all its profits. That's a different economy. Ben & Jerry's gives away 7½ percent of its pretax profits, which happens to be the highest percentage of any publicly held company. The corporate average in the United States now is about 1.5 percent. If every company gave away only 5 percent, we'd be able to lick most of the social problems in the country which are not being dealt with for lack of funds.

There's another opportunity now in a new global consciousness. The younger people are beginning to get in touch with each other around the world. As communication and travel improves, we begin to be in touch with other people around the world and discover that they are very much like us. They find out we have no desire to blow them up and we find out they have no desire to blow us up. And everybody finds it's strange that our governments are spending 40 percent of our money on doing just that.

At Ben & Jerry's, we've been in the process of setting up an ice cream shop in Moscow. Of course we have to bend a bit to do this; there isn't just one way to do things. We find that the people that we meet in Moscow are very interested in being friends with Americans. They recognize the insanity of each country spending $300 billion a year (that's almost a billion dollars a day) on the military, when 25,000 children a day are dying of starvation and lack of medical care.

I can no longer tolerate the idea of 40 percent of my tax money going to weapons while people are dying and starving. When I was a little kid I couldn't understand why you were supposed to hate some other person just because they happened to be born on the wrong side of some imaginary line, but I guess the difference now is that myself and other members of my generation are in a position where maybe we can do something about it. ■

## CONN NUGENT (continued)

dependent-care and hospitality — we lag behind our myths. Our sense of obligation seems grudging, through time and through space. Sometimes I think that America and I need to improve in the same ways. Reduce bombast; work productively; tend the inheritance; be kind.

**12.** I fear these remarks may seem pretentious. Like most of us, I live primarily in a smaller world of family, job, town and friends. Much of it is baffling, especially the ups and downs of self-regard and commitment to others. I wrestle with defects that make me moan for their intractability. All I mean to say is that I feel at home on this planet, our heaven and hell, and that I want nothing so much as I want my kids to live long and well enough to draw their own conclusions. ■

# Michael Phillips

*was Point Foundation's financial guru for many years, and was one of the founders of the Briarpatch network of hip small businesses. The author of* The Seven Laws of Money, *Michael has a way of talking about the untalked-about.*

You can, today, experience a social phenomenon more distressing than most humans would ever voluntarily encounter. It only requires talking to ten friends.

Just say: "I think a lot of innocent people may be going to jail because of mass hysteria about child abuse." Be willing to defend your suggestion with a few facts.

Such as: In Bakersfield, seven people are serving jail terms ranging up to 400 years after a trial for sexually molesting dozens of children at one time and filming them in a small motel room that could not accommodate four. No film, no purchase receipts, no adult witnesses and no physical evidence of any kind were ever found.

In the Long Beach McMartin day care case, one of the prosecuting attorneys quit, saying there was no legal evidence to prosecute in spite of taped television interviews with over 40 children claiming a wide range of sexual abuses. The psychologist who made the tapes has testified in many similar trials.

*The Village Voice* carried the story of a young New Jersey woman sentenced to 47 years for sexual abuse of children and reported that the DA and many parents wore a popular button reading Believe the Children. On the same day *The New York Times* reviewed a major book by two psychologists who studied thousands of children and found that normal children learn about the way the world works by lying and making up stories.

I predict that nine out of ten of your friends, regardless of status, education or scientific training, have been bitten by the rabid dog of hysteria marauding our land and infecting nearly everyone with the certainty that child sexual abuse is widespread, particularly in day care centers, and that the rare person who is caught is most certainly guilty.

You will quickly find that facts are irrelevant. Think about the facts that would test or verify the hysteria. For example: the proportion of media reports about this subject that are later revised or recanted compared to any similar subject. The number of child kidnappings reported in the press compared to the number actually handled by the FBI. The number of cases where the testimony of multiple children reporting sexual abuse was contradicted by some physical fact, e.g., the accused abuser was out of the country.

You can probably think of many tests of our national hysteria, and you can check the evidence. The most comprehensive source is a series in the January *Memphis Commercial Appeal.* Incidentally, nearly all cases they investigated alleged satanism and pornography.

The reaction of your friends should give you a sense of what it was like to question during World War II whether third-generation Japanese Americans should be interned, or whether enemy cities should be bombed if nearly all victims are civilians.

You, if you're at all like me, will marvel at actually feeling mass hysteria, today!

Having come this far, welcome to a tiny club (actually a "small" club because there is an organization called VOCAL — Victims of Child Abuse Laws — that has thousands of members). Our club is investigating and talking about the causes of this hysteria.

A superb reference is *Salem Possessed* by Boyer and Nissenbaum. The authors conclude that the witch trials arose because the countryside residents had no political or judicial institutions to review their community problems. When town meetings, commissions of inquiry, and judicial processes arrived the hysteria abated.

Today's comparable problem for which we lack suitable institutions is divorce, with resulting government intrusion into the family, child custody and support battles.

Should you ever sit in a family court, or talk to a family lawyer about their work you will find that many families experience legal travails far outside the scope of TV soap operas or any popular consensus of justice.

From the Salem research we can suggest the absence of acceptable institutions to deal with this widespread, painful experience and in this vacuum hysteria flourishes.

A less sociological model has suggested that the near-wholesale abandonment of our children to child care centers (without a suitable excuse like war) has left us feeling very guilty. Earning money versus caring for children.

Let me conclude by protecting my life. There is child abuse in America; most of it happens in the child's home. The rampant stories about sexual exploitation in day care centers with overtones of satanism are a separate matter. ■

# Sallie Tisdale

*guest-edited issue #56 of* WER. *Previously in* WER, *she's written about autopsies, senility, and emergency burn wards. Sallie has just finished an entire book about salt, and is now writing about an innovative elephant-breeding program that relies on just-discovered sex pheromones.*

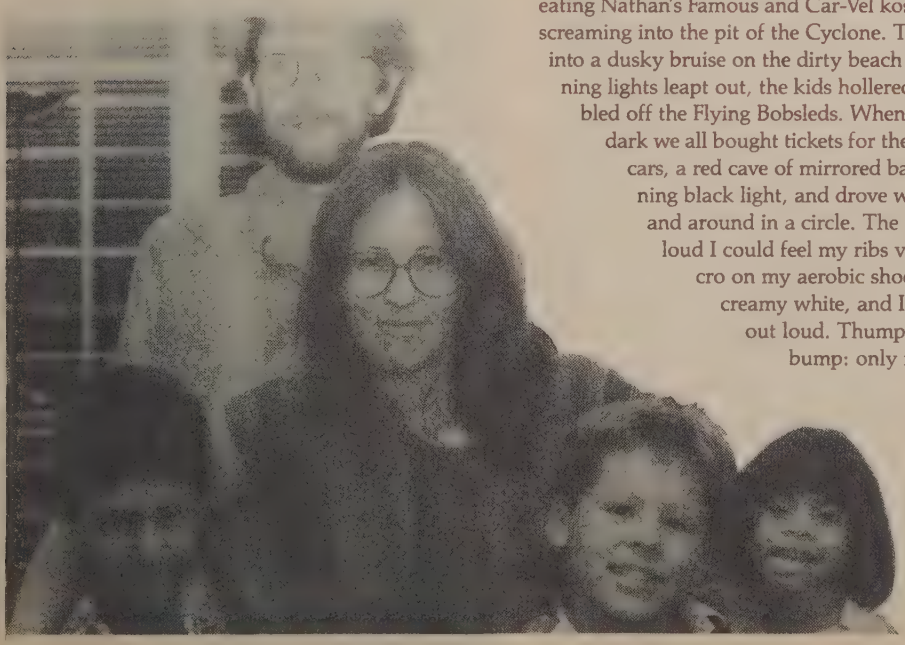
We had one hot and strange vacation this year, putting down 1,500 miles of New England in a rental car, most of it on winding two-lanes from Lake Erie to Vermont, down to Manhattan and back to the Alleghenies. The humidity was so high we could see it in the faded orange of sunset, wet haze like smoke on the road. Three kids bickered in the back seat, and we ran the AC, burning hydrocarbons hard and fast. We drove from motel to motel, leaning toward that thrill, a new key in a new lock, a door swinging open on a clean, new room. Somewhere on the thruway, snaking toward Poughkeepsie, I thought: I've arrived. I'm living the American Dream.

For 15 years, for half my life, I've been in this CULTURE, this Counter, this Alternative, a plane slicing through my lower-middle-class rural childhood like a razor, described by clothes and words and shared beliefs. I'm too young for the peak of the wave but I happily caught its tail, dizzy with the noise of all these different people, wanting to be different in the very same ways. Culture and tribe, they're like planets that we orbit, they pull, and always seem bigger than the sun. For my particular tribe, the parabola was of difference.

Always "difference" — that totem — always change, or progress, or movement. The personal political, the local global, the WHOLE earth: Yeah. It feels fine, and right, familiar. Family. But with it came this half-conscious amusement toward everything else, the tribes: cultural xenophobia. A snide anthropology directed at the totems we loudly left. For all the talk of community, most of our words imply separation: we talk of difference from, change to, alternative for, a counter-motion, antithesis. Calculated awakening through inspired offense, a throw-away. A New Society reinvented, an Idea made World. Reaction, action, tools that *make a difference.* But all this disaffection needed balance — family, new or old, neighborhoods. Community. I drift back toward the ordinary, find myself in a married-with-three-kids-and-a-mortgage incarnation and have to keep checking: Do I still fit in? Where's my Culture? Where's my Group?

Difference. We've embraced exotica without discrimination, mimed other tribes for their difference, and all the while disparaged the near, the known, for its very ordinary-ness. Half my restless toe-tapping is that nagging belief that difference is better, that down the road, round the corner, over there are answers, my urge to new-ness, new to me. Such ideas generate, for a very great many of us, this vision of American culture as a freak show, roadside attractions and Elks Club picnics — the normal made strange by our distance. Detachment — and with it isolation.

Well. I've made my share of anthropological observations. But I'm changing, and I feel a hell of a lot more at home here than I did a few short years ago. I felt quite the insider at the little county fair in Vermont, checking out the milk cows. I have a certain love for milk cows, and a real joy in Ferris wheels. I liked the motel in Middletown, New York — it's fresh, all white and blue, and it's on a bluff, looking east down the Hudson toward New York City, a sea of thrice-logged trees. But the most fun we had was on Coney Island, eating Nathan's Famous and Car-Vel kosher ice cream, screaming into the pit of the Cyclone. The sky faded into a dusky bruise on the dirty beach and the spinning lights leapt out, the kids hollered and stumbled off the Flying Bobsleds. When it was full dark we all bought tickets for the disco bumper cars, a red cave of mirrored balls and spinning black light, and drove wildly around and around in a circle. The music was so loud I could feel my ribs vibrate, the velcro on my aerobic shoes glowed creamy white, and I kept laughing out loud. Thump, whack, bump: only in America. ■



John Brockman

# Jeremy Rifkin

*obstructs headlong genetic engineering by means of law suits and lecturing. He has brought attention to some questionable genetic work. He's also made it difficult for some excellent research to happen. He now battles time engineering. [By phone.]*

Around World War II, the unchallenged spatial myth in this country was: Bigger is better. The whole country was obsessed with centralization, accumulation, conglomeration. Then about 20 years ago a heresy took hold: Small is beautiful. The *Whole Earth Catalog* participated right at the center of that movement.

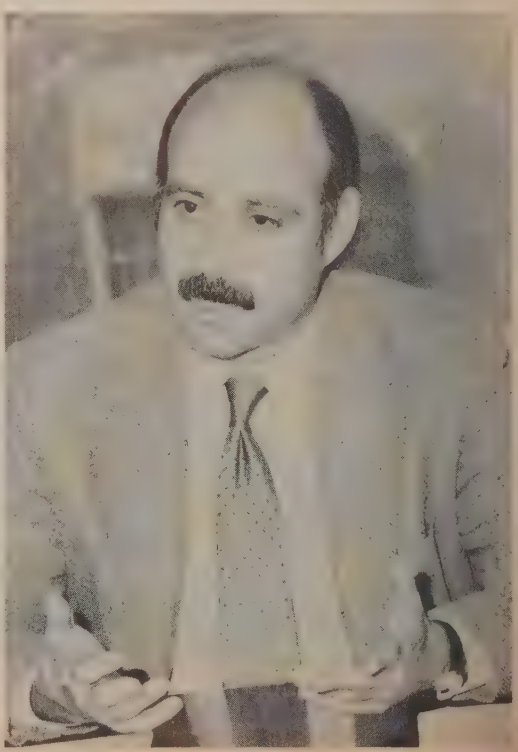
If "bigger is better" was the primary spatial value of our industrial society, then "faster is better," hyperefficiency, expediency, are the primary temporal values in our worldview. I suggest our time values are the last unchallenged part of our traditional worldview. We need to develop what I would call "slow is beautiful." A sustainable time orientation would be one in which we learned to produce and consume at the rate that nature can recycle and replenish. We need to develop a time orientation that's compatible with the biological frequencies of the planet. While our "computer nanosecond culture" creates a context for more hyperefficiency, the tradeoff and tragedy is that we're becoming a society that feels we have less and less time than any culture on the planet. Yet the average medieval serf had 115 days off a year.

We're now organizing time below the threshold of participation. You cannot perceive a nanosecond, or experience it. What happens when a civilization organizes itself on a timeframe that's below the realm of actual experience? You can't participate in it. What happens when a society begins to program out its future activities? The future can be filled in without you being there at all. There's a plant in Fuji, Japan, that's running without a person in it. The only person that ever took part in the unfolding of the activity in that plant is the designer. Increasingly, as activities are programmed in advance in order to save time, it'll mean less and less ability for the average person to take part in their own futures. We will be shunted out of a decision-making process. That's what happened with the stock market crash. We had computer trading, and at a critical point during the day when the activity was cascading beyond the human response time, computers clicked in based on preprograms. When a society is moving at such a fast pace, the unfolding of activity has to be preprogrammed. As we move closer to Star Wars, closer to faster response, we're down to three minutes response time, and the DOD says there's no way human beings can make the decision on whether to strike back that fast, so it'll have to be done by pre-programmed programs.

One of the arguments against genetic engineering is that it's trying to compress what happens over a long period of time into a short period of time. The whole point of biotech and genetic engineering is to develop plants and animals that will grow to maturation quicker: put a human gene into a pig so it'll grow sexually mature quicker so you can get it down to the slaughterhouse. The point is also to compress time by breeding monocultures, to bypass the time-intensive traditional plant and animal breeding programs by moving genes code-to-code.

I would say the most impressive change in values in the last 200 years has been this word "efficiency." It's a relatively new idea. Maximize your output in the minimum time. With the minimum labor, energy, and capital. Most people think efficiency has been the standard for all of history. But if you go to Third World cultures, they know that this is silly. That's what colonization is really all about. We robbed them of their time values. That's more important than robbing them of their territory. Once you get 'em on your time values, punctual, efficient, on the program, the schedule — they're lost. They're totally malleable. That's why we could never enslave the the American Indian. They would not accept our time orientation. That is the heart of our worldview. I *know* it is the heart because it's never challenged. The heart of a worldview is when you get so down deep that everyone takes it for granted. We assume and take for granted it's been here since God created the heavens and the Earth. In fact it's been here less than 90 years.

The language of systems theory and the computer revolution is now imperializing every aspect of our reality. We define ourselves in the same kind of simulation language that we use to orchestrate our reality. Sherry Terkel in *The Second Self* said, "we used to think of computers in human terms, and now we increasingly think of humans in computer terms." From cognitive psychology to biology, everything's programmed, or a program. No culture has ever developed a concept of nature that was at odds with the way it was manipulating nature with its tools. So what happens is a great conjurer's trick. We orchestrate nature in a certain way and then we start to believe that nature itself is orchestrated by the same principle. The medieval St. Thomas did it, the Sumerians did it, every culture does it. In the modern world, we're moving from the clockwork universe to the information/computer-program/nanosecond universe, from the Age of Progress to the Age of Simulation. ■



# Mark Satin

*publishes a highly influential newsletter,* New Options, *that tracks transformational social change, while avoiding the usual dogmas of the left, the new age, or the fading '60s. His monthly is on the reading list of many of the folks interviewed here.*

I *totally* disagree with the point of view that this country is going through a transformational shift at the present time. I've heard that talk ever since I was knee-high. I can remember being a teenager in the sixties and thinking, "Wow, the revolution is happening!" Now we're all 20 years older and we express ourselves differently. We speak of "evolution" not "revolution." We cite the New Quantum Physics of Fritjof Capra, not the sweet sexual metaphysics of Wilhelm Reich. (We *are* getting older.) But nothing has happened to make me think we're closer to a decentralized, ecological, globally responsible society today than we were before.

Sure, there are tens of thousands of people whose values include deep ecology, community-based economics, concern for the long-term future, and all the rest of it. But that group of people hasn't gotten any bigger for 20 years now. If anything, we've been losing our core supporters — remember the feistiness of the late seventies? But we'll always be a good two to five percent of the American people. We always have been. Four hundred years ago, some of us were Puritan dreamers. Two hundred years ago, we trekked all day through the woods to hear John Woolman preach. It's a beautiful subculture. But let's not fool ourselves: It's never come close to political power. Politically speaking, it's a subculture of Beautiful Losers.

And today we are *still* not doing the hard work necessary to get our views a hearing on the national political stage. There's no secret as to how to achieve that goal. Any pimply-faced first-year poli sci student can tell you. Listen — read his lips: If you want to achieve political power, you've got to organize. That's O-R-G-A-N-I-Z-E. Do you really think that Moral Majority has more supporters in this country than we do? I suspect the two sub-cultures are about the same size (at least potentially). But Moral Majority helped elect a president. We wet our pants with excitement every time a Green gets 10 percent of the vote. For city council. In a college town.

The difference is that Jerry Falwell had no problem doing what Common Cause did, and National Organization for Women did, and People for the American Way did. He had no problem understanding that, in order to get his sub-culture onto the national political stage, he had to launch an effective national political organization. If it meant hiring Washington political consultants, he swallowed his pride and did it. If it meant learning direct mail, he did it. If it meant soliciting memberships from millions of people, most of whom probably didn't even agree with him on everything, he did it.

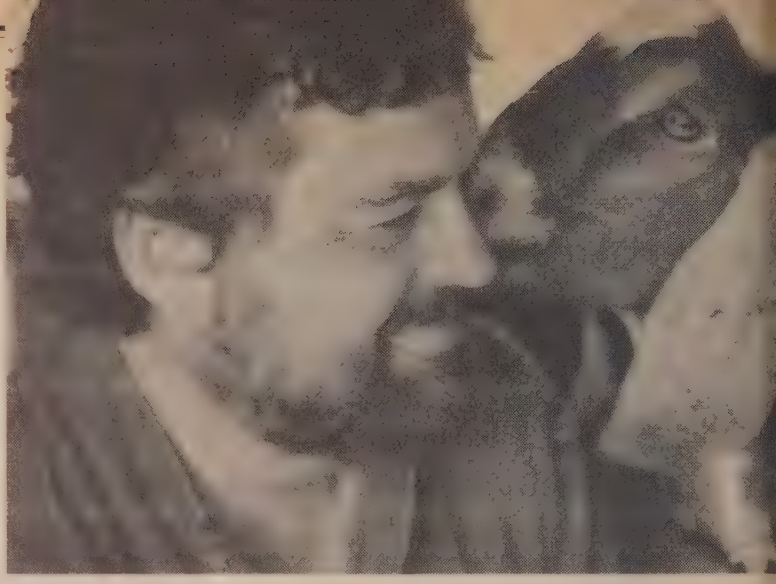
Are we prepared to make Falwell's compromises and sacrifices on behalf of our larger vision? Of course not. We would rather be good than do good. We would rather be pure than mature. We are the Beautiful Losers, remember?

On one level, Americans have always been receptive to our message, and they are receptive still. When I was at the Democratic convention this summer, I went to all these parties and receptions. And after the delegates found out who I was, and after they got me in a corner away from the others, their fears and hopes and dreams for the planet would come pouring out. And many of their dreams were like mine. The thing was, they didn't have the self-awareness or, to use your California language, they didn't have the spiritual self-confidence necessary to take their deeper hopes and dreams and turn them into a *politics*. They'd share stuff with me, Mark Satin, after hours, but they'd be damned if they'd go into a Jackson or Dukakis caucus and tell them that (for example) we cannot continue to put Americans' wants ahead of the rest of the world's needs. We need a national political organization that's big and tough and mainstream enough to make it acceptable for people to express, politically, what's buried in their hearts.

Our subculture is wonderful. It's keeping us nice and warm as the country continues its slide toward suicide and moral-cultural bankruptcy. I don't see that we're arresting that development one iota. I don't say that with a sense of despair. I spend my days writing about people and groups that are putting their shoulders to the wheel and trying to move this country in a new direction. Some of their efforts move me to tears. But I do not for one instant fool myself and think we're having a significant impact on the political life of our time. We were the most privileged generation in the most privileged country in the history of the world. Our role was to turn things around. It was written into our contract! Now we're 40 years old, 50 years old, and we're desperately coming up with rationalizations for the fact that we've failed to live up to our contract. "The transformation is HAPPENING . . . just under the surface . . . what's wrong with you, can't you see it?" I love you all, but I refuse to participate in this self-serving charade, I refuse to go down in history as another Beautiful Loser. ■

# Dave Smith

*is co-founder and past president of Smith & Hawken, the garden tool company. As one of the originators of the Briarpatch Cooperative Market network, he served on the Board of Directors of the original Whole Earth Truck Store. He is the new CEO of* Medical Self-Care.



Of the millions who marched for peace, registered black voters, burned draft cards, boycotted grapes, and sang "we shall overcome some day" back then, who is still out there every day trying to overcome?

Let me tell you about one I know, my friend John Jeavons. John's passion is researching and teaching biointensive gardening methods so that hungry, third-world people can feed themselves and lead more food-secure, independent, fulfilling lives. He's been doing it for 16 years. In order to be true to his cause, he feels that it is necessary to live on less, and works toward surviving on the same income as the average third-world peasant. His work will become crucial here in the U.S. as modern agricultural methods lose their viability. His organization is called Ecology Action. It's a small, beautiful group of people with profound international impact.

One of the things John does best is to "stick to his knitting." He is out in the research garden most mornings and evenings doing the watering, checking on the plants . . . and with the help of family and a few volunteers, continues to chip away at sustainability problems as he finds ways of increasing the yields and reducing the space necessary to grow food and fuel. What I admire most in this man is his utter honesty and personal integrity. I've seen many of our so-called "counter-culture heroes" succumb to the fatal errors of hubris and ego. John doggedly plods along, with little fanfare, on his personal, selfless path of helping others.

Our culture does not provide the stages-of-life mythology that some Eastern spiritual disciplines offer. Even though we boomers should feel okay that we are in that stage of our lives that is providing support for our families and their security, we are still ridden with guilt by our affluence. The impersonal methods of giving to others or supporting environmental causes provided by large non-profits such as United Way or Sierra Club just does not provide the psychic relief, the community spirit, or the exuberance that marching on the ROTC building or working at the food conspiracy did.

My feeling is that the nineties are going to be a time of crises and renewed idealism. I think that the organizing skills and the need for community we fondly remember from our youth are going to come in handy when it all hits the fan again. We need to be prepared.

We don't need any more national organizations. We have plenty. We must nurture the small, regional, struggling outposts and those individuals who are both the remnants of our past and the vanguards of survival and spirit that will get us through the nineties. They are like the snail-darter and other tiny, obscure, anachronistic, local species of our environment that are about to be lost forever if they are not preserved and nurtured. You know who they are: recyclers, peaceniks, community gardeners, activists, politicos, community organizers, market farmers, farm workers, environmentalists, teachers, catholic workers, simple livers, etc. They're still there struggling, still full of hope, making a difference, living out our ideals.

I have a suggestion. For want of a more well-thought-out, catchy phrase, I will call this idea Adopt-A-Care. Sounds corporate and corny. Oh, well. The pundits say we boomers are about to step into power. Let's use our power within the corporations and companies that most of us are part of to Adopt-A-Care. Let's take 2 percent of pre-tax profits and save what's left of our eroded idealistic environment by investing in a local cause. But let's make it much more than just giving money. When we Adopt-A-Care, let's create a relationship between the company and the cause within the bounds of appropriate time budgets, and with agreements that won't disrupt or distract from the main goals of our companies. Let's invite the cause and its organizers to address our employees and to recruit volunteers. Let's post their pictures on the lunchroom bulletin boards and let them use our copiers, our desktop publishing, our mailing machines. Let's train them in direct mail methods and newsletter layouts. Let's profile them in company newsletters and invite them to company picnics. Let's help them professionalize their act. In turn, we will excite and involve our employees. Such companies will attract the cream of the workforce because the best employees are people who care, and people who care are concerned with more than just taking a paycheck home.

Adopt-A-Care is not a new, formal organization . . . just an idea. I'm going to ask my company and its employees to do "One For John" . . . 1 percent of profits for John Jeavons and Ecology Action. Then I will propose we do the same for another group with another 1 percent, and then bring them both into the company to help them and to learn from them.

Adopt a care . . . a small, beautiful, local care. And let's hear one for John. ■

# Tom Mandel

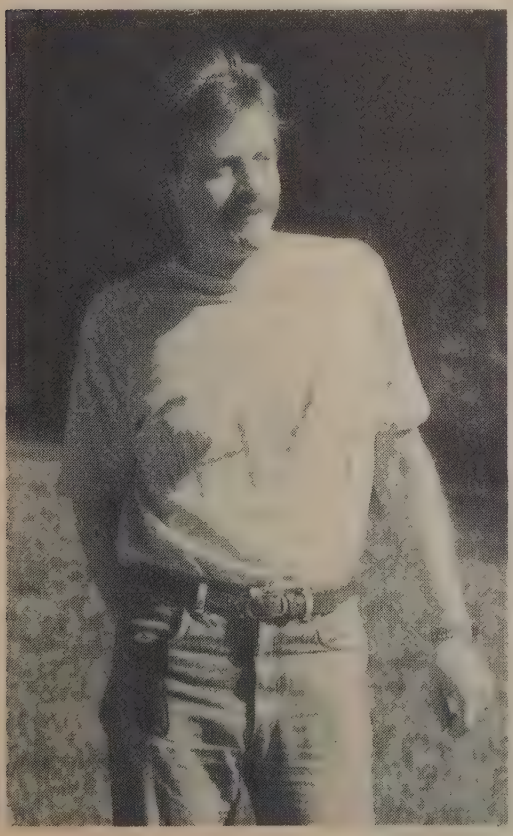
*is a futurist at SRI International, a think tank founded in Stanford, California. He is a major on-line presence on The WELL, and hosts its conference on The Future.*

The last 20 years have been marked by: a) sharp challenges to assumptions about the nature of the American dream, b) deep and widespread frustrations about the decline of American power abroad and increasing failures at home, and finally c) a partial resurgence of prosperity and the old myth about what America represents to Americans.

Some of the things that will likely stand out during the next two decades:

• Americans will inexorably grow older and our society will become steadily more individualistic, mature, and diverse. The postwar baby boom, central both to the social changes of the 1960s and 1970s and to the retrenchment around materialism during the 1980s, will grow older and somewhat wiser. That will probably mean growing attention, especially during the next decade, to important economic, social, and environmental issues that have been ignored during the past decade. Maturity will generally mean a slower pace of social change and a stubborn unwillingness to embrace radical solutions. But it will also mean a more realistic understanding of problems facing the country and a readiness to compromise in addressing pressing issues.

• Unless pressed to the edge by real catastrophes, Americans will continue to prefer "technological fixes" over radical changes in lifestyles. Voluntary simplicity and the "New Age" are unlikely to become mainstream American values.



Kevin Kelly

• America will be much more ethnically diverse, with Hispanic and Asian groups shifting the central focus of American culture toward lifestyles, values, and experiences associated with Latin America and the Pacific Basin. The world will still be moving toward a more coherent global political and economic system, and Americans will be much more a part of a global society of different lifestyles and interests.

• America's biggest domestic social problem may be what to do about the emergence of a seemingly permanent "underclass," constituting some 20 to 30 percent of our population being left behind by a changing economy and society.

• By the year 2000, another wave of American youth will come into its own, creating yet another youth subculture — or if problems are severe, a "counterculture." What tomorrow's youth embraces will seem just as strange to former hippies in their forties and fifties as what we did in the 1960s appeared to our parents.

• By 2008 the United States will just be one among a number of great and emerging powers. The major economic blocs will include Western Europe (moving toward economic federation), the Soviet Union and its Eastern European neighbors (partially liberalized with moderate market economies), and the East Asian rim led by Japan but including Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, and Malaysia. China, and to a lesser extent, India will be the next-generation economic giants. And there'll be some rising stars in Latin America.

• On the other hand, Africa will likely suffer population decline (because of wars and AIDS), and the Middle East's clout will be declining as oil reserves begin to run dry in all but a few countries (Saudi Arabia, mainly).

• The global conflict between modernism and traditionalism will continue worldwide, and be reflected in frequent wars and persistent terrorism around cultural, religious, political, resource, and technological issues. The myths of the past will not go gently into the night, but the future belongs to cultures that are flexible and inventive enough to incorporate technological and humanistic elements into their foundations.

• Global environmental problems — from transnational waste problems to the "Greenhouse Effect" (by no means a certainty in 1988) — may become the threads that draw different nations and cultures closer together. Or they may prove to be the roots of another wave of distrust and warfare.

• Home, work, and leisure activities will still be familiar — in the ways that life in 1988 is not radically different from life in 1958 — but the degree of change during the next 20 years will probably be as much as during the past 40.

• The main long-range impact of the AIDS epidemic will likely be enormous advances in knowledge about the human immune system, with entirely new therapies emerging to deal with degenerative and environmental diseases.

Making hard predictions about the future is a guaranteed way to make mistakes. But I believe the above developments are among the important factors shaping our lives and lifestyles over the next 20 years. ■

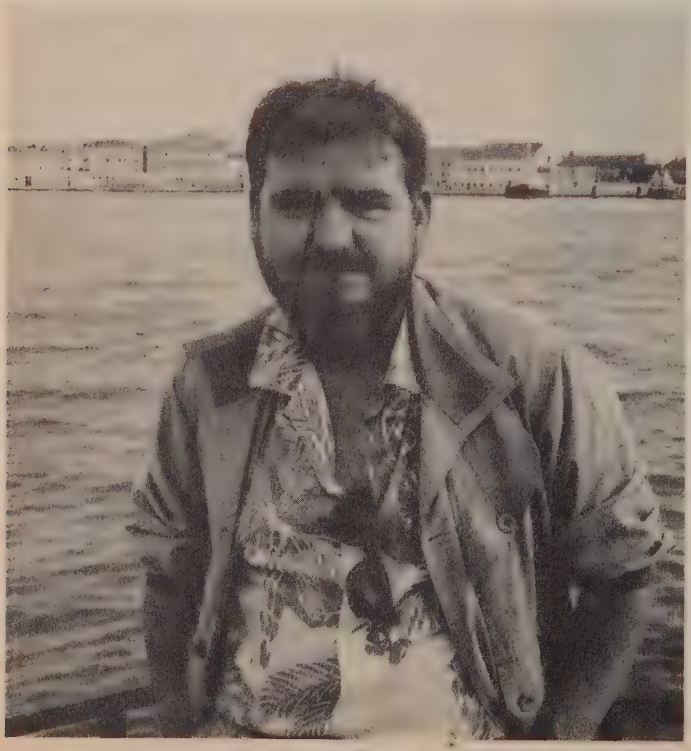
# William Irwin Thompson

*founded Lindisfarne, a loosely knit spiritual and intellectual community, now based in Switzerland. What follows is the conclusion to the epilogue from his new book,* Imaginary Landscape with Four Friends Thinking Apart.

**The Lessons of History**
*for Ralph Abraham*

When hunters and gatherers roamed
in their seasonal rounds,
for those windowless nomads,
it was Evil to settle down,
to stop time or try to take count
of what one person had
It was indeed woman
that brought man fruits and grains,
the things that needed to be
contained in breast-shaped pots,
or ground on heavy stones.
So the man settled for less
of the streams and wandering sky
by accepting the offer of more
in turning the earth to dirt.
Then things began to count.
We call this History,
or the First Mentality
of lunar enumeration.
The spotless women kept track
of moons as they had before,
but the men grew uneasy
and found their own new cults
of blood in raids and war
more fascinating than
the wound that monthly heals
itself and gives new life.

Death began to matter
when people took on names
and acquired property.
As cities began to shape,
so did the lines of numbers
corner to geometry.
From Egypt to ancient Greece,
things began to shapen up
in the perfect state of rest.
For the ancients, motion
was imperfect, hence Evil,
the Fall into matter and time.
Thus they wrote it down
in the Second Mentality.
But Galileo, Newton,
Leibnitz and Descartes
looked on falling bodies
and found them surprisingly good.
Plato's eternal circles,
saving their appearances,
had only one point to make,
but Kepler's elliptical laws
of planetary motion
required a second point
that dynamically began
to make more sense to us.
So this is how we moderns
began to form in lines
of linear equations
in the Third Mentality.



We now of this set of mind
find noise and chaos almost
vampiric in its Evil.
But our children don't.
Watch them do their homework
with their Sony headphones on.
They ghettoblast the streets
and break dance circles
round square geometry.
They make huge fun with numbers
in hard rock festivals,
and the louder it can get
the better it sounds to them.
Our children look upon Evil
and the loss of their hearing
in discotheques and clubs
and find it unnaturally Good.
So now in higher math,
chaos is termed attractor,
and sexuality
the basin that sucks us in.
So here we go again
to the Fourth Mentality.
But this is the Big One
that can jive all the rest:
arithmetic geometries
that dynamically dance apart
in chaotic topologies.
The unholy philosophers
who tore our minds apart
themselves were sacrificed
in the clearing of the void:
syphilitic Nietzsche,
hack Nazi Heidegger,
and even Aids-stricken
Michel Foucault, were right.
It is "The End of Man."
We came too late for the gods,
and too soon for Being.
Now slowly the forests die,
the ozone layer thins out,
while the brown seas thicken
like dusk in Tuscany.
The bright new computers
with their terminal disease
give us aborted births,
cataracts and glaucoma.
Life dies exactly timed
to the spread of our machines.
We are indeed off when we think
the computers are not on to us.
Chaos only frames
the observer in his pen.
Yeats was right, the beast
slouches to be born,
but has no need of us
to slip in our sullen flesh.
In the past, Mind found itself
gelatinously in cells,
and that got Gaia going;
now the Evil Demiurge

**continued next page**

# Salli Rasberry

*co-authors wonderfully emancipating books on money and small business:* The Seven Laws of Money, Marketing Without Advertising, *and most recently,* One-Person Businesses. *She was also the first to survey the world of mail-order condoms for the* Whole Earth Catalog.

It was thought I had a brain tumor. My closest friends came to visit me, flowers and love and tears filled my tiny hospital room. I was one of the few patients with a private room. By the second day I was feeling frail. The signals were strong, This was it. Or worse, this wasn't it, and I would linger on for months, tested and re-tested while my friends debated when and who should pull the plug.

Actually it was a mysterious virus that had invaded my body. I sure do love that virus. That little beastie offered me an opportunity to take a good look at what is important. My visitors were actually taking time away from their work. I was amazed and very touched. We were sharing whole afternoons! We weren't accomplishing anything! I felt guilty. I felt great.

Shortly after my hospital experience a friend whipped out her minute-by-minute planner stating, "I'll pencil you in." I was shocked. Being penciled in meant I could be erased! I realized just how shaped we had become by those books. Without them would our lives flow a bit too much?

I now spend a quarter of my time with friends and family. I am singlehandedly attempting to revive the lost arts of "hanging out" and spontaneity. And you know its been wonderful. Not one person has refused the invitation to just be together for a few hours. No agenda, no destination. The few that have hesitated quickly give in when asked if they would take the time to attend my funeral.

I have friends of all ages and occasionally those younger in years do ask for advice. Here it is: Travel as much as you can and see for yourself what is going on in the world. Select your media influences carefully. Learn about what's wrong but don't wallow in it, don't let it bury you. Avoid negativity; it's poison. Associate with positive people. Take lots of risks. Jump right into stuff that attracts you even if it's scary. Do not base your life on what's commonly called "security." The best security you can have is confidence in yourself, mental and physical health and good friends. And remember to take lots of time to be with those friends. ■

## WILLIAM IRWIN THOMPSON (continued)

as Ahriman and Rock
has better things to do.
No need to harken back
out of step in cloven hoof
and batty leathern wings,
behold the microchip,
the new amorphous crystal
and superconducting clay.
Adam is remade again
in a better sort of mud.
A shudder in the lattice
engenders there the burning
rockets and the air gone dead.
Oh, we will survive all right
in our descendants as now
do crocodiles and lizards,
recalling dinosaurs;
but once the Mind has moved
from basic carbon Life,
we will scarcely linger on
in the shadows of ourselves.
So pollution is in timing,
along with everything else,
to take us as fast away
as the lattice comes in play.
The Fundamentalists
in "Rapture" are almost there;
in their white trash heaven,
they can personally see
no limit to their credit;
not the Daimonic Mind
that watches how and what
we feel when we take life
in a body and out.
At this inhuman level
it can't be politics,
of the decent sort that thinks
it can clean up the air,
put out the poor to use,
end all wars, Stop AIDS,
and even unemployment.
In their own crazy way,
the paranoid myths are not
half-bad in the good they do
as epistemological cartoons.
The end of the world is here,
and the body-snatchers too.
Nothing is much the same,
and cults are a kind of quick take
for busy airport people
who haven't got the time
quite right; I guess that's why
we still have need of art.
Anyway, that's only half
the planetary story.
Evil and noise are merely
inhuman instruments.
Just as we hit that drum
and strike strung guts with bows,
so does this Evil conspire
only to serve the Fifth
Mentality of Time.
So out of computer chips
and satellited nets
the last noise about us
escapes to evolving sound.
Whatever woven bodies
they might later take,
has all been told before:
in Bach's B Minor Mass,
the Sanctus is the space
that time prepared for us. ■

# Eric Utne

*is the figure behind the fast-rising* Utne Reader, *a bimonthly digest of highlights from various alternative press.*

It was about 20 years ago that I first encountered Stewart Brand's injunction, 'We are as gods, and might as well get good at it." I liked the words. They expressed feelings I didn't know I had, and, I think, the zeitgeist of the times. I know I had a god-like certainty about most things then: I knew we lived in unprecedented times, that a new era was emerging that was ours to shape. I knew life would be better for most people in this new age. I knew that good intentions had the power to transform intractable problems. I knew there were good guys and bad guys, and that I was on the side of the good. I knew what was right and what was wrong.

Now I'm not so sure. My fall from doubtless divinity began about 15 years ago, when I discovered that even heroes have clay feet, and that my high-minded programs for personal and social transformation might actually be formulaic, pollyanna wishful thinking — or worse.

John Daniels, Jr.

In 1969, after a dizzying series of philosophical infatuations and disappointments (SDS, psylocibin, Gurdjieff, Wilhelm Reich, etc.), I found myself at the feet of Michio Kushi, teacher of macrobiotics and oriental cosmology. This guy had an answer for every question and a formula for living. There was a right way to eat (by yin and yang) and a right way to sleep (head pointed north). Planetary peace required that people change their way of eating. I studied cooking, oriental diagnosis, acupressure massage, and Michio's unique cosmology (seven levels of judgement, seven stages of history, the transmutation of elements). I managed his natural foods store, Erewhon, and sold ads for his publication, *East West Journal*. My colleagues and I had missionary zeal.

But in 1974 something happened. Exposed to many other philosophies in the course of producing the magazine, some staff members of *East West Journal* began to question whether macrobiotics had an exclusive on the truth. Some of us even felt Michio might be dead wrong about some things. Though Michio clearly owned it, a struggle for the magazine ensued. Those of us who had worked there for a year or more felt we owned it, and we wanted to explore and promote different ideas than Michio had on his agenda. When Michio stood his ground, we stole the magazine's mailing list, announcing to the readers that we were leaving the *Journal* but starting a new publication to be named the *New Journal* (soon thereafter, at the urging of Sam Bercholz of Shambala Publications, we changed the name to *New Age Journal*). Though at the time I thought he was the devil incarnate, Michio soon thereafter very graciously gave us written permission to use the mailing list. He could have sued us and put the magazine out of business.

*New Age* was founded by a group of thirteen people. A few of us were former students of Michio. Others had their own particular gurus or isms. One was even a newspaper man. We structured the ownership as an employee trust. The operation would be run by group consciousness and consensus decision-making. Within a few weeks group consciousness turned into group tyranny. We all had such high expectations for our noble endeavor that we had no tolerance for disagreements. Even though we all lived with friction at home and in our previous workplaces, any sign of it in our new-age venture caused high anxiety, and more friction. By the fourth monthly issue there were only three of us left. So much for being good at being god-like.

Now it's 15 years, another marriage, a couple of careers, and a new magazine later. Stewart's words sound distinctly anachronistic to me now. I'm much less certain about the way the world should be and what we all need to do to get there. I find it easier to identify with Woody Allen than Woody Guthrie now. Though I'm a bundle of contradictions and ambivalences, I can live with them. I cherish my rollicking, contentious and sometimes transcendent marriage. My kids ignore my commands, disturb my sleep and still manage to make me grateful for their presence daily. I have

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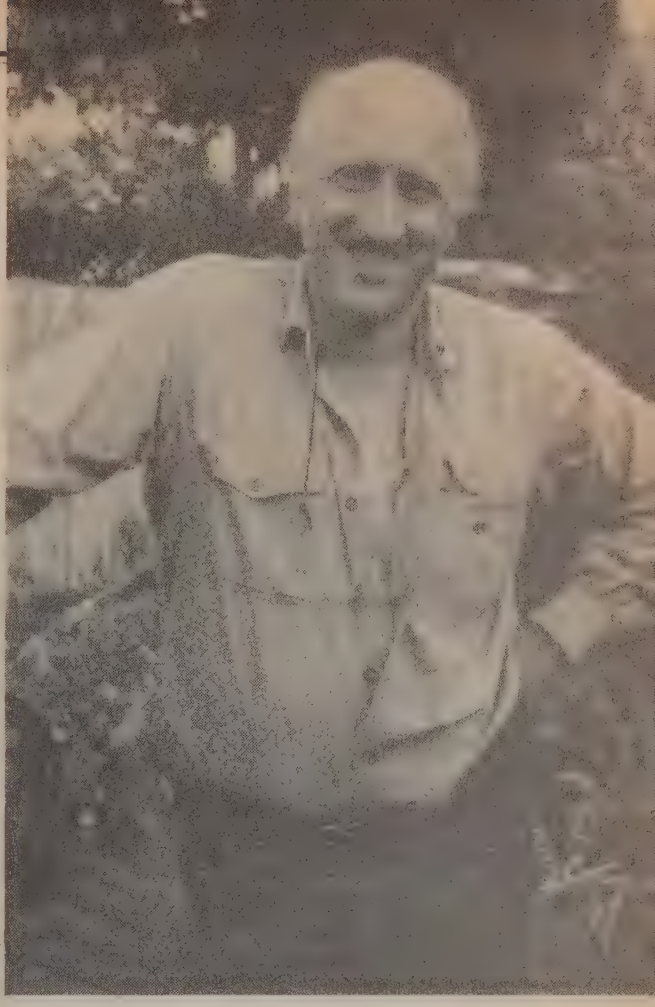
# Stewart Brand

*compiled the first* Whole Earth Catalog *twenty years ago. His current experiment is the Global Business Network, a mechanism for generating scenarios of the future.*



Kevin Kelly

"What questions are you asking yourself?" is one of the themes that Kevin offers. In pursuing my general question of "how do organizations learn?" the two specific questions that have been highest-yield for me the last two years are:

- How did Venice learn?
- How do buildings learn?

The Venice one refers to is the astonishing 800-year achievement of the Venetian Republic, a world-class mercantile empire run by a tiny island, not only surviving wrenching forces of history, but apparently building its success on them. Caught between the convulsions of the Holy Roman Empire, the Catholic Church, the Byzantine Empire, the forces of Islam, and later the Ottoman Empire, each of which was *flattening* everybody else, Venice danced the damndest prettiest minuet in European history. It became the strongest sea power in the world at the time, it ran its empire strictly for economic rather than religious or political ends, and when it finally fell (to Napoleon in 1797), even its old enemies mourned.

Venice invented such things as: modern diplomacy (and espionage), the production line (its Arsenal could turn out war galleys by the fleet in weeks), the modern book (Aldine press), and much of modern accounting. Withal, it was a fine place to live or visit, and its complex but highly effective political system was one of the models studied by the American founding fathers. The Doge was a carefully castrated figurehead, and *elaborate* measures were taken to prevent the corruption of high officers.

Venice was always in danger, often mortal danger, and Venice worked. My hypothesis is that it was its vulnerability which kept Venice learning so constantly and rapidly. It had time to get arrogant, and rich, but not until late in the game did it have time to get stupid.

Good references. I searched a long time for a corporate history of Venice, Inc. and found it in Frederic C. Lane's definitive *Venice: A Maritime Republic.* Another handy one, short, is William McNeill's *Venice: The Hinge of Europe, 1081-1797.* For visitors, the peerless *Venice* by James Morris.

The other question, which has to do with what happens to buildings after they're built, I'll talk about another time. It's an area where there's abundant genius in vernacular architecture, almost none in "high style" architecture. Anybody who has leads on either question, let me know. ■

**ERIC UTNE (continued)**

more money, responsibility and ego invested in my work now, but I'm less attached to it somehow. I still have a sense of mission, but setbacks don't seem so earth-shaking now. Instead of abandoning ship I'm more likely to change course.

Involvement in business is not a necessary evil anymore — I actually enjoy being a capitalist entrepreneur. This time around I own a majority of the stock. Except for editorial decisions, I make no attempt to involve everyone in decision-making, let alone to reach consensus. Everybody is paid well and we somehow don't seem too concerned about the occasional fruckus. We also don't have a clear agenda, explicit program or philosophy that we're advancing. We're just raising what we consider to be relevant and timely questions and pursuing our concerns in print.

I sometimes crave the certainty I had twenty years ago — to know I have the answers. Perhaps twenty years from now I will.

These days I'm feeling more human than God-like. I don't think I'm any less idealistic today, just more patient and more willing to forgive. An injunction that feels more on the mark for me right now is: "We are as *humans*, and might as well get good at it." ■

# Ted Nelson

*coined the words "hypertext" and "hypermedia" over 10 years ago, and founded the Xanadu project to link up a worldwide electronic library, a project now being sponsored by Autodesk, Inc.*

I'm thinking about fundamental issues in evolutionary theory. It looks like humans aren't a transitional form but a perfectly worked-out species that's incredibly effective overall. So we need to re-analyze human ethology under the assumption that it's one big system. Why does our morale go up and down, and why don't we perform at peak all the time? Why do we seem so fucked up? It must be a system.

Kevin Kelly

I postulate a fundamental mechanism that I call *biostatus*, which feels internally like exhilaration (when high) or depression (when low) and whose function is to steer you toward genetically beneficial activity. We have a *biostat*, something like a thermostat, which holds us at a given level of morale and success all our lives. But I think biostatus can be changed, and that's the fundamental way to get people out of trouble and off the welfare rolls.

Status and biostatus are corresponding forms of evaluation, external and internal, linked together; and the management of status and biostatus are essentially the two governing heuristics of human life.

I'm also thinking about human sex, which is intellectually and otherwise the world's most interesting subject. Humans are crazier sexwise than other animals; our species' sexual strategy is a wild teeming mixed system experienced in part by all, imagined as a whole by few, that we've never understood. But I now discern a third great heuristic, *sexual status*, which explains marital markets, harems, the prohibition of homosexuality, and such sexual looniness as prom queens and groupies.

And I'm thinking about the AIDS plague. People's naivete about the wild human sexworld makes condoms look like an answer, but AIDS will not be tamed by condoms; condoms will slow the epidemic only a little. That's why I propose a strategic disclosure system for HIV test results ("The Checkmate Proposal," *WER* #59).

And I'm thinking about the other forms of doom that are gathering. The shit may hit the fan this next decade. Nukewar is now unfashionable, but everything else now looms close — the poisoning and overcommitment of the water supply, the Greenhouse effect, pesticides, chemical and nuclear waste in the groundwater and oceans.

And worst, the population bomb will go off. I fear Malthus was right. I have been convinced by Jay Forrester's chilling *World Dynamics* and the Club of Rome's *Limits to Growth* that we are headed for a hideous, climactic crash from which little we hold dear will escape. The later it hits the worse.

The great starvation begun in Africa will spread, possibly to Europe and North America. What becomes of governments mortgaged to the hilt, assailed by confused masses who thought everything was going to be all right forever? All we esteem as good and right may be swept away in an onrush of destruction, depression and plague. A loss of half the humans may extend the lease for the survivors. We have some time to retrench, but we can't know how long.

And I'm thinking, "Saving the World" has always been a phrase of ridicule, but soon it won't be. We must proceed as if there is just enough time.

And I'm thinking about what it will take. It will take the sharing of more insights and understandings than we've ever shared before, bargaining and global giveback by all parties. So we'll need the world electronic publishing and intercomparison system that I described in my book *Literary Machines*. Considered a crackpot dream scant months ago, suddenly people everywhere realize it's coming.

And I'm thinking about how that will help us fix education fast. The "basics" are more and more obsolete, except for reading and a basic skill that nobody acknowledges, diagrammatics. Any factory that turned out as many rejects as the school system does would be bulldozed, but we give them more money instead. In the new hypertext world, an expanding, explorable tissue of ideas will be the mind's joy.

It's easy to build geniuses — parents generally succeed if they try — so why don't we? The problem is building *happy, effective* geniuses. And that comes around to arranging a peer-group of genius children, so they won't have to be different and miserable. This in turn means organizing a cohort of committed parents to share in that great enterprise. Every child should also have five tutors and a hundred thousand dollars in equipment, like a valuable industrial worker.

This is all about designing societies, including attitudes and feelings. "Social engineering" has dealt only with structures. But some designers, like Moses and John Humphrey Noyes, have known how to do the real thing. My proposals for a world electronic library and the Checkmate system, a genius infant cohort and raising biostatus on a society-wide basis, are social design in this sense. ■

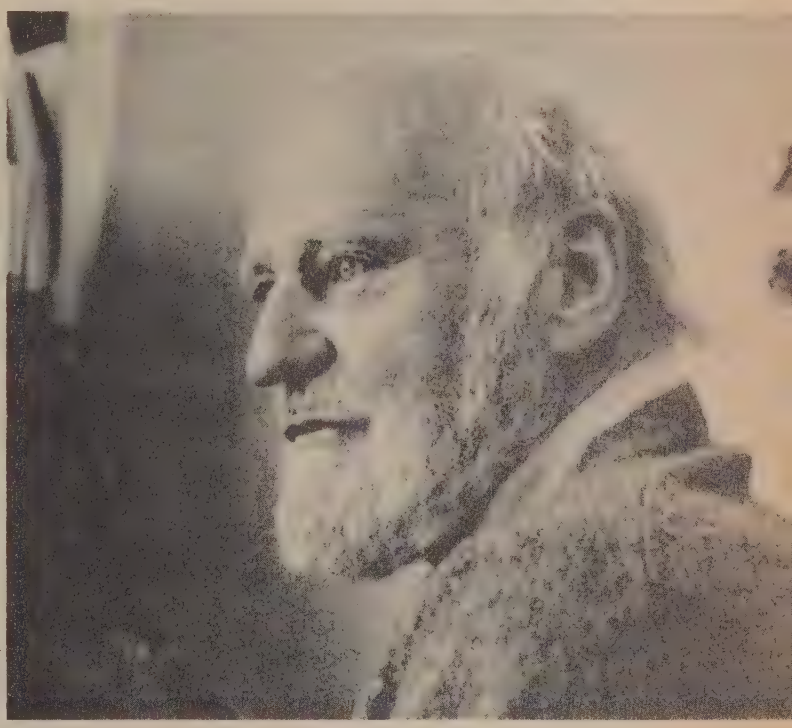
# Lawrence Ferlinghetti

*is a beat poet and proprietor of the legendary literary hangout, City Lights Bookstore. He was the co-guest-editor of the* CQ *special issue (Fall 1978) aptly titled* Journal for the Protection of All Beings. *[By phone.]*

Generally, the 1970s were a revisionist decade, but it seems that the 1980s are even worse from that point of view. I felt that a lot of the insights, advances, and broadening of consciousness of the '60s were really going to hold in the '70s, that there was a great residue that had taken permanent hold of the American consciousness. But in the '80s it seems not the case. In the '80s everyone took back their insights and breakthroughs of the '60s and '70s. It's true in other places. In France today, it seems as if May '68 never happened.

I haven't changed my position. I'm in the anarchist tradition. By "anarchist" I don't mean someone with a homemade bomb in his pocket. I mean philosophical anarchism in the tradition of Herbert Reed in England. That gets me wondering why there isn't a second party in the United States. I mean, the two current parties are so close together, they're really one party. They're both on the side of the military-industrial perplex, neither can disrupt the military-industrial establishment to any degree whatever. Neither of them will propose any kind of even a moderate cut in the military budget.

In 1978, City Lights put together the "Journal For the Protection of All Beings" as a special issue of *CoEvolution Quarterly* for Whole Earth. We set out to gather a lot of people who were thinkers, to say how would they go about dismantling pathogenic industrial civilization, which was bad for Earth and man. Well, we really didn't get any answers that were worth a damn. People really didn't take us seriously. They thought we were putting them on or something. But actually now it's come to the point where that's really what has to happen.



Miriam Berkley

Instead of "dismantle," we're saying "deconstruct." Deconstruction is an idea which is in the air, especially in poetry circles and in linguistics departments. But it should be extended to deconstructing the industrial establishment, and the military-industrial establishment. If we don't deconstruct it, it's gonna deconstruct us in short order. The political structures have to be changed. The way the political structures are now, they're self-perpetuating suicide.

The most threatening thing for capitalism is always an economic depression. There won't be another revolution in this country until there's another great depression of the size and magnitude of the one that the United States had starting in 1929, and going into the 1930s. That's what it's gonna take for a political revolution in this country. People worry that a 15-percent or even a 10-percent cut in the United States military budget would cause a national depression, and then that would cause a worldwide depression. The only answer for that is, let it happen. Because if we don't have an economic depression, which after all is something that happens on paper, we're going to have this physical depression of dessication of actual life on Earth. Ecological disaster. So what do you want? Economic disaster or ecological disaster? We have got to have economic disaster. Our leaders should draft concrete proposals that the military budget should be cut 25 percent in the next five years, and devil take the hindmost. Let there be a great worldwide depression. We've got to recover from this bad diet that the Earth is on.

As an example, there is the car. Traffic gridlock is getting worse all over the world. You read stories about it in Rome or Mexico City or New York City. They all have terrible gridlock all the time. It's getting pretty bad even here in Marin County, stretching all the way up to Santa Rosa. And the main element of pollution on Earth is the automobile, the internal combustion engine. At the same time we have big discussions about building another Bay bridge, another southern crossing south of San Francisco, to alleviate traffic and gridlock. But no one ever mentions that the whole trouble is the continued production of new cars every year and not one politician in the country dares to propose that the automakers of the United States be limited to one new model every other year, just to begin with. It's the same thing as cutting the military budget. If you cut big steel production 10 or 20 percent, you'll have a national depression. And I say, well, you've gotta have it. That's the only thing that's gonna work. ■

# OFF THE ROAD

## Beyond the myth of Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady

**BY MICHAEL VENTURA**

*The superb Richard Lerner-Lewis MacAdams documentary* What Happened to Kerouac? *has finally been released in videocassette by Vidmark. It's a spiritual journey back in time, for both those to whom Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady were crucial influences, and those for whom they are merely mysterious names.*

*Cassady was the very pulse of what became known as "the Beat Generation." He inspired novels by Kerouac, stories by Kesey, a major part of Tom Wolfe's* The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test *and several Nick Nolte roles in various films. The documentary includes the only extant footage of Cassady. Yet this conversation with Cassady's wife and Kerouac's sometime lover Carolyn reveals a Neal and a Jack not in any film or book — and certainly not in the mishmash movie that was supposedly about their life,* Heart Beat, *of which Carolyn said: "The script was so far off anything connected with us that I didn't hardly feel related to it at all!" Lewis MacAdams introduced me to Ms. Cassady, and asks some of the questions.*

*—Michael Ventura*

**Michael Ventura:** *Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady, you — when you met, in the '40s, before you knew you were "the Beat Generation," what were your concerns?*

**Carolyn Cassady:** These guys were all concerned about the same thing: getting a home, settling down, finances . . . all the trivia of living.

**MV:** Nobody *thinks of you guys as being concerned with getting a home and settling down!*

**CC:** I know! But I've got letters to prove it. Picket fences, station wagons . . . it really was their dream! Of course, they sort of invented the commune. That was their idea — we'd all live cosily together. Jack was always, as he said, looking for a home. I have letters full of these *houses!* When he first saw John Chellon Holmes' house, he wrote me this great big letter saying, "Oh, you'd love it," describing every inch of it. So that's really what the drive was, to get to a position to be *normal.* Settle down in a home and *then* do what you wanted to do.

They felt they could, or wanted to, have a fairly conventional home and still be free to be creative. *They* didn't think of themselves as beatniks. And hippies were such a horror to them — you know, Neal was *immaculate.* Gosh! You couldn't muss a hair on his head! "Kiss me goodbye — but don't mess the hair!" No hippie casualness about that sort of thing. Neal would take a bath for a couple of hours, until the water was just all gone and he was all covered with scum and stuff, and then he would go take a shower to get that off. And he washed his feet and changed his socks three times a day. And it was terribly important to him to work. He worked all the time. One of his proudest things was he could always get a job and *work.* It didn't cramp his style at all.

That's where he got his self-respect. That, and his family life. And Jack admired this, and of course envied the fact that Neal could do this, could be a home provider and also do what he wanted. The big, *real* ideal was being able to do both.

**MV:** *What was "what he wanted"?*

**CC:**Neal? Oh, to chase women. Or help some poor sad soul. Teach them . . . the meaning of life. Jack, of course, wanted to write.

**MV:** *What did you want to do?*

**CC:** Be a wife. Support the man, or men. I wasn't crazy about being a mother — that was put upon me, as it were, although it seemed natural, something you had to do. But Jack and Neal also didn't cramp my style any. If I wanted to paint or do theater stuff, there it was.

**MV:** *This is fascinating to me. Nobody talks about the settling down part. It's left out of the legend.*

**CC:** Well, Jack didn't write about it.

**MV:** *Given the way you felt and thought — about art, about sex, about the spiritual, the political — did you all feel you'd have anything to say to the house next door?*

**CC:** What I see in writers I know now is a new kind of selfishness — they're more concerned with what *they* want. Whereas Jack and Neal were very much concerned about being *part* of humanity, among others and helping others, even if they

*This interview first appeared in* L. A. Weekly.

*Neal Cassady, drawn by Carolyn Cassady.*

didn't agree with them. They'd laugh at the square neighbors and all, but they had compassion for them. Jack certainly wrote about most all people as wonderful *beings*, whoever they were. They both had that. They didn't feel cut off until they were criticized or attacked, which happened a lot later.

Neal's great, great frustration was in having no outlets for all that *mind* he had — a lot of energy and ideas he would like to have expressed. It was wonderful watching him writing *The First Third* [Neal Cassady's only surviving prose piece]; he was *totally* concentrated. He'd struggle and work with words. And he *loved* playing with words. Most of the letters he wrote me from San Quentin were games at playing with words — he'd write three or four pages, every word starting with the same letter, but each one *meant* what he meant to say, too. But, of course, drugs destroyed all that possibility. He always did two or three things at once. I used to get irritated talking to him while he was watching television *and* reading the newspaper. I'd say, "Um, could I have your attention," and he'd say, "I heard everything you said," and he'd repeat everything I'd said. I still didn't quite like that, but I had to admit it was quite a feat. What a mind! But what are you gonna *do* with it?

**Lewis MacAdams:** *How come he and Kerouac fell away from each other?*

**CC:** They never did! Never. It was just that Jack was an alcoholic and Neal was in jail. [Set up by two narcs, Neal Cassady was sentenced to five years for possession of one reefer. He served two; then, as an ex-con, found it nearly impossible to get a decent job.] And then Neal became a drug addict. And they both were, then, hell-bent for . . . death.

**MV:** *You mean during the Merry Prankster period Tom Wolfe and Ken Kesey wrote of?*

**CC:** Yes. Occasionally Neal would come home during that time, crying and ill, and I'd say, "Why don't you *stop* living like that?" He'd say, "Well, I can't. Because they all look at me and expect me to perform, and I don't know what else to do." Then he'd go back to exhibiting all the things he hated about himself the most. All that blabbering, babbling and performing like a trained bear. He'd just totally given up any kind of attempt to be what he wanted to be. And he was so destroyed by drugs he couldn't sit down in one place and write, anyway.

**MV:** *Kesey and Wolfe write about him strictly as a kind of performance artist, before there was such a thing.*

**CC:** They never knew him before he got out of jail. They never knew anything else. And they tried to take care of him, Kesey did, give him approval and so on. And they didn't realize what he was feeling or what the change was or anything like that. They just thought he was wonderful. I'm sure Kesey admired his mind some, too, but it just so happened that in caring for him there was condescension, which Neal *had* to have been aware of. It's just sad to me that most of the publicity about him is during those five years — though I don't know, maybe it has its value.

**MV:** *It's remarkable, a very strong achievement. A person only wrote one thing, really, that we have — and most people have never read that — yet became a literary myth, influencing umpteen writers, filmmakers . . .*

**CC:** Now Kesey's got this new myth going, that Neal died counting the railroad ties. [Cassady collapsed while walking a train track in Mexico in 1969.] I can't tell you how many young people love that myth. So . . . okay. But he wasn't count-

**I think [Neal's] struggle was he couldn't be what his idea was . . . his emotional desire-body was the ruler, and he couldn't overcome it.**

ing railroad ties, he was going to get his baggage. He had left his baggage in the next little village and he was gonna go get it. The nearest witness said he was about three yards out of San Miguel when he collapsed. And we'll never know whether he drank the alcohol on purpose or whether it was "What the hell" or what — because he'd know what happens when you mix it with Seconal. He didn't care. Or didn't think.

**LM:** *Do you think he was completely trapped in his mythology by then?*

**CC:** I think he was completely beyond that. All he thought about was metaphysics. He came home one time, and he was hallucinating, and I couldn't handle this, and when it was getting kind of rough he went into the bathroom and turned the shower on, so I wouldn't have to hear, and had this big yelling conversation with the Devil. And I remember one time he said to me, "Now, I know you don't believe in him, but I know him, and we talk." Oh-kayyyyy.

Now, I wish I knew then what I know now, and I could have talked to him about this. But at that point I thought you create your own devils. But he was very serious about this. So this was all he was doing in his head all the time. He was in another dimension. In the end, he never thought at all about things like *On the Road* or his image or his myth or anything.

**MV:** *When you say "metaphysics" . . .*

**CC:** Christian metaphysics, at first. Then when he read Edgar Cayce it turned him around, and we went on reading everything related. He did believe in reincarnation and karma, and the past-life readings of his are . . . hairy. He was really working out these complicated metaphysical theories that just went over everybody's head. And I think his struggle was he couldn't be what his idea was, but he *knew* all about it, so it was even tougher because his emotional desire-body was the ruler, and he couldn't overcome it.

This particular life-reader we'd go to — and remember, this was 20 and more years ago, long before it was a kind of a fad — would give readings a year apart. The first year was supposed to be the physical-emotional lifetimes, and the second year you got the spiritual ones. Well, my second-year ones were kind of like the first ones, they did say something about where I got my talents, that kind of thing, but they were still these kind of dull, mundane lives of frustration. But his, his second ones, the spiritual ones, were just like one great long prayer. This, whoever this thing was that was talking through the medium, would go off on these rapturous things, and in fact instructed the medium to listen to the tape back, and she listened and said she'd never heard anything like that, ever. Of course, Neal was a sobbing wreck on the floor. So the mystical was another big struggle — this horrible battle inside of being a sex maniac on the one hand, and so spiritual on the other, wanting such perfection and creativity. I think that his appeal was that people felt this. That was the magnetism he had for so many, even in the Kesey years, when he was doing just a stumblebum kind of thing.

**LM:** *Were people drawn to Kerouac the way they were drawn to Cassady, like in a room full of people?*

**CC:** No, because Jack was so self-conscious, and he'd say rude things when he'd get drunk, get belligerent, fight in bars. Whereas Neal wouldn't fight, he'd run. He didn't feel it was cowardice; it was good sense. He couldn't possibly hit anybody, ever.

Something else that may be a surprise — both men were very modest. They'd go to Big Sur, where everybody takes off their clothes and jumps in the hot tub, and the only two that wouldn't were Neal and Jack. These wild men would not remove their clothes. Oh, Neal may have, finally. But Jack *wouldn't.*

**MV:** *It's very refreshing to hear this stuff.*

**CC:** Nobody'll listen, don't worry. They'll all go back to the same old myths. [*Laughs.*] They'll just say I'm making it all up.

**MV:** *They went pretty crazy. You seem to me pretty sane. How do you think that happened?*

**CC:** Well, I never did think I was one of them. All these people come to talk to me and I think, "Oh, they think I'm one of this group," and I fought it tooth and nail the whole time. I can't stand Bill Burroughs' lifestyle, or one word he writes. And a lot of Allen [Ginsberg]'s stuff is just revolting! His little-boy-behind-the-barn sex attitude, that's still going on, things like that. But especially the drugs. Because, from what I've seen, it doesn't pay.

What was beautiful about Jack and Neal was their magnetism, their compassion, and — jolly good fun. Anyway, I had to keep doing what I had to do: get them kids raised. ■

# READING KEROUAC AND THE BEATS *BY DANIEL BARTH*

THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF *ON The Road,* and almost twenty years after his death, Jack Kerouac's popularity and influence continue to grow. Kerouac once wondered if his work mattered to college writing instructors. These days, increasingly, it does, as well as to hundreds of thousands of readers all over the world who have discovered him on their own or through friends, and for whom his words resonate deeply.

There are a number of biographies available which provide insight into the life and work of Jean Louis Kerouac (b. March 12, 1922, Lowell, MA — d. October 21, 1969, St. Petersburg, FL). The first and still arguably the best is Ann Charters' *Kerouac: A Biography.* The recently revised edition corrects factual errors in the original. Charters is the only one of Kerouac's biographers to have worked with him personally. The most recent bio is Tom Clark's *Jack Kerouac.* Clark does a very creditable job of reconstructing JK's life, mostly by attention to JK's own writings. Dennis McNally's *Desolate Angel* is a heartfelt rendering on *la vie de* Kerouac, focusing on the Beat movement as social history. *Jack's Book* by Barry Gifford and Lawrence Lee looks at JK's life through the eyes and words of his friends and associates. *Memory Babe* by Gerald Nicosia is the most scholarly of these biographies, attempting to place JK's innovative prose in its proper literary context.

Kerouac's own work is of course highly autobiographical. Like Whitman's, his writing can be seen as "an attempt, from first to last, to put *a Person,* a human being, freely, fully and truly on record . . ." For most people *On The Road, The Subterraneans,* and *The Dharma Bums* are the best introduction to JK. These are the books about the Beat Generation that made his reputation. *Visions of Cody, Desolation Angels, Tristessa,* and *Lonesome Traveler* also deal this period of his life. The first of these is considered a modern masterpiece by some critics. *Maggie Cassidy, Dr. Sax* and *Visions of Gerard* deal with his early life in Lowell on real, surreal and mystical levels. *Big Sur* and *Satori In Paris* depict the later, sadder Kerouac who said, "Fame is like old newspapers blowing down Bleeker Street." *Book Of Dreams* goes behind the scenes, giving voice to unspeakable visions.

Not widely known and at times sublime is Kerouac's poetry, currently available in three books: *Scattered Poems, Heaven And Other Poems,* and *Mexico City Blues.* These words can take you beyond words. This isn't writing, it's love. □

## Books by Jack Kerouac

*The Subterraneans* ($6.45), *Lonesome Traveler* ($8.45), *Dr. Sax* ($9.45), *Satori in Paris* ($9.45), *Mexico City Blues* ($11.45) postpaid from Grove Press, 841 Broadway, New York, NY 10003; 800/521-0178.

*The Dharma Bums* ($4.95), *On the Road* ($4.95) postpaid from New American Library, P. O. Box 999, Bergenfield, NJ 07621; 201/387-0600.

*Visions of Cody* ($13.60), *Tristessa* ($6.25), *Visions of Gerard* ($7.30), *Big Sur* ($8.35) postpaid from McGraw-Hill Book Company, 8171 Redwood Highway, Novato, CA 94947; 800/262-4729.

*Book of Dreams* ($8.95), *Scattered Poems* ($6.50) postpaid from City Lights Bookstore, 261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133; 415/362-8193.

## The Beat Vision

*From 1970 through 1985 Arthur and Kit Knight published* ***tuvoti*** *as a literary magazine devoted to Beat Generation writers. (Write for info on back issues.) More recently they have published two anthologies,* ***The Beat Vision*** *(1987) and* ***Kerouac And The Beats*** *(1988), containing some of the best of* ***tuvoti*** *as well as previously unpublished letters, interviews, photographs, and prose pieces. The latter also contains an informative bibliography. This work is very much in the Kerouac spirit and provides insight into the origins of the Beat movement, opening on one end into jazz music and on the other into ecology.* —DB

**Ken Kesey and Neal Cassady, 1965-66? —*The Beat Vision***

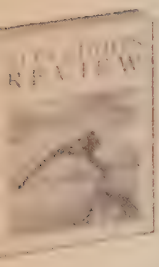
*[Pierre Delattre:]* I first met Neal Cassady when I had a television program in San Francisco called "Against the Stream," where we were trying to show what some of the currents were against the mainstream of American culture. It was on Channel 5, and I asked Neal to be on it. He came on with his wife, Carolyn. It was an interesting program, because, first of all, Neal was very miffed at Kerouac, or pretended to be. Because, after all, he had landed in jail as a result of the great publicity that he had gotten out of that book. Neal felt he had been singled out as some kind of token image because of that book, and spent a lot of time in jail paying for the publicity. Neal decided to come on very straight. He had a crew haircut, and was doing his respectable number. So, the first time I met Neal, it was kind of funny, because I had heard so much about Neal Cassady from reading *On The Road.* And then here comes this guy in a blue suit and a red tie, playing it very straight. Well, the next time I met him was years later, and then he was back to being the Neal Cassady I associated with Neal Cassady.

**The Beat Vision**
Arthur and Kit Knight, Editors
1987; 292 pp.
**$10.95**
($11.95 postpaid) from:

Paragon House Publishers
90 5th Avenue
New York, NY 10011
212/620-2820
or Whole Earth Access ► ►

## City Lights Books

*Since 1953 Lawrence Ferlinghetti has operated City Lights Books in San Francisco, publishing Ginsberg's* ***Howl*** *(and fighting the pursuant obscenity suit), Kerouac's* ***Scattered Poems*** *and a long list of international literary artists. Over the years City Lights has intermittently published journals and anthologies. The latest of these is* ***City Lights Review*** *#1, edited by Ferlinghetti and Nancy Peters. "Our concerns are with live poetry, engaged literature, radical politics, and deep ecology," state the editors in their introduction. Federico Garcia Lorca, Ginsberg, Philip Lamantia and Tom Clark are among the poets represented whose work addresses these concerns. Prose pieces include Noam Chomsky's eye-opening "The Global Drift Towards Nuclear War;" Susan Griffin's "A Woman Thinks About War;" Edward Abbey's "Keeping True To Earth;" and Philip Daughtry's "The Language Of Birds." The Review closes with Ferlinghetti's "A Modest Proposal To Change The Names Of Certain Streets In San Francisco." Some day soon you may be able to cut across Mark Twain Place to Jack Kerouac Alley and pick up a copy.* —DB



*[In September '88 it happened! Twelve San Francisco streets and alleys were renamed after local artists to celebrate City Lights' 35th anniversary. —ed.]*

**City Lights Review**
Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Nancy J. Peters, Editors
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■

*[From* The Jaguar Myths *by Nanos Valaoritis]*

Edward Jaguar never became totally human. His animal self was still evident even after his animalectomy. The head remained jaguar-like. He spoke, but then he had always been able to speak. His body, although he walked upright, was more jaguar-like than human. His teeth and claws remained especially formidable. Sleeping with him was much closer to an act of bestiality. Even as a man I had never indulged in it. But now as a women it was really strange to me. I have heard rumors of women making love with their animals. I had never really given it much thought. But now when confronted with these teeth, these claws that could spring at me at any moment, I realized that the thrill of love could be mingled with the fear of death. This description is becoming too intimate for my taste. . . . Yet I cannot resist the details. That shiny black skin. That extraordinary tenderness and love of the animal. The feeding times when he will only take the raw flesh from my bare hands as delicately as a little pussycat. The purring. The growling whimpers when he makes love to me. Our long walks in the outskirts of the jungle, and of course my fears that jealous humans will kill him. My jealousy in case he finds a female jaguar and runs away. How I would risk my life in the jungle looking for him. How I would wait for him faithfully to come back. How when he is angry with me he climbs trees and refuses to come down or take food for days. How I have sometimes locked him out of my room and he remains all night outside my door whimpering. This description is becoming too intimate for my taste. Yet I cannot resist indulging in it.

## Biographies

*Kerouac: A Biography* by Ann Charters: $12.45 postpaid from St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010; 800/221-7945.

*Jack's Book* by Barry Gifford and Lawrence Lee: $8.95 postpaid from Penguin Books/Cash Sales, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073; 800/526-0275.

*Jack Kerouac* by Tom Clark: Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, Inc.; out of print.

*Desolate Angel* by Dennis McNally: McGraw-Hill Book Company; out of print.

*Memory Babe* by Gerald Nicosia: Grove Press; out of print.

**Kerouac, Cathy Cassady, Neal Cassady, 1952.** ***—Jack's Book***

## Water Row Books

*Among other things, Water Row is a clearinghouse for books by and about the Beat Generation. Their list includes "222 Essential Beat Books." They also publish* ***Water Row Review*** *four times a year, a small magazine of Beat-related and avant-garde poetry and prose.* —DB

**Water Row Review**
Jeffrey H. Weinburg, Editor
**$10**/year
(4 issues) from:

Water Row Books
P. O. Box 438
Sudbury, MA 01776
617/443-8910

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We're
all a bunch
of spiders
waiting
to pounce
upon a
publisher
*—from "Gagaku," by Steve Richmond*

•

Jumping off tangents like a high diver somersaulting through clear sky to the pool below, Corso takes off and dissects time through millenia via astrology, going through the ages, thousands of years at a clip, identifying where we are on the cosmic clock, how it's going to click at 2000 and flip us into the next future, and going back, back, past Christ, to other ages, shit I can't take notes on this I'll miss something. . . .
*—from "Coursing Through Corso's Course" by Burt Rashbaum*

## Trans-Siberian Rail Guide

*You could board the Trans-Siberian Railway because it is the most fundamental kind of citizen diplomacy you can engage in — you and ordinary Soviet citizens cramped into that little grey compartment for ten days with nothing else to do but make peace. Or you could board the train in London, and disembark in Japan, Mongolia or China, because it's the most adventuresome way to go from Europe to the East, now that political turmoil has shut off the great Overland River of travelers that once used to flow through Iran and Pakistan. Or you could embark on the Trans-Siberian because it's the world's longest choo-choo ride, with an unsurpassed monotonous, meditative view out the window and a carnival of exotic characters to meet in the dining cars. Either way, this is the guide-book to take along. Besides the usual tips and advice on how to do it, it has a thoughtful collection of tales from travelers who made the trip at the turn of the century, and a digestible history of the awesome Trans-Siberian Railway itself. You'll have plenty of time to read it.*

*—Kevin Kelly*

**Trans-Siberian Rail Guide**
Robert Strauss
1987; 207 pp.
**$12.95**
($15.45 postpaid) from:

Hunter Publishing, Inc.
300 Raritan Center Parkway
Edison, NJ 08818
201/225-1900
or Whole Earth Access

■

Drivers, dining-car staff and provodniks on the Trans-Siberian express make up a crew of about forty which is under the leadership of a brigadier.

Provodniks have various duties, including making sure passengers are not lost at stops, guarding the samovar, keeping the heating fired with coal and ensuring their carriage is clean and in good technical order. In the winter, they brush ice off the steps and use an ice axe to chop ice from water outlets.

Although some Russian attendants can be rather formidable, there are many exceptions: ''The stereotype of the conductress is of plump and fearsome women brandishing power with relish; as usual our reality was different. There were two young girls on our coach and at each station stop, when not having snowball fights, they flirted with a young conductor from another carriage who kept finding some reason to come our way.'' (Simon Palmour).

The Chinese attendants (*Fuwuren*) are meticulous in their attention to thermos flasks and bedding in the carriages and religiously scrub the windows with a bucket and mop at each step. Their lives are spent on a massive pendulum between Beijing and Moscow with just a few days' rest.

■

*The Dining-Car*

Opinions vary on the quality of the Chinese, Mongolian and Russian dining-cars. If considered on the basis of the menu alone, the Chinese would certainly rate highest, but the other two make up for their failings with a strange and sometimes fascinating cast of staff and diners.

•

I brought a chess-set and only had to walk down the corridor with it to be challenged to a match. I spent many hours playing chess with the kitchen staff, and found it a marvellous way of meeting Russians, even when we had no word of common language. (Roger Crisp)

**The Trans-Siberian Express makes its way around a valley in the taiga. Trains can be as much as half a kilometre long (eighteen carriages) — this photo was taken from the same train's window!**

**Attendant en route to the Hard Class passengers, with metal containers full of stew.**

## The Traveler's Reading Guide

*A great idea really well done. No more will you be stuck on a flight to Norway (or South Carolina or Bolivia or Burma) feeling like an idiot that you didn't bring some wonderful novel or travel book about your destination. The coverage in this updated (1987) volume is of uniform high quality for every region in the world, its research is shockingly good (lots of books I never heard of for regions I thought I knew well), its judgement reliable, and its reviews brief and evocative but sufficient to make decisions with.*

*Come to think of it, browsing **The Traveler's Reading Guide** would be a clever technique for discovering where one might like to travel. Usually I would recommend just using a book like this at the library, but this one's worth owning.*

*—Stewart Brand*

**The Traveler's Reading Guide**
Maggy Simony, Editor
1987; 831 pp.
**$18.95**

postpaid from:
Facts On File
460 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016
800/322-8755

or Whole Earth Access

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*Manitoba [Novels]*

Eckert, Allan W. INCIDENT AT HAWK'S HILL
Based on a true story of a young, supposedly retarded, boy who goes to live with animals and returns as a normal child. Set in the 1870s. Little, 1971.

Laurence, Margaret A JEST OF GOD
The self-liberation of a spinster schoolteacher from her trapped life in provincial Manitoba. Knopf, 1966. Also *A Bird in the House* (1970), short stories set in the 1930s and '40s.

•

*Burma [Novels]*

Law-Yone, Wendy THE COFFIN TREE
''An odyssey . . . from the childhood of a girl born of well-to-do family in a modern Burma immersed in political turmoil, to the grown young woman forced . . . to immigrate . . . to America.'' (FC) Knopf, 1983.

Maugham, W. Somerset
THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR
''Records a leisurely trip from Rangoon northward to Mandalay . . . accounts of Europeans and Englishmen he meets and what's keeping them in the Orient.'' (BRD) Arno, 1977 (first published 1930).

Orwell, George BURMESE DAYS
A bitter, satirical picture of the white man's rule in Upper Burma. HarBraceJ, 1974 (first published 1934).

## Kryptonite Car Lock

*The folks who brought us the nearly unbustable Kryptonite bicycle/motorcycle lock (available in ten sizes) now make one for our cars. The same attributes continue: easy to use and store, tough to cut, pry, pick, or drill (that's important — battery-powered drills have obsoleted most locks of any sort) or otherwise fiend, and backed by a good guarantee: they'll pay your insurance deductible (up to $500) if your car is stolen while wearing this lock. The design is not new — wimpy models have been around for years. But experience has proven that the steering-brake lock, easily visible from outside the car and a great hassle to conquer, is among the most effective theft-deterrents. You can even get it keyed the same as your bike lock. Fits most cars. Stores under the seat. Works fine. It's even sort of elegant.* —J. Baldwin

**Kryptonite Car Lock: $79.95.** Brochure **free** from MVTC, Inc., 95 Freeport Street, Boston, MA 02122. 800/225-5669, ext. 500 (car lock orders only).

## Baby Bag

*The Baby Bag is the handiest baby garment we have — just drop the kid in and go! Takes a lot of the inertia out of traveling with a child in winter climes. We have had ours 1½ years and it's still going strong. They sell a newborn version, but you don't really need it. Just pin up the legs till they fill in.* —John Benecki

**Baby Bag: $43** postpaid; catalog **free** from Good Gear for Little People, Washington, ME 04574; 207/845-2211.

## Sierra Trading Post

*Sierra offers name-brand outdoor clothing and equipment at substantial savings. Service has been good.* —Walt Noiseux

**Sierra Trading Post:** catalog **free.**1625 Crane Way, Sparks, NV 89431; 702/355-3355.

▪

Oiled Wool Cardigan (for men)

Made in England by Terramar for a well-known outdoor outfitter, who cancelled due to late delivery. The price is phenomenal for this hard-to-find shawl cardigan in a bulky-knit, heavy-weight, oiled wool. Oiled wool retains the sheep's natural lanolin, which is normally processed out. By leaving it in, the wool keeps its natural water repellancy, and resistance to damp chilly winds.
Color: (02) navy*, (31) charcoal*, (35) wine (no XL)*.
Size: S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46-48).
#3636C-36 Men . . . . . $39.95 *(Reg. $69.95)*

•

*Save $15.05*
Canvas Utility Pants (for men)

Pants that aren't afraid of work, and don't look like military surplus. Made of tough, breathable 8 oz cotton canvas with deep front pockets, two rear pockets with button flaps, and all the comfort and practicality you'll ever need for working or running errands. Garment washed for soft feel and reduced shrinkage. Made in USA. Outstanding quality IRs.
Color: (01) tan*, (02) navy*, (03) white*, (13) breton red*, (30) grey*.
Size: 30-44 even, plus 33, 35. Inseams: 30", 32", 34".
Note: We buy assorted lengths, and may ship you a longer inseam, but never a shorter one.
#2244C-22 Men . . . . . $10.95 *(Reg. $26.00)*

** We must buy in assorted colors. Please make alternate choices.*

▪

*Two-Person Tent* by Sierra Designs
The Flashlight is everything you could want in a lightweight, two-person, 3-season shelter. Easy to pitch with lots of room and good ventilation. It is made to take backcountry abuse with ripstop nylon body, coated taffeta rain fly and floor, and "glassform" doors. Tents were overstocked due to a late delivery.

*Color:* blue/cream.
*Size:* peak ht: 43"; packed sz: 5" x 17". Wt.:3 lbs 14 oz.; Floor area:34 sq ft + 5.5 sq ft vestibule.
#8805C-88 $99.95 *Reg. $149.95*

## Soft Paths

*How to enjoy the wilderness without harming it. We know, don't we? "Take only pictures, leave only footprints." Not that simple, folks. It depends on where you are, geography, weather, popularity of the area, and lots of other factors I'll bet you didn't really know that much about. This easily read and remembered book discusses the problems, then the attitudes and techniques essential for the preservation of wilderness attributes despite our potentially destructive presence. This is served up in a way that is intended to induce stewardship rather than guilt, just what you'd expect from the publisher, National Outdoor Leadership School. And all this time I thought I was doing O.K. (cringe). —J. Baldwin*

**Soft Paths**
Bruce Hampton
and David Cole
1988; 173 pp.
**$10.95**
($11.95 postpaid) from:
The National Outdoor
Leadership School
P. O. Box AA
Lander, WY 82520
307/332-6973

or Whole Earth Access

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*Sanitation*
Since there is so little organic matter to provide sustenance for the microorganisms that eventually break down fecal material, sanitation in the desert presents a problem. Body waste won't decompose in this predominantly inorganic, sandy soil, but instead dissipates, filtering through the ground as it follows natural drainages. In this respect, distance from water may be more critical than whether you bury your feces or deposit them at the surface.

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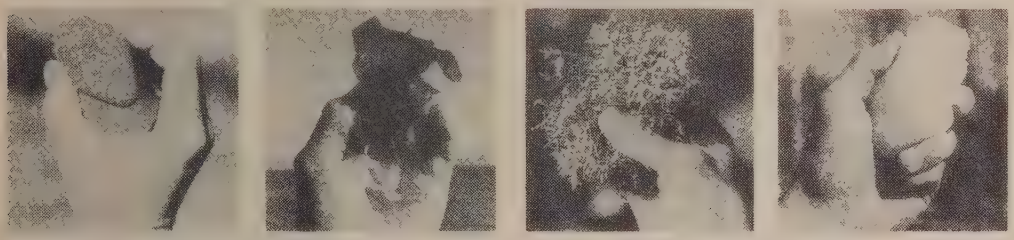
If clear plastic is difficult to see in winter, toilet paper is even harder. Consequently, some winter visitors take only paper of a darker contrasting color. Regardless of color, however, toilet paper is always difficult to burn in snow. Even when the surrounding snow is cold and dry, the snow soon melts, soaking the edges of the paper and leaving some unburned pieces. The easiest solution is to avoid using toilet paper during winter. Snow — compressed and formed into a compact, oblong shape — provides a sanitary and surprisingly comfortable alternative. Best of all, when the snow melts, no evidence remains.

•

River users can camp on beaches, sandbars, or non-vegetated sites — somewhere below the high waterline. When the river floods, footprints wash away, and the site appears "new" to the next user. If you practice this flood-plain camping, your impact will always be minimal.



**"Natural toilet paper" is an effective solution to one of the most common causes of wilderness trash. It's more comfortable than you might imagine.**

## Bushwalking in Australia

*We know it as backpacking; the Aussies call it bushwalking. I haven't been to Australia (yet), but when I go, this is the bushwalking guide I'll rely on. The outback areas it steers you to are scrub and wooded lands primarily located in the cooler, wetter south, avoiding the arid, hot "red center" of the continent. Also covered are a few trails on the lush and somewhat undeveloped island state of Tasmania. The one I have my eye on is the five-day, signposted path through tarn, lake, and alpine country on the Overland Track, a carry-it-all-with-you journey.*
*—Kevin Kelly*

**Bushwalking in Australia**
Monica Chapman
and John Chapman
1988; 196 pp.
**$8.95**
($10.45 postpaid) from:
Lonely Planet Publications
Embarcadero West
112 Linden Street
Oakland, CA 94607
415/893-8555

or Whole Earth Access

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*Features*
The Stirling Range is a single chain of peaks 10 km wide and 65 km long. For most of its length the range is composed of isolated peaks and towers separated by broad valleys. At the eastern end of the range the peaks are connected by a high ridge which is rugged and spectacular. This ridge provides the best bushwalking area in this park, with excellent views. . . .

There are over 500 known species of wildflowers, so in the spring it is very beautiful. Most of the park is covered with prickly shrubs and heaths which flower profusely. Orchids are numerous in the sandy soils around the foothills and there are only a few small pockets of forest on the plains.

Kangaroos and wallabies are often seen by bushwalkers away from the major roads. Birdlife is active and emus, parrots, magpies and currawongs are common. With the profusion of flowers the park has many honey eating birds which are easily heard but not so easily seen. You may also see goannas, lizards and the odd snake.

•

*Climate*
Most of Australia has a mild to hot climate and many areas can be walked in at all times of the year. Queensland, the Northern Territory and the northern half of Western Australia are in the tropics and are most suited for bushwalking in the autumn, winter and spring seasons. During these seasons the weather is milder and less humid than the hot, steamy, wet period of summer.

New South Wales and Victoria are excellent states for bushwalking all year round. In winter the alpine areas are covered in snow and are unsuitable for bushwalking, but there are still enjoyable areas to visit around the coastline and in the hills.

# Carol Van Strum

*wrote "The Most Unusual Letter We've Ever Received" which ran in CQ in 1977 and then in the* Next Whole Earth Catalog. *That led to Carol becoming our regular reviewer of Learning items: home education, lifelong learning, kids' stuff, and alternatives to formal school.*

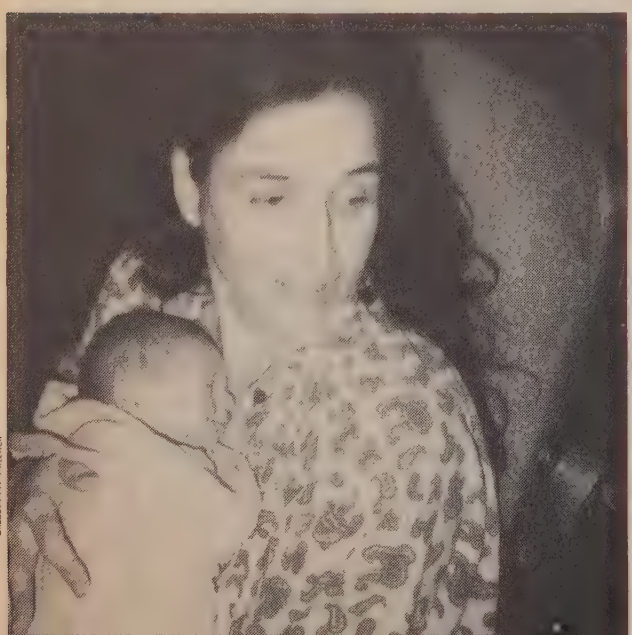
Ma Kettle, here, still down on the farm in Data Gap, Oregon. The old wheelchair ain't got her yet, by cracky! The apple trees are bigger though, and so are the kids and lawsuits.

Survival is a scramble, as ever. Mending fences, patching roofs, baking bread, translating WordStar files to Word Perfect and back again. Work for Greenpeace, legal research, and book reviews keep the bills almost paid. Our patchwork house grows with our patchwork family. Latest addition: Mr. DOS, who moved into the Goat House, bringing another computer. He's having an affair with Ms. DOS. It's incest, you see. Their walls are lined with floppy disks and manuals, their bed and floor with soiled wads of fanfold paper. What do they do over there when the lights are out? And where will they put the Kurzweil text converter?

There's seven-month-old Nicholas, aka the Critter, a surprise production of Ma (with Pa), who at age 47 thought she was too old for such things. Ha! She just came down with chicken pox, too.

Also new: a porch, complete with screen doors, an outlet for the computer, a phone jack for the modem, a jumper for the baby. Here we sit, reading the latest E-mail from Greenpeace Antarctica, while the gander pulls out the peacock's tail, old dog Toby humps a bewildered duck, the older boys play Rambo on their swing set. Truly the world begins at home. Life is good. If only we could afford LEXIS and a lawnmower. Someday . . .

When nature calls, it's still a 100-foot hike to the outhouse, but in the office are three computers, a photocopier, and endless mulch piles of documents awaiting cash for the next good buy on used filing cabinets. That's what it takes to live off the land these days. Documents and books metastasize throughout the house. When the mounds grow too deep, we build another room.



Elizabeth R. Mitchell

More songbirds now, and eagles, hawks, deer, fish, and crawdads too, since we won the injunction that stopped the Forest Service from spraying herbicides, but the Nozzleheads are gearing up for another fight. Two disabled veterans, a screech owl ("Wol") and a barn owl ("Barn Wol"), guard the office from their windows, waiting for Mousesicles and Sara Lee Road Kill TV Dinners. (They moved outside after the screech owl crapped down the vents of the KayPro 4.)

Pa got hooked on the Freedom of Information Act, and the family narrowly survived the rigors of putting him through law school. More information makes bigger waves, and the ripples spread faster and farther now, over the modem through GreenLink, the Greenpeace international BBS. It's the Information Age. Information, more addictive than heroin. But this drug moves over the phone lines and comsats, to and from Sweden, England, New Zealand, Canada, Brazil, the frozen beachhead in Antarctica . . .

Unaware that the document junkies were about to pounce, an EPA official momentarily lapses into honesty; "One meal of Baltic Sea salmon is equivalent to all of the 2,3,7,8-TCDD one would inhale from a municipal waste incinerator in a number of months," he writes. The junkies will never find me, he thought, but he was wrong. "Get it out to Sweden quick, Pa — the seals are dying in the North Sea!"

Amidst the chatter of housebirds and printer, the baby nurses, exercising two new teeth. He's started solid food, but there's no garden this year. We're too busy in court, trying to stop the Forest Service and DEA choppers and planes that buzzbomb the house 60-80 times a year. Under cover of the War on Drugs, the patriots who bought us the Iran-Contra scam nobly seek to eliminate herbicide protesters and other enemies of state through the marijuana eradication program. Information (herbicides are deadly) is countered with Disinformation (herbicide protesters are marijuana growers protecting their crops from sprays), and the troops are dispatched. It's War on Drugs, and the First Amendment is the first casualty.

Strange times, these Reagan years. The situation with toxics is so bad that more information is leaked than is disseminated officially. The most important stuff is more effectively published by the Xerox Underground than in scientific journals, like the news that paper products — toilet paper, sanitary napkins, tampons, diapers, coffee filters, office papers — are contaminated with dioxins. It was The MegaLeak, the family jewels smuggled from the paper industry vaults: the secret meetings with EPA administrators, the lies, corruption, and conspiracies it takes to continue killing the planet and ourselves. Ma Kettle Goes To Congress. While she testifies, the Critter bathes in the Sam Rayburn House Office Building fountain. (Full story in press in *The Alder Hill News*, edited by 13-year-old Zack.)

So we hang our cloth diapers in the sun and forego Pampers and Huggies. But what of the toxins lurking in our stacks and shelves and drawers of paper, tainting the very information thereon? As Pooh Bear said, "There must be another way," and there is: dioxin-free paper is a reality in Europe. Take heart, Whole Earth, because you do your part: newsprint, being unbleached, contains little or no dioxin. Tell the world it's healthier to keep Hole Earth in the outhouse than toilet paper. ■

# Orville Schell

*first visited China in 1961, and lived on a factory commune in 1974, before Maoist China had opened its doors to "foreign guests." His China reports ran in the early* Whole Earth Catalogs, *and frequently thereafter in this magazine. His current book about China (1987) is* Discos and Democracy. *[By phone.]*

I've been watching China now long enough to have seen a pretty broad sweep of history. There is a certain worldwide tide of idealism and political utopian thought that ebbs and flows through history. And China has had an extreme dose of it. Recently, China has become a place that has turned into its opposite, in an almost dreamlike fashion. It's been a bit like falling down the well in *Alice in Wonderland.* I frequently feel like everything I've studied in China for the last 30 years is being totally disproved. All the themes that have endured in Chinese history, like anti-foreignism, or the Chinese penchant for authoritarianism, for people to want to heed their leaders rather than to heed themselves, seem to be on the brink of being defied.

There is a healthy urge to believe that the world still affords countries enough diversity so that different models of development can be successful. China was one model in the '60s and '70s for Westerners looking for new credos and new alternative belief systems. Well, it turned out that China consumed itself. It did not necessarily disprove that certain socialist models are completely inappropriate for Third World developing countries. Rather it simply showed that the *extremism* of the Maoist experiment sabotaged that model. There were a lot of things that are worthy of emulation of that China: the educational system, the campaign against illiteracy, health care, and the system of welfare for the aged and poor. A lot of these things were quite successful. Unfortunately, like the proverbial baby in bathwater, they've been thrown out now for the newer forms.

There isn't much I'd recommend anybody imitate in China now, because China is becoming an imitation of *us.* They have abandoned that quest — which was one of the real hallmarks of Mao — to find a uniquely Chinese way of doing things. It's a great shame that Mao screwed up. His megalomania overpowered his efforts to see if China could be the first country that would find some different way to put itself together and to develop. In the absence of imagination, we find China wanting to imitate Western capitalist countries as a quick fix to somehow join up with the big boys. You can see this in almost anything you look at. You have Mao suits on one side and you have leather hot pants, net stockings, and miniskirts on the other side. There are loyalty dances for Chairman Mao, and then there is disco.

In fact, there are some older Chinese who have lived through the entire transition from a very traditional to radical communist to post-modern society. Ironically, their heads are spinning less than the younger people, because the older people at least had a foundation which they recognize as Chinese. Whereas the young people who grew up on the centrifuge of Chairman Mao have *nothing* as a constant, nothing credible and believable in a long-term way. When Mao got cashiered, they were deracinated. Now among the young there's enormous amounts of crime and disaffection and skepticism and cynicism, along with disillusionment, and its analogue, a greed for money. People always reach for money when everything else fails.

China is a country that is desperately, and with tremendous justification, trying to find some new balance by lurching from one extreme to another. You acquire a new respect for what Chinese philosophers in traditional times called the Jung Yung, the middle road, a path which has eluded China in modern times. Many developing Third World countries experience this dislocation, but China came to it off a real jag of idealism, which most other countries haven't had. There was this hope and belief that it was finding a new and different way — the famous utopianism of Maoist thought. Instead it crashed and burned. The discontinuity between the failed promises of the old ideals and the pragmatic methods circulated now is much more precipitous than in countries like Indonesia, Thailand, or India, where people were always just sort of muddling along with no big ideology cult.

There is an escalating trend to reconciliation between Taiwan and China, which would match this lost pair. Each has what the other lacks. It's a natural connection. Taiwan is rich in capital, management, technology; China is rich in space, inexpensive labor, and natural resources. Both countries share culture and language. In less than a year, some 400,000 Taiwanese had visited the mainland since the recent restrictions on travel and communication were dropped. These people were not just visiting relatives and graves; they are setting up businesses. When the two errant pieces of China get together at last they'll have a powerful horizontal monopoly. They'll be much less reliant on other countries' tariffs and trade restrictions, and so in a much stronger position to move in the world market. The reformers in China are now really well established. China cannot go back to what it was. ■

# Anne Waldman

*is a performance poet and a Fast Speaking Woman (that's the name of her first collection of poems). As director of Writing & Poetry at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics held at the Naropa Institute, Colorado, Anne is an inspiration and teacher to many young poets*

Cynthia MacAdams

Poets are by definition verbal and vocal and were they not, would atrophy. From that perspective the poetry "scene" seems alive and well. And because the stakes are not particularly high in the material sense, poets tend to be supportive of one another rather than competitive. The greatest compliment is always, "I wish I'd written that myself!" I remember the occasion of first reading the rant poem entitled "Crack in the World." The poem was inspired by a narrow comment in the New York Times that women poets were really, after all, only writing about their menstrual periods. Aha! I hadn't taken on that subject yet! I thought with glee. When I did, the poem became a ritual enactment of the state of mind only that time of the month can evoke, the words singing of "endometrium collapse." (Imagine the vowels elongated, and an hysteria in the vocal presentation):

*Let me go howling in the night*
*No man to touch me*
*Don't fathom my heart tonight, man*
*No one wants to be around this factory,*
*this beautiful machine*
*but I shun your company anyway*
*My flexible body imagines the crack*
*See the crack in the universe*
*The curse, the glorious curse is upon me!*
*Don't come to my house*
*Don't expect me at your door*
*I'm in my celibacy rags.*

After the reading, surrounded by a bevy of younger folk, one youth exclaiming he finally knew what it must be like to be a woman, Allen Ginsberg profferred the supreme compliment that he wished he could have written the poem himself!

But the point here is simply that the rewards are in the making of the poems, and in the positive response from one's elders and peers in the poetry community.

Unlike the visual artists who must date each work so that history will know who did what when and first, there's a freer give and take in the poetry community in terms of the work itself. Many of us pick up on each other's suggestions for experimentation. I'm a great fan of John Ashbery's "mistranslation" assignment where you simply take a page of writing in a language you don't know and write off it, triggered by the look of the letters and the sounds they suggest. I got the line "I love a night of paychecks and not all go for poker" from the Russian of Mayakovsky. Bobbie Louise Hawkins (on the core faculty at Naropa Institute's new MFA program) made us all stand up and curse something or someone at top voice, and I found myself addressing the Contragate hearings:

*You loathsome TV patriarchs, obsolete Senators,*
*lie of the land Admirals, Draconian Lieutenant Colonials,*
*Pentagon jack-offs, idiot box political pentacostals,*
*perjuring arms dealers, bigtime macho money-grubbing*
*drug smugglers — SHUT OFF!*

*Not a woman amongst ya!*
*Ye lilly-livered big wheels*
*Judges of my world?*
*I'll make your semen dry up*
*Your genitalia will wither in the wind!*

I'll always thank Bobbie for getting that off my chest.

I travel a great deal on the modest poetry circuit from Rochester to Managua, from Bhopal, India to Lawrence, Kansas and the interest, the dedication to the practice, and the community continues to grow. There's a fellow in Florida reading Joanne Kyger's *Japan and India Journals;* a soul-sister on Shakespeare Drive in East Orange, Texas, quoting Gertrude Stein; a large gentleman outside Boston who runs a place called Tiny Blueplate's and served in Viet Nam, is a bodyguard for the Dalai Lama when "the Dal's in town," and organizes poetry readings; a secret poet in Norfolk, Virginia, reading Celine and Creeley and playing Charlie Parker records; a woman wanting more "contact" from Iceland; a Dharma bum in Poland who had to meet secretly to meditate and share poems with friends, and so all these people want to click in with the truth and beauty and the

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# Lou Gottlieb

*opened his 32-acre Sonoma County Morningstar ranch to all comers in 1966. His open-door policy created an unintentional media event involving dope, nudity, uninhibited sex, sanitation and building-code violations. In 1968 a permanent injunction forbade Lou to entertain further guests. His fines totalled over $14,000 and he spent a week in jail on contempt of court. By 1972 the structures had been bulldozed by the county three times. Lou is 65.*

There are always individuals who are allergic to life in the mainstream of the society in which they live. The goals and incentives offered by that society are insufficient inducement for them to work. Their need for leisure is greater than their fear of unemployment, starvation or homelessness. Publicans and sinners, the hoi polloi, bohemians, beatniks, hippies, lumpen proletariat, "hooligani," "gusanos," "marielitos," street people, the homeless panhandlers found in every American city are names which have been used to characterize this component of society at various times. These beggars provide the opportunity for philanthropic behavior which always makes rich people feel good. John D. Rockefeller, for example, is reputed to have given away over half a billion dollars during his lifetime.

However, the philanthropic urge is often inhibited by the need to decide who is truly worthy of help. As reported in *Time* magazine, these days some only give to beggars who are disabled, others only give to beggars with children, and the poor are more generous than the rich. Twenty years ago, having been lucky enough to catch the wave of the "folk scare," I fancied myself involved in an attempt to ameliorate the human condition. The only kind of philanthropy I could think of which did not require judging the qualifications of the recipients of my generosity was free rent. As a result of the events at Morning Star Ranch between 1966 and 1971, I am still convinced that the Bureau of Public Land Management, which controls more than sixteen and a half million acres of land in California, should deed a dozen isolated parcels of forty acres each to God and see who shows up. These pockets of controlled anarchy, I am convinced, can produce lifestyles which would be convenient for this element that seems to cause embarrassment wherever they appear.

The most optimistic facet in the coming two decades is that the possessors of the morality necessary to rip off the Russian bourgeoisie have died. They have been replaced by second- and third-generation Communists like Mikhail Gorbachev who are more interested in making people happy and don't have to defend or perpetrate any further thefts. So we can look forward to a decrease in resources devoted to these efforts. In other words, the possibility of nuclear conflict has receded, and for that everyone should utter praise and thanksgiving. That's about the only thing I can see that is totally positive for the next twenty years. ■

ANNE WALDMAN (continued)

surprise of words, not words of repression, propaganda and slimy dark-age materialism.

There's a tremendous exchange going on through the mails. There are lively performance arenas as well. I judged a poetry contest in Mesquite, Texas and we composed poems on stage for on-the-spot performance. There's a wealthy collaboration also with musicians and dancers and video artists. I recently completed an hour-long video in which I jump around, sing, read in a rocking chair, read as if under water, and speak into a magnifying glass. It's an exploratory poetics performance.

My interest personally is always in the "rub" between "self" and "other," outside/inside, male/female, and how words can play with those dualities, creating sparks in the very clash and mesh of the phones and phonemes. And how, too, the mouthing of the words, the vocalization, can generate energy that stirs people out of mesmerization. I'm interested in a *participatory* poetics, a *transformative* poetics. Read more, read *out loud*, I tell my students. Learn other languages. Get poet-penpals in Korea and Thailand and Ireland and China. Start weekly Tuesdays in your own homes reading and celebrating your favorite poets. Keep Sappho, Shelley, Blake, and Hilda Doolittle in your hearts. Join the PEN Club and write a letter on behalf of one poet prisoner at least once a month. Join Greenpeace and work on behalf of all suffering life forms. Don't forget to vote. Keep a pad and pen handy at all times. Start a Newsletter, edit a magazine, write a pantoum. Get your livelihood together to allow these precious luxuries. Sit still for an hour a day and follow your breath. Don't worry, the words for poems won't dry up. ■

# Paul Wachtel

*is a psychologist and author of* The Poverty of Affluence: A Psychological Portrait of the American Way of Life.

Twenty years ago the first Earth Day had not yet occurred. Twenty years from now we will be well into the twenty-first century. Between those two parameters lie both our opportunity and our peril. On the one hand, our consciousness of the danger to the life-sustaining environment and of the deadly side effects of our consumer society has increased enormously. On the other, so too has the danger itself, as the exponentially increasing impact of economic growth has felled the rain forests, poisoned the soil and lakes, pierced the ozone layer, and brought us, as disasters and — even worse — as predictions, Love Canal, Bhopal, Three Mile Island, and Chernobyl.

In the race between our awareness and our seemingly insatiable need for more and more material goods, our awareness is running a less than inspiring second. The industrialized world seems terminally fixated on a growth-oriented way of life, and we are beginning to spread that seductive gospel to billions more in the third world. Is there a way off the express train to disaster? Can our economy be re-oriented to satisfy genuine human needs and to pay proper respect to the ecological balance necessary to support life? Or is the only way to get off the train equivalent to subjecting one's body to a jump at a hundred miles an hour, a Pyrrhic escape that substitutes worldwide depression for ecological cataclysm?

As a psychologist I cannot answer every facet of that question with full authority. Clearly one of our most urgent needs is for a new breed of economists, not in thrall to the imperative of growth and to the smug amorality of the unrestrained market. Redesigning a world economy of unprecedented proportions, an economy perilously top-heavy in its distribution of goods both between rich and poor nations and between rich and poor within each nation, is no job for the faint-hearted. The walls could easily come tumbling down.

Indeed, it may well be that within the narrow confines of our presently dominant assumptions no solution is possible. Only if we challenge those assumptions — both economic and psychological — can we see our way clear to a way of life that is sustainable, just, and satisfying. What we must recognize first is that our present way does not work.

The conventional wisdom of the environmental movement is that our ecological crisis is due to selfishness and short-sightedness: In the pursuit of immediate pleasures we are mortgaging the future. And certainly there is some truth to that — if pleasure itself is defined narrowly and short-sightedly. But the more profound truth is that the pleasure is more a myth than a reality; or perhaps more accurately, that it is exceedingly fleeting and indeed often feels less like pleasure than like the simple effort to maintain the continually escalating requirements for a middle-class existence.

Though most Americans, like others in the industrialized world, consume unprecedented amounts of material goods at unprecedented costs in energy, natural resources, and toxic residues, there is little sense of amplitude of living that accompanies all this expenditure. Thirty years ago we were described as "The Affluent Society." Since then our real per capita income has increased significantly. The percentage of homes with home freezers has more than doubled, the percentage with air conditioners has quintupled, and the percentage with such other consumer amenities as washers, dryers, dishwashers, and color TVs has increased from three to sevenfold. And what is the result of all this material growth? That we are yet to surpass the levels of reported satisfaction indicated on national surveys in 1957; that we seem less able to tolerate taxes and less able to find funds to help the needy than we could then; that we are confronted with a tidal wave of homelessness that not long ago would have seemed unimaginable on our shores; and that for all the material gain since that time of perceived affluence, the typical American family feels it is just about making ends meet.

But oddly, it is the very failures of our present way of life that offer us hope. Were it true that the preservation of the environment and the achievement of justice for those at the bottom were irrefutably pitted against ever-rising pleasure in the daily living of most Americans, the odds would be very much against our making the needed changes in time. But in fact, a growth way of life offers us a treadmill rather than a path to luxury. Greater understanding of the psychology of economic growth enables us to see how our desires and expectations are continually raised so that the promised rewards never feel satisfying; how competition distorts human relationships and fosters insecurity; how the push to move out and move ahead rather than stay on and work together affects both communities and individuals; and what the impact is on children and families when parents work so hard to give their children what we have come to think of as

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# Wavy Gravy

*is just about the only name Wavy Gravy has by now. A charter member of the prospering Hog Farm (you might know them as the commune providing first aid at a lot of famous concerts), Wavy Gravy is the patron saint and holy jester of all former hippies, tripsters, and backsliding yuppies.*

Dear J.B., Eggplant, Kevin, et al.,

You've got Gravy in yr eye. This is Wavy (still) Gravy after all these years — your basic psychedelic relic and temple of accumulated error. I was a teenage beatnik but they'll bury me a hippie — "Peace N Love" but not necessarily in that order.

I tell people the '80s are the '60s twenty years later, "old feathers — new bird" which is the title of my audio assault (record, C.D. and tape) on Relix. Records to be released any second now.

Yes, I am still a hog farmer living on the expanded family compound in Berkeley, CA, or our Laytonville, CA, Black Oak Ranch. We still manage the Babylon telephone answering service in Berkeley and I am the director of Camp Winnarainbow, a circus and performing arts camp on our 500 acre country land. Other Hog Farm hussles: "Intents," an incredible teepee, tent, and awning manufacturing biz; "Martin's Modules" — nifty one room wooden prefabs; "Stan's Jam," yum, yum; plus we laid in a field of blue corn this summer, etc. And in this manner the whole Hog Farm gathers photos of dead presidents for house and land payments and basic human needs. In the ancient times (1965-75) we floated our scene (a caravan of painted buses from sea to shining sea), on mostly magic. Today, we use mainly *money!*

In 1968 we ran a pig for president of the United States. Her name was Pigasus Pig and she was the first female black and white candidate for that high office. In 1972 we ran a rock for president and a roll for vice president! At rallies we would serve cinnamon rolls, jelly rolls, bagels, Kaiser rolls, and you could always eat the vice president as the roll kept changing. In '76 we launched my favorite — the Nobody for President Campaign — "Nobody's perfect," etc. Using plastic wind-up chatter teeth for the speeches and Rock 'n Roll for the sound track. Ditto '80 and '84, just working for Nobody as Nobody was in Washington workin' for us. I enjoy being Nobody's Fool cuz I firmly believe Nobody should have that much power. But after three times out, enough already! I thought maybe we'd run a piano in '88. But . . . after Jackson tossed in the towel, the plastic teeth on top of the TV started clicking of their own volition. Soooo . . . here we go again, aboard our 1948 Greyhound that we call the "Nobody One." So, watch for us (me, the clicking teeth, and a Rock 'n Roll band called the Vicious Hippies), at a civic center near you. Keep the spirit of positive creative anarchy alive in yr heart but get registered and let's lick Bush.

Kevin Kelly

On a lighter note, I'm still on the board of the Seva Foundation, working to help alleviate some of human suffering (something to do), mainly focusing on combatting unnecessary and preventable blindness. (Almost 80 percent of the people in the world who are blind don't need to be.) We do mobile cataract camps in Nepal and India. An eye operation today costs about $15. For the price of a movie with a couple friends — wanna help? Send photos ($) of dead presidents to: Seva Foundation, 108 Spring Lake Drive, Chelsea, MI 48118. We also work with native Americans in public health, have a refugee project in southern Mexico, and agricultural projects with the widows in the highlands of Guatemala.

I am the Seva fundraiser working on my next concert which is a benefit for Seva and the New York homeless, to be held Saturday, November 26th at St. John the Divine in New York City, with Mickey Hart, Baba Olatunji, Allen Ginsberg, Laurie Anderson, Crosby, (Stills?), and Nash, plus readings by William Dafoe, Susan Sarandon, and maybe Robt. Deniro &&& so . . . be there, and tella friend. It's so heavy, it's light!

Sincerely, W. Gravy
at large

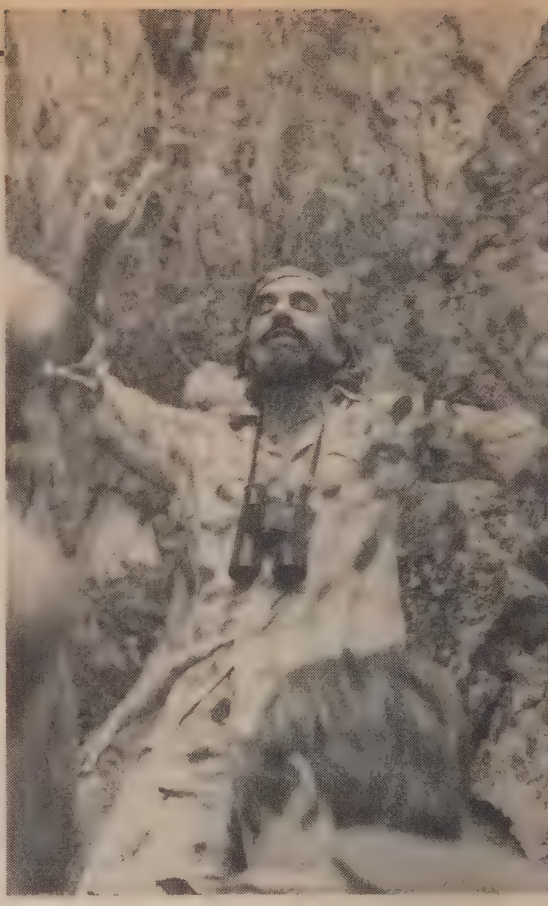
P.S. For more info about the Hog Farm, write "Hog Callings," c/o Cedar, 1301 Henry St., Berkeley, CA 94709. ■

PAUL WACHTEL (continued)

the good life that they have little left to give of themselves. Appreciation of the ironies of a growth orientation, of the ways in which our dissatisfactions stem not from a paucity of goods but from the very ways our pursuit of more and more goods undermines the real sources of satisfaction and security in our lives, can help us extricate ourselves from the web of illusion, self-deception, and dissatisfaction in which we are caught. And it just might save our lives. ■

# Peter Warshall

*is a biologist, eco-man, watershed guru, poet, professional naturalist, and Land Use editor of Whole Earth publications. His thinking is entirely nonlinear, so I've excerpted our phone conversation whenever it intersected ground zero.*



• If there are any commandments at all, the lost commandment is that all creatures are interdependent. We now learn interdependence from bad news: yup, sister, your hair spray just caused changes in the ozone layer, etc. There is little love associated with interdependence, little wonder that both you and the bear love the same package of blueberries. When the first *Whole Earth Catalog* appeared, there was a great quixotic hope that knowing our ties to earth, air and water would create new ethics. At the moment, there's no new age or *mahayana* credo. It's really an individual choice: do you want to pay attention, be part of, the non-monetary world of interdependence? The question is not even posed by the major monotheist religions (Jews, Christians, Muslims). Like obsolete PC programs, the menu still says God, abstracted love and here's how to cash in. At the moment, the tangled infusion of divinities, humors and the elements can only be learned by a rather deliberate, difficult refocusing.

• One of the surest ways to stop desertification and provide trees for the next generation is to mix trees with religion. If US AID could offer any Muslim a *hajj*, a trip to Mecca, if he keeps a patch of trees alive to maturity — you can imagine with what great care those trees would be protected and nurtured. Cheap, straightforward, impossible foreign aid.

• There are many ways of looking at the '60s. One of them is that suburban real estate was just too expensive for the young at that time, so the back-to-the-country green-out movement just *skipped* that suburban edge, and went out into the country where the real estate was cheaper, and settled the real estate. But now teenagers growing up find that *all* the real estate is settled in some way. They don't have the possibility of doing all the green-out stuff that characterized the earth movements of the late '60s and '70s. They're excluded from a land base. Combine that with a media that thrives off the environmentalists' attitude that the ozone, endangered species, wilderness, is all going to hell, and we get a real punk kind of alienated youth that doesn't have the same desire to commit itself to what seems like the inevitable death of the planet.

• In the twenty years post-WEC (*Whole Earth Catalog*), the U.S. environmental movement has become very strong. It set up a people base and then lawyers, politicians, advertisers (too much *Audubon* junk mail!), even artists began to see how to use, how to exploit the ideals. There's now an environmental sleaze factor which is equal to Meese's judicial sleaze factor. It's apparent in the Environmental Protection Agency; the end-runs around the Endangered Species Act and the gutting of the National Environmental Policy Act.

And all this, always starting with the phrase: "I am an environmentalist . . ."

• I find the most effective work being done on the planet is by Euro-Americans or Third Worlders who are willing to commit a period of years to a particular project. Over 60 percent of the World Bank money does not go for direct action. It goes back to predominantly Euro-Americans who, like myself for the last two years, run in for two or three weeks, write a report and split. My last report on arid lands and refugees in Ethiopia (for the UN) has been lost in the bureaucracy for two years. This jet-set ecology and anthropology has very limited influence on the host country. It may, if you're real lucky, change the priorities of the donor countries — refocus their financing. The compassionate actions come from individuals who seriously ask: What do I know? What does each special-interest group (fishermen, grazers, farmers, traders) want? And what will everyone accept? Inside this context of people earning a livelihood, the environment can be protected.

• Conflict resolution is probably the major environmental tool these days.

• Learning another language is part of healing the environment.

• Education is most likely the most effective long-term ecological work. An underestimated tool. I remember the African Wildlife Foundation stopped all kinds of poaching and hunting in national parks by galvanizing Kenyan students into Wildlife Clubs. It took only five years.

• A temporary commitment to poverty or low wages is probably necessary to do meaningful work and learn about nature — human and the planet's. It's a very hard thing to promote.

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# J.D. Smith

*instilled the early editions of the underground* Whole Earth Catalog *with much of their homesteading character. He was also "editor and janitor" of the Winter 1975 "land" issue of CQ. Now he's a cowboy living in Idaho who writes animal stories. His most beloved beast is a Harley-Davidson.*

**To Catch a Sasquatch** *(from a hitcher in Montana, 1966)*
"I figure the way to catch a Sasquatch is with a saxophone. Bigfoot is a critter, right? Critters are creatures of habit, so you just get a saxophone and a grubstake and get up on top of a mountain somewhere in Bigfoot country, and every evening about sundown you play the saxophone. The groundsquirrels are going to come running right away, then the otters and deer and bear after awhile, and eventually, if you are habitual about your playing, everything with ears is going to come check you out. So, if there is a Sasquatch in your area, its going to show up. Shit, the worst that can happen would be that you would learn how to play the saxophone."

**On a Mule's Digestion**
*(from a miner on the Salmon River, 1973)*
"It was an unusually cold and snowy winter. I was wintering with two mules and a box of *Reader's Digests*, at the end of the road about thirty miles upriver from Riggins. The mules kept wanting to wander back to town so I had them penned-up close to the cabin.

"One February day I got fed up with *Reader's Digest*. I had been reading one of those Most Unforgettable Character things about the kindest orthopedic surgeon in the universe, and I opened the window and pitched the magazine right out into two feet of prime River of No Return snow and mule muck, then I took my nap.

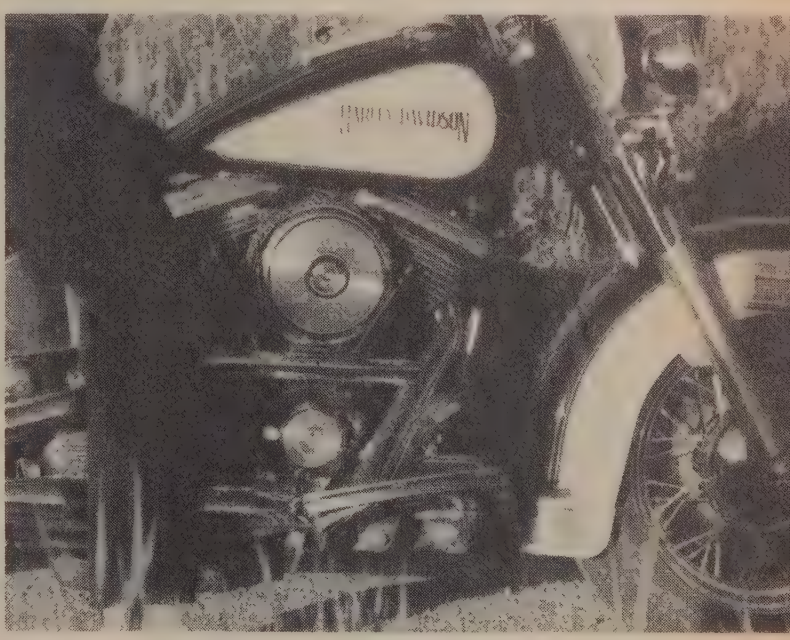
"When I woke up I was feeling a little kinder toward people who oversimplify simple things, and realized that my little temper tantrum was a warning sign of cabin fever, so I pulled on my boots and waded out into the mule pen to retrieve the surgeon, and, by God, the magazine was gone.

"You know, it took me and the mules almost a month to go through that box of Reader's Digests. By that time the grass was coming and the steelhead were running, and we all had better things to do with our time."

**Itchy Bear**
*(from a composer's husband, Burgdorf, Idaho, 1972)*
"They were logging down on the South Fork a couple of miles below where we had pitched our tipi for the summer. One evening after they shut down I decided to go have a looksee at their equipment and hygrade a little diesel for our lamps. I sidehilled down there and came out above a D-6 Caterpiller they were using for a skidder, and there was a big old black boar bear standing, humping the front of the left track. I'd never seen a bear fuck a piece of machinery, so I just sat up in the timber and watched him.

'After awhile it became obvious that he had a good case of the ticks, because he would run his belly over the cleats the whole length of the track, and rub his crotch on the corners, and grunt and smile and stick his muzzle between the track and the body, and generally have a grand old time making love to that Cat.

"There aren't many hard, sharp corners in our neck of the woods. That bear probably hated to see the loggers take away his back scratcher that fall." ■



**PETER WARSHALL (continued)**

• Even though I still speak of the "Third World," I find it sticking more and more in my throat. Imagine what California would become after sixteen years of drought. Imagine the difficulty of keeping its rivers free of dams. The indigenous people of the Sahel have suffered sixteen years of drought. There's been an incredibly imaginative, vibrant and muscular reaction that never makes headlines. There is, for instance, a populist seed exchange covering hundreds of miles. People who lost species because of the drought are trading to get those seeds back and then using small amounts of supplemental irrigation (wells) to mimic the pre-drought period. Farmers from the south are coming north to find drought-adapted seeds. they now know the drought may never break in their lifetime. A young woman from CIDA (the Canadian Peace Corps) was one of the many truckers for Sahelian women's groups since she could get gas. They were (I am) all mutually meshed in discovering, rediscovering seed power. ■

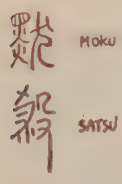
# Heathcote Williams

*is an English playwright-actor-poet. His case against circumcision, his ode to elephants, and his requiem for the automobile have appeared in* WER *#28, #41, and #56 respectively.*

MOKUSATSU

Asked what he would undertake first,
Were he called upon to rule a nation,
Confucius replied: 'To correct language . . .
If language is not correct,
Then what is said is not what is meant,
Then what ought to be done remains undone;
If this remains undone, morals and art will deteriorate;
If morals and art deteriorate, justice will go astray;
If justice goes astray,
The people will stand about in helpless confusion.
Hence there must be no arbitrariness in what is said.
This matters above everything.'

Asked to surrender in World War Two,
The Japanese employed the word 'mokusatsu'
In replying to the Potsdam ultimatum.




The word given out by the *Domei* news agency
Was interpreted in Washington as 'treat with contempt'
Rather than 'withholding comment' — pending a decision —
Its correct meaning.

The Americans concluded that their ultimatum had been rejected;
The boys in the back-room could play with their new toy.
A hundred and forty thousand people lay round in helpless confusion.

Today 'peace' is mis-translated, and means a seething stalemate
Instead of calm;
'Strength' is mis-translated, and means paranoid force
Instead of right-minded confidence;
'Defence' is mis-translated, and means maniacal extravagance
Instead of attentive foresight;
'Capability' is mis-translated, and means the psychotic accumulation of weapons
Instead of the exercise of skill;
'Testing' is mis-translated, and means the detonation of a nuclear device, and the release of radioactive clouds,
Instead of a tentative experiment;
A 'disarmament treaty' is mis-translated
And means dismantling obsolete weapons in the face of economic constraints:
Fissionable material in the old warheads to be rehabilitated by new warheads, not covered by the 'treaty'
Ritually attended by a spurious euphoria;
'First strike' is mis-translated,
And means last strike;
'Safety' is mis-translated,
And means danger.

Other things are intended
From what is said.
And if the words' meaning is liquefied,
Mistakes may be made,
And millions dissolve into meaningless chaos. ■

# Wes Jackson

*has the slow drawl and nimble wit of a Kansas prairie farmer. He runs the Land Institute, in Salina, Kansas, where he demonstrates the reality of renewable grain-and-grass agriculture.*

I don't want to think or talk about nuclear power, soil erosion, chemical contamination, genetic truncation of our major crops or anything that has to do with the extractive economy. The subject of acid rain is a bore. I do like to farm, run a few cattle, do a little research and would like to have grandchildren near enough for them to profit from the mistakes of raising their parents. Of course I participate in the extractive economy, both for pleasure and work, for there is no life outside the system. We live in a time of structural immorality. Maybe we always have, more or less, since we expanded patches to fields.

Most of the issues I don't want to talk or think about are issues to which I devote most of my time. I suppose I do this in the name of citizenship. But I really don't want to be such a full-time citizen. My present is being robbed by countless technological troublemakers who keep promising a better world to any who will listen.

Twenty-two years ago I took a class in biochemical genetics. This course was especially exciting, for results were pouring in every day about the nature of the genetic code, and the role of DNA and RNA in replication and protein synthesis. I had no idea that one day that body of knowledge would provide the basis for thinking about the possible perils of genetic engineering. I saw and still see all of this wonderful knowledge accumulated by the community of molecular biologists and chemists as one of the true advancements of science. I didn't think about any possible perils or that any new category of organisms would be forthcoming from this new knowledge. I certainly did not envision a multibillion-dollar effort being launched by universities and industry devoted to, among other things, combining genes of such remotely related organisms as humans and hogs, let alone humans and bacteria.

But that age is here now. It arrived faster than most of us imagined back then. As our imaginations about various possibilities began to unfold, we first worried about genetic monsters or nuisances escaping from university labs. Now, numerous scientists in both universities and industry intend to release several kinds of genetically engineered organisms into open environments. Biotechnology is being promoted primarily by those two powerful lures of western civilization: *the advancement of science* and *promise of a better life* through technological advances in medicine, agriculture, pollution management and so on. What is wrong with that?

For a half century now I have had the opportunity to witness the mind of religious fundamentalists at work. I can't see that it is more characteristic of one region over another or of one class of people over another. It is here in the Great Plains, in the South, and in California. I spot it everywhere in this country. We usually think of it as associated with certain religious denominations but it is now more rampant in the scientific community than religion. Fundamentalism is worrisome, wherever it is found, because it takes over where thought ends. It is so rampant in science now, that we plunge ahead with biotechnology faster than we can develop the intellectual framework and imagination for evaluating the possible risks. Professor P. J. Regal at the University of Minnesota has pointed out that at a very elementary level we don't even know what to compare the various bioengineered products to. Are they like domestic species? Are they like wild natives? Are they like wild species that have been introduced? In one sense the new biotechnology *is* merely an extension of the old biotechnology characterized by ordinary plant breeding. But in another and more important sense, we will have to deal with *novel* genetic arrangements and therefore *novel* ecological arrangements. Regal further reminds us that proper evaluation of risk requires us to understand biology at all levels. Who can do this? Certainly few, if any, of the students I have taught general biology to or even most of my professional colleagues in biology.

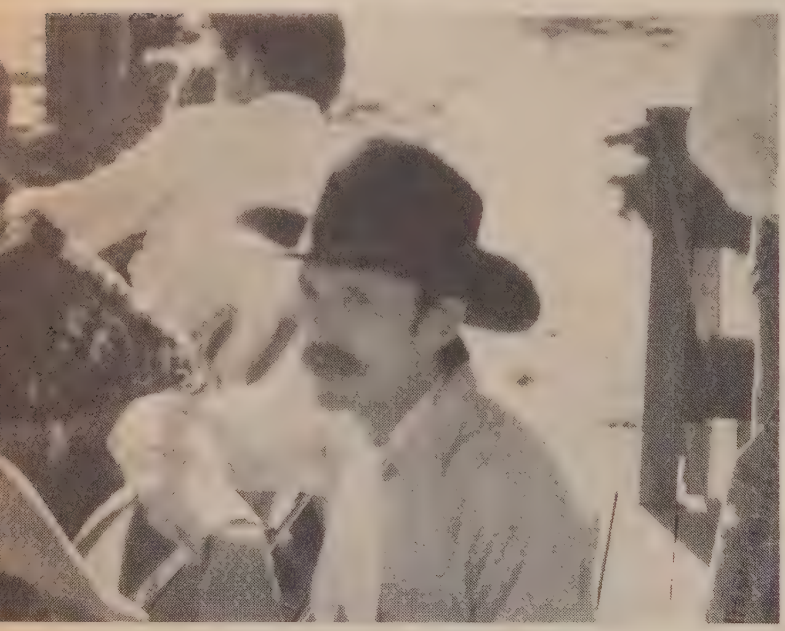
This brings me back to my introduction. How many of us want to give up what is left of our leisure time to study up and wage the political battle that responsible citizenship, indeed the democratic process, requires? Not me. Life is short and precious and these bioengineering troublemakers should be stopped until we catch our breath. I would call for a moratorium on nearly all biotechnology research were I not aware that it is a fundamentalist mind that runs the country. If there is anyone seriously pushing for a separation of science and state, I might join them. The current arrangement has been many times more ecologically devastating than the church-state alliance ever was. ■

# Matthew McClure

*is leaping along one of those non-linear careers that futurists say is going to be the general pattern of livelihoods soon.*

Twenty years ago I was setting type for the Fall '68 edition of the *Whole Earth Catalog*. As we began production, Stewart was just finishing a week of fasting as part of Liferaft Earth's guerrilla theater, and I got to meet Hugh Romney — whose *nom de guerre* of Wavy Gravy was earned at that event. *The Graduate* had just come out, and "plastics" were the symbol of the *ancien regime*.

I got quite an education during my typesetting stint, learning about Bucky Fuller and Whole Systems, about Land Use and Community. I read Ehrlich's *Population Bomb*, practiced recycling, and sent a donation to Mimi Fariña's Earth People's Park. I rediscovered religion, but with an eastern bent — the western variety had produced our parents' society, so that wouldn't do. We were raising consciousness; we were having a revolution: "All you need is love."



We won that revolution. At least, we thought we did. We got out of Viet Nam and started taking steps toward an ecology of the planet. We learned to think globally, act locally. Jimmy Carter tried to help, fostering solar power, ocean thermal energy conversion, mass transportation, taking steps towards Fuller's ephemeralization, but politics intervened, in the form of "The Great Communicator." Plastics are now befouling the oceans and depleting the ozone. We need another revolution, again one of consciousness.

Classical revolutionary thought says that one of the first steps must be to take over the means of communications, an interesting thought in the context of a communications revolution. I'm strongly in favor of using technology for worthwhile ends. Running fiberoptic cable to everyone's home, for example, could create an information-rich society with enough collective wisdom to save our planet. Maybe we could get wise enough to follow the Native Americans' principle of weighing today's actions in terms of their effect on the next seven generations to come. Maybe we could get wise enough to stop killing people who are a little different from ourselves.

I spent a dozen years on The Farm in Tennessee, trying to practice the ideas I'd picked up in the late sixties — religion, ecology, revolution in consciousness. The Farm billed itself as a school, and I learned a lot there about what it takes to build a community; I also learned that the best way to stay calm in a crisis is to have weathered a few disasters. We'd set an ambitious task for ourselves — "Out to save the world." It was a noble experiment, with a lot of good-hearted people. But after a while it started to look as if there might be other ways to go after the same goal.

When I returned to Whole Earth, this time to help put out the *Whole Earth Software Catalog*, I had a notion of trying to spread the notion that computers and other communications technology could be useful in the revolution. Many of my radical friends thought computers were tools of the oppressors; to me, they represented the empowerment of the individual.

We finished the *Whole Earth Software Catalog* and began casting about for something else interesting to do. Along came Larry Brilliant and his company, Network Technologies, with the idea of a joint venture to form a regional teleconferencing service. We created the Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link — The WELL. In the three years since, The WELL has grown into a "virtual community" that gives clear evidence of the empowerment of the individual through technology. It's still small, but it continues to make a living — because, as Stewart says, it didn't try to make a killing. Good line, SB.

Now I'm working in software development, using programmers from Shanghai. It's been exciting to see how well the Chinese programmers take to the microcomputer: perhaps this is what Oswald Spengler foresaw some 80 years ago in *The Decline of the West*, when he said China would be a first-rank power in a hundred years. Some of my Chinese friends think that China is too conservative to take the steps that are required to become a first-tier world power. Others think that the pragmatic aspect of the Chinese culture will prevail, mandating the same kind of communications revolution that is ushering in the Information Age in the West. I hope so, because today's problems are global.

As I watch my daughters riding their horses in the hills of Sonoma County, I pray that there's still time for the communications revolution to save the planet, creating enough collective wisdom to replace the plastic society. Power to the people. May all beings be peaceful. ■

# Paul Winter

*draws music out of the environment. He and his Consort have produced albums from a trip through fissures in the Earth, and using the primeval harmony of wolves and whales and redtail hawks, among others. He is pictured here on the Shores of Lake Baikal, Siberia.*

We've made some real progress. Twenty years ago many of us still thought whales swallowed people, we were afraid of wolves, and Russians were enemies off in a cold and faraway place. Then Roger Payne brought back the news that whales sing, John Harris began travelling the country doing school assemblies with his wolf Jethro, and Yevgeny Yevtushenko came to read poetry. All this was beginning in '68.

Now hundreds of thousands of Americans have a new awareness and respect for wolves; whale-watching is a bigger business, worldwide, than whale-killing; and Uncle Sam and Mother Russia are having an affair. These shifts, to me, are grounds for optimism: if we can transform these ancient fears, perhaps we can overcome other ones, dissolving prejudices and anxieties that keep us apart from each other and from the present. We can all sing with Susan Osborn: "The Dragon doesn't live here anymore."

This summer my Consort and I made a six-week tour of the United States with the Dimitri Pokrovsky Singers from the Soviet Union, a 12-voice ensemble who sing ancient Russian village music. We played music from our joint album, *Earthbeat*, which we recorded last year in Moscow and New York. Among the 25 concerts on the tour, my favorite gig was a free afternoon celebration we held in a field in Litchfield, Connecticut, a "Musical Town Meeting" for the folks in the town where I live. Following the concert a man came up to me and said: "I was an officer in the Army for 21 years; I'm not going to tell you my name or what my rank was, but for 21 years I was taught to dislike those people. Today you've totally changed my mind and I want to thank you."

I think we are growing up, our adolescent species. It's clear now we need to grow fast — faster than the hole in the ozone layer does. I feel Americans and Russians, consorting together in whatever way, will contribute greatly to this growing-up. There's an electric thing that happens when we get together in the same space. Maybe it's that we are both people of "big land," sharing the spirit of inquiry and pioneering and optimism that comes with unlimited landscapes. Maybe it's our common European heritage, our esthetics. Whatever it is, it brings possibilities far beyond the notion of peace, possibilities for true collaboration and creative competition, pooling our resources and knowledge for the benefit of all life on earth. It seems to me we complement each other as if we are each the missing piece of the other.

This is an exciting time to be in the Soviet Union. The ecology movement is just beginning here, catalyzed by the pollution of their "sacred sea," Lake Baikal. Baikal ("rich water"), the world's deepest and largest freshwater lake, holds one-fifth of the freshwater on the planet, and is home to 1,200 species of wildlife found nowhere else on earth. I am returning for my fifth visit in three years, continuing work toward music for an album called "Baikal." I've finally gotten permission to make an expedition by boat around the lake, which is in large part closed to foreigners. My guide will be Valentin Rasputin, the Siberian novelist who for years has fought to prevent the pollution of Baikal.

A few years ago I made a similar album celebrating the Grand Canyon. After I first came to Lake Baikal, I began to realize that the Canyon and Baikal are sister symbols: each is the most revered natural wonder in its country; if you mirror the maps of our two countries, they lie in about the same position — Baikal in their Southeast, the Canyon in our Southwest; each is about 300 miles long and a mile deep; they are each about 20 million years old; and Baikal is fed by 33 rivers, while the Canyon has 330 side canyons created by seasonal rivers running down into the Colorado. We can look into the mirror of this beautiful blue "pearl of Asia," and see ourselves a little better. "Mirror," when you say it, sounds just like "mir," the Russian word that means both "peace" and "world."

Pete Seeger came here in 1963, the first American to perform in Irkhutsk, the city 50 miles from the Lake. He brought home a jug of Baikal water, then the "purest in the world," and later said: "For a pure-water lover, going to Baikal is like going to Mecca."

Twenty-three years later, in September of 1986, the Consort and I were the next Americans to play in Irkhutsk. At Baikal, I walked along the shore with Valentin Rasputin, on the tracks of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, talking about the cellulose plants that are polluting the Lake. I told him what Pete Seeger had done with the sloop *Clearwater*, how he had helped make the Hudson River clean again. Rasputin, this battered but gentle warrior, brightened visibly and said, "Is this true? Is it possible that one man could accomplish such a thing?"

I returned now to Baikal to meet Rasputin again, bearing a letter of greeting from Pete, with presents of *Clearwater* songbooks. Soon we'll be on our boat, conspiring to weave story and song in celebration of this lake we both love, buoyed by our optimism that these waters, too, will come clean once again. ■

# Mary Catherine Bateson

*is an anthropologist (Amherst College) and cybernetician. The parents she refers to in this phone interview are her father, Gregory Bateson, and her mother, Margaret Mead.*

The question of what specific opinion one has altered, or what information one has replaced with newer information is not as important as the question of what one is to make of these changes. When I'm talking to people about change, I spend a lot of time trying to get them to discover that they have in fact changed rather fundamentally, getting them to learn from the fact of discontinuity. I have a greatly increased interest in the nature and kinds of creativity that arise from discontinuities in people's lives, particularly women's lives.

Discontinuities can, but don't necessarily, push one to think about metaquestions. I started thinking about these kinds of things in relation to [my father] Gregory. On the face of it, Gregory looked like someone who would pick up a research subject and drop it, and then go to something else and not follow through. One year it was dolphins and another year it was alcoholics and another year it was octopusses. Sometimes he threw his notes away, without writing them up. He did not realize himself until he put it together in *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*, that he had worked on only *one* subject all his life, a subject he called "the ecology of mind."

Polyxane-Cobb

When you change your mind, you can be following fashion and giving up one point of view and going to another, or you can be discovering your most basic premises. Out of the process of change, you can move towards fundamentals. It's helpful for people to know that Gregory was *troubled* by the sense that there was an inconsistency in his work. It took him a while to discover what his own consistency was. Cultivating this has to do with becoming conscious of one's processes of thought. That includes a very wide range of things, with maybe classical logic at one end, and kinds of introspection at the other.

You might change your view about the efficacy, say, of affirmative action. At one point you might think that it's a bad idea to make a special effort to hire blacks in the fire department. Then five years later you might say, well, no, it's clumsy and it's awkward but it's got to happen. Then a little bit later, you might discover that it shores up a different kind of prejudice and you might be against it again until you saw a better way to do it. That's an example of a particular social policy that you might change your mind about. But while you're changing your mind about it you would be exploring your own sense of fairness and human dignity. And that is the continuity.

The same thing happens when you have to develop an opinion about something new, or something you've never thought about. I've been working on the issue of AIDS, for instance. The necessary framework for thinking about a new phenomenon is the search for analogies in previous experience. I would say the sense of analogies or metaphors is something you pick up from reading poetry more than from discussing social concepts.

I'm someone who likes to move back and forth between a very abstract intellectual relationship and a more direct personal relationship, what I call "disciplined subjectivity." Disciplined subjectivity means you don't try to be objective. You don't pretend you *can* be objective. If you're going to let *self* into your thinking and your perception, you have to become self-reflective. If you're going to let your emotions and your personal history get involved, you'd better do that in a disciplined way, and you'd better watch yourself doing it. But at least you are escaping from an illusion, because I would argue that objectivity is an illusion. Disciplined subjectivity is always only relative, because you can't double think yourself on everything.

I'm aware of continuities between the way I do things and the way both my parents did. There are an awful lot of things that I did with my daughter that I suspect were rather novel when my parents did them with me. But, on the other hand, I can see how the things that were most fundamental to their ways of thinking came from their families. My mother learned how to do anthropological fieldwork from her mother, who was a sociologist studying Italian immigrants. They went and visited in homes and they talked about differences. So when I took my daughter to Iran, it was a third generation of teaching a child how to look at

**continued next page**

# Danny Hillis

*has come closer than anyone to manufacturing artificial intelligence (AI). His Connection Machine, a massively parallel-processing supercomputer, is now being used by major computing centers for mapping constantly fluctuating equations such as weather patterns and 3-D animation (see* WER *#54).*

Jon Goell

In the metaphor of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, artificial intelligence is the ultimate tool for thought. Yet like any development in science, AI is something we should be concerned and worried about. It has the capacity for evil as well as good. But fundamentally I believe it is an inevitable and important part of our future. It has tremendous potential for bringing humanity to yet another level of existence.

One danger with AI is that the set of people who reject it are the very ones who should be involved in discussing how to use it. For instance, I think it's important that AI not be kept entirely in the hands of military researchers. Yet very often people who are "humanist" types treat AI as foreign and incomprehensible, and deal with it by denying that it is possible or that it really exists. They push it away from themselves which makes it harder for them to become part of deciding how it should be used. The development of AI is not a short-term process. It will be decades before we have truly intelligent machines. Yet the pattern of who decides its direction will be established long before then.

AI is both the most overrated and the most underrated idea lately. Generally, when someone is enthusiastic about AI, I find myself trying to talk them out of it because it's an area very prone to faddishness. Yet when someone is down on it, I try to talk them into it because particular aspects of AI are just right for amateurs. AI is in the same state that chemistry was in before the time of Lavoisier, or physics before Newton. Newton was an amateur in physics because physics hardly existed then. In that sense AI is ripe for many amateurs to participate in now. Not philosophically, but as practitioners that can get something to actually work. At the moment, you could learn everything known about AI in your spare time.

But because of this newness, you need to exercise a lot of judgement. When there is no framework (and there isn't in AI now), a lot of what is done is pure nonsense.

I see a parallel between AI and *Whole Earth Review*. The good news is that you get fresh new ideas. The bad news is that it puts the responsibility on you, the reader, to sort the sense from the nonsense. By the time you read something in *Science* on high-energy particles physics, nobody may agree on the answers but they will at least agree on the questions.

By the time you read something in the *New York Times*, pretty much everybody agrees on the answers to some of the questions. That's not true when you read something about AI, or when you read something in *WER/CQ*. That puts a lot of weight on the reader. Since you are getting fresh ideas you are also getting some wrong ideas. If you wait until ideas are obviously right they won't be fresh anymore, and you'll read about them in *Time*.

For twenty years, Whole Earth has had an honorable history of awakening new ideas. For this we should congratulate the founders, contributors, and staff; but most of all, we should congratulate the readers. We have the uncomfortable burden in that we must think for ourselves. We must take time to separate sense from nonsense, and to distinguish illusions and dreams. If *Whole Earth Review* is to continue to be an agent of good in the world, then we, the readers, must continue to take this trouble. We must have the strength of conviction, too, to act on our understandings. If we make this effort, and do it well, then we will be rewarded not only by a better world but by the satisfaction of having helped to shape it ourselves. ■

## MARY CATHERINE BATESON (continued)

cultural differences. Gregory's father was a geneticist, and his interest was in biological patterns, thinking about pattern, and therefore thinking about pattern similarities, which is what a metaphor is. There's a third generation in the business of metaphor too.

It's a good idea to let go of the model that says, you have to get started on a career, and stay on track. Look, the technology's going to change, the economy's going to change, you're going to move to the other side of the country, and if by chance you're female you're going to have another whole set of discontinuities and interruptions, so you need to do what you believe in doing, at a given time, instead of expecting to follow one track all your life. And oddly enough, that's a way of finding the deepest pattern of what you believe. ■

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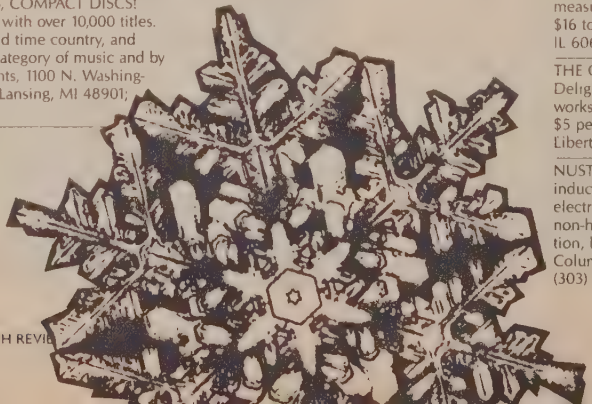

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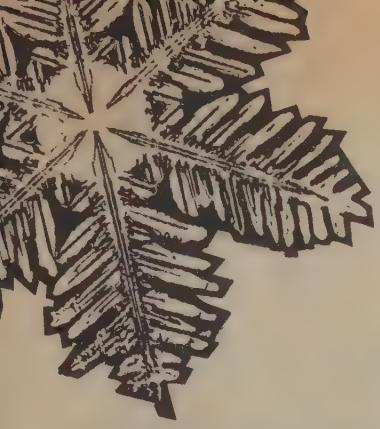

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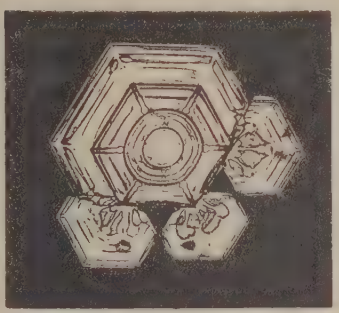

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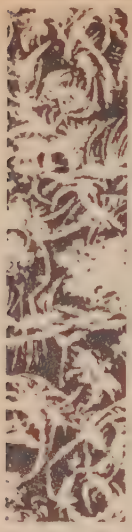

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- **Maniacal:** $1,000/life. Maniacs get their *WER* in an envelope, air mail, for the rest of their life or ours, whichever comes first.
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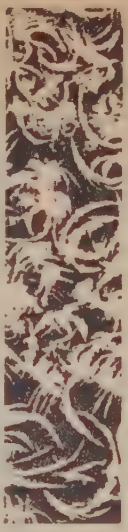

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Denise & Norman Alm
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Berkeley, California
Leona & Bruce Baumgart
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Donna Boyd
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Lexington, Kentucky
Marlon Brando
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Dusseldorf, West Germany
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Joe S. Coulombe
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Love, Ma
Katherine W. Tremaine
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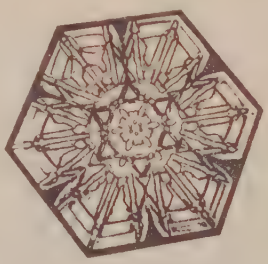
Bob Wallace
Seattle, Washington
Greg & Pat Williams
Gravel Switch, Kentucky
Ye Olde Toothe Fairye
Birmingham, Alabama
and 11 anonymae



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Wimberley, Texas
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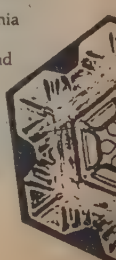
and one secret admirer



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# Point/Whole Earth Consolidated Report:
**Third quarter 1988**

## WHOLE EARTH REVIEW

| INCOME | |
|---|---|
| Subscriptions/back issues | $ 74,080 |
| Mailing list rental | 2,582 |
| Direct distribution | 12,255 |
| Warner (national newsstand) | 17,146 |
| Book sales | 2,607 |
| Syndicated column | 1,550 |
| Contributions | 3,435 |
| Other | 1,950 |
| **Total *WER* Income:** | **$115,605** |

| EXPENSES | |
|---|---|
| Salaries: Editorial | $ 13,475 |
| Production | 15,797 |
| Circulation | 8,737 |
| Office | 12,284 |
| Research | 4,260 |
| Outside production services | 1,433 |
| Writers/contributors | 5,600 |
| Printing | 26,483 |
| Subscription fulfillment | 17,026 |
| Circulation promotion | 7,738 |
| Direct distribution | 1,223 |
| Warner (national newsstand) | 2,860 |
| Insurance: | 1,179 |
| Health insurance | 831 |
| Vacation | 1,824 |
| Taxes | 6,682 |
| Supplies/research | 2,360 |
| Equipment rent/maintenance | 1,511 |
| Telephone/networks | 2,091 |
| Postage | 1,979 |
| Rent/maintenance/utilities | 10,865 |
| Legal/professional services | 3,010 |
| Interest/bank charges | 1,222 |
| Miscellaneous expenses | 658 |
| **Total *WER* Expenses:** | **$151,128** |
| **PROFIT/LOSS:** | **-35,523** |

## POINT FOUNDATION

| INCOME | |
|---|---|
| CD-ROM project | $ 30,000 |
| Fringes/Signal | 32,500 |
| Whole Earth Review | 115,605 |
| **Total Point Income** | **$ 178,105** |

| EXPENSES | |
|---|---|
| CD-ROM | 55,738 |
| Fringes/Signal | 5,394 |
| Whole Earth Review | 151,128 |
| **Total Point Expenses** | **$ 212,260** |
| **PROFIT/LOSS:** | **-34,155** |

## The WELL

Cliff Figallo
*Director*

John Coate
*Marketing Director*

Robin Gail Ramsey
*Accounts Manager*

David Hawkins
*System Administrator*

Andy Beals
*Technical Consultant*

| The WELL | July-September 1988 |
|---|---|
| **REVENUE** | **$ 84,133** |

| EXPENSES | |
|---|---|
| Payroll | $ 31,439 |
| Computer/communications | 25,318 |
| Office | 4,393 |
| General/administrative | 4,832 |
| Sales | 2,359 |
| **Total Expenses** | **$ 68,341** |
| **NET PROFIT/LOSS** | **+ $ 15,792** |

## POINT FOUNDATION BOARD

Stewart Brand, Doug Carlston, Robert Fuller, Huey Johnson, Kevin Kelly

*Mailing List Brokers:*
Pacific Lists, Mill Valley, CA;
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*Photo Processing and Reprographics:*
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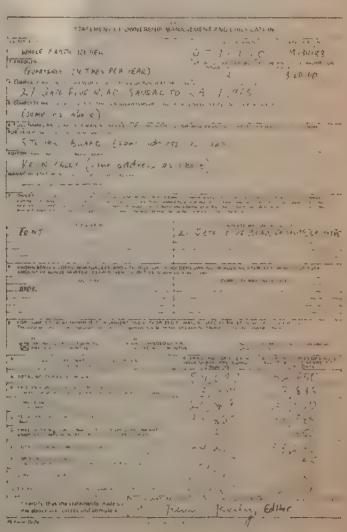


## . . . Order From Whole Earth Access

The phrase "or Whole Earth Access" that appears under most of our access information means you can order the product from the Whole Earth Access Company, an outfit inspired by the ***Whole Earth Catalog*** but not financially connected with us in any way. *Do not send orders to* ***Whole Earth Review.***

Whole Earth Access:
2990 Seventh Street, Berkeley, CA 94710
415/845-3000; 800/845-2000.

**All orders** are shipped UPS unless otherwise specified. $3 shipping-and-handling fee for up to five books, 50¢ each additional book.

**Large orders** over 20 books will be shipped at actual UPS rate.

**UPS Blue Label** is available at $6.50 for up to five books.
**Foreign orders** (surface mail): $4 for first two books, 50¢ each additional book.
**California delivery:** add 6% tax (BART counties add 6½%). **VISA/MasterCard** orders accepted.
For computers and software: Whole Earth Electronics, 1311 B 67th Street, Emeryville, CA 94608; 800/323-8080.

## . . . Solve Subscription Problems

If your subscription has a defect, please address all correspondence to us at P. O. Box 38, Sausalito, CA 94966.

## . . . Rent Our Mailing List

Send a letter to Keith Jordan, ***Whole Earth Review***, 27 Gate Five Road, Sausalito, CA 94965 for rates and information.

Recent renters: The Christian Science Monitor, Yes!, St. Mary's Hospital & Health Center, Co-op America, Cultural Survival, Public Citizen.

If you want your name left off mailing list rentals, please write and tell us.

## . . . Adopt A Library

**Share the *Whole Earth Review*** — give a library a subscription! These people have (since last issue):

**James N. Brook**
to Armand Hammer United World College, Montezuma, New Mexico

**Kenneth S. Duffey**
to Penland School, Penland, NC.

**Gail and Tremaine Arkley**
to Josephine County Library System, Williams, OR.

These libraries would like to be adopted:
Frankfort Community Public Library, Frankfort, IN.
Palmer Public Library, Palmer, AK.

**Attention Oregon Librarians:** There are gift subscriptions available to you through the continuing generosity of Gail and Tremaine Arkley.

If you would like to adopt a library, send your contribution to: WER Library Fund, 27 Gate Five Road, Sausalito, CA 94965.

If you are a librarian who would like a gift subscription for your library, send your request to Lori Woolpert at the above address.

## . . . Change Your Address

Moving? Use our new Change-Your-Address card to let us know your new address. Ideally, we'd like to know six weeks in advance, and have a copy of your old address label.

## . . . Subscribe

Subscriptions to ***Whole Earth Review*** are $20 for one year (4 issues) and $37 for two years (8 issues). Foreign rates are $24 for one year and $45 for two years. For air mail delivery anywhere in the world, add $8 per year. Send your order with payment to: ***Whole Earth Review***, P. O. Box 38, Sausalito, CA 94966.

## . . . Order Back Issues

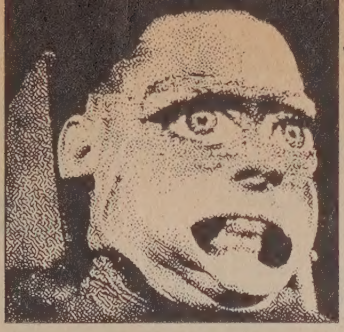
The quickest way to order back issues of this magazine is not from us but from Whole Earth Access (see address above left). ***CoEvolution Quarterly*** issues 14-43 are $3.50 each, postage paid, or $10 for four. Each ***WER*** back issue is $3 for issues 44-49, $4.50 for 50-60, and $5 for 61, postage paid. All 28 available ***CQ*** issues are sold as a set for $34, postage paid.

## . . . Join the Preserves

A $25 donation secures your membership in the **Whole Earth Preservation Society and Volleyball Reserves**. It also helps to support the magazine. In return, you receive four issues of a quarterly newsletter filled with gossip, news, letters and other information. We'll print your name in the magazine (unless you prefer otherwise). Send your check to Whole Earth Review, 27 Gate Five Road, Sausalito, CA 94965. The newsletter is mailed between magazine issues to readers who have joined the Preservation Society. Thanks for your support.

# Nightmare On Sub Street

*by Richard Schauffler*



THE TRANSITION to our in-house MacSUB fulfillment system has been anything but smooth, and a number of subscribers are still experiencing frustration and confusion with regard to their subscriptions. Hopefully, explaining why these problems persist will help calm the subscription waters.

Ideally, when making a transition from one computer system to another, you keep the old one running while you tune up the new one to your specifications. Then you make the switch, which should be relatively unnoticeable to your customers, except of course by the improvements and intelligence reflected in the new system.

Unless you have been lucky or are a brand-new subscriber, you probably noticed that our transition bears little resemblance to the ideal type described above. While the purpose of this report is not primarily to assign blame so much as to describe to you the context of our problems, it is only natural to ask: "What went wrong?"

## What Went Wrong?

There is an old saying here in the Wild West: Don't Changes Horses In the Middle of a Stream. To which we would add: Unless of Course Your Original Horse Dies. Well, ol' trailmates, our horse died, and there begins our story.

Our old subscription fulfillment service for all intents and purposes died last December. We therefore could not keep the old system running while we tuned up the new one. We were forced to leap from one horse to another in the middle of a very wide stream.

Secondly, the conversion of data from the old service to the new system was poorly done. In part we were too anxious to get everything up and running since we were without a system at all in the meantime! We also got screwed by our old and new vendors. This meant data was scrambled, lost, sent to the wrong places in your subscription records, etc, etc ad nauseam.

Thirdly, parts of the MacSUB program did not operate as advertised, parts were simply not finished. Our best attempts to check all this out beforehand had been foiled.

## What Were the Consequences?

The result of these three factors was that we were barely able to produce accurate labels in time to mail out Issue 60. We were unable to send out renewal notices for two months, thus delaying vital cash income. We were unable to send out invoices to bill-me customers for two months. Only the fact that we are a quarterly magazine and have a relatively long time between issues saved us from complete disaster.

In human terms, we have been working at burn-out levels 10-16 hours a day for much of August, September, and October trying to get the new system to do the minimum necessary to stay alive as a business. If you have been frustrated and angry about your subscription problem, imagine staring at hundreds of them unable to do anything to solve them.

Here is a brief scorecard of where we are at. Whatever your problem, rest assured that we are working on it. And whatever you do, please don't call us abusive names when you write; it hurts our feelings and those letters have a way of going to the bottom of the pile. We're human too.

**1. Supporting Subscribers**
If you have gone unthanked or unacknowledged, please accept our apologies. You will be hearing from us.

**2. Duplicate Bills**
Some subscribers received duplicate bills. This was due to a billing sent out almost a month late by our old service (Them). You have either received a response to your inquiry and/or been credited for all payments received.

**3. No Bills**
We were unable to continue timely billing of some subscribers. You probably didn't mind not being billed as much as we mind not being paid, but we consider this a problem! So, if you have an unpaid bill, please pay up; it will help reduce the chaos.

**4. Duplicate Subscriptions**
We are in the process of eliminating these duplications. In the meantime, whatever duplicates you get, please help turn a bad thing into a good thing by passing them along to someone else.

**5. Unanswered Complaints**
We are backlogged on responding to your inquiries about problems. Everyone should have received personal notification of the resolution of their problem by the time you read this. If not, take a deep breath and gently remind us.

**6. Payments Crossing with Renewals**
If you receive a renewal notice and you have already paid, simply disregard the notice (unless of course it is your final notice, in which case let us know right away). If you receive another notice a month later, you can be assured that something is wrong; we are not that far behind now in processing payments. In this case please let us know.

## How to Read Your Label Now

Magazine Code | Subscriber Code | Expiration Date

```
 1 13450 JAN3189
DUNLAP DUMMY
27 GATE 5 RD
SAUSALITO. CA      94965
```

Magazine Code=1=WER
Subscriber Code= You, and only you
Expiration Date = The issue you will expire with. Appears on renewals only. Confusingly enough:
Jan = Spring  Apr=Summer
Jul= Fall  Oct=Winter

# BACKSCATTER

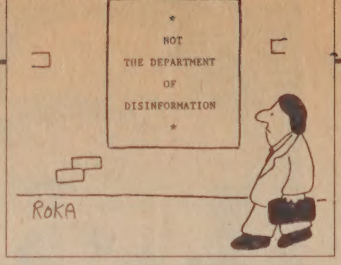
Echoes from readers back to *Whole Earth Review* (27 Gate 5 Road, Sausalito, CA, 94965)

## The Early Living-Earth Hypothesis

Exactly when the "Gaea hypothesis" originated is a question with no clear answer yet. Margot Adler's *Drawing Down the Moon* credits the inception of the idea to about 1971 as the brainchild of Tim (now Otter) Zell. Zell said that planet Earth was home to a living, planetary biosphere, composed of all living organisms — an entity he then called "Terrebia." Since all life evolved from a single parent cell (or perhaps from a localized primordial "soup") all life, from protozoa to pachyderms, is interconnected. The theory is elegant, and also beautiful; if it merits criticism it is to point out that a problem exists, namely, that it is likely that life evolved *twice* on Earth, the first time in an epoch when the atmosphere was much different than it became. Vestiges of the first life forms are simple creatures that function apart from oxygen, living in seafloor mud.

At any rate, it turned out that at approximately the same time as Zell was at work on his theory, revised several times in the early 1970s, British scientist James Lovelock was developing a very similar notion which he called the Gaia hypothesis, the name which eventually became identified with the idea that all ecological systems form parts (or organs) of a living biosphere. For myself, while I am not entirely convinced of such views, they seem more correct than not.

What would be useful to add to the discussion is the fact that a third version of the theory exists which takes an even more radical approach. It also dates to the early 1970s and was conceived by "world biologist" John Isaacs, of Phoenix, Arizona. I met Isaacs in 1974. In early 1976, at work on design and publication of *The Future* magazine which I was editor of, I talked with Isaacs at length. The result was published in the periodical in a full-page article, which is attached. Unfortunately Mr. Isaac's present whereabouts are unknown to me but, at any rate, it would seem appropriate to give him some credit for originality. Moreover, it




could turn out that his theory, that the Earth *itself* is alive, could be usefully combined with the Terrebia-Gaia theory.

Isaacs did not speculate on the gender of the planet. However, the end of each body of text in *The Future* featured a Kali Yantra, Kali being one form of the Great Goddess.

The literalism of Isaac's model is both its strength and weakness. At the least, however, his speculations are suggestive. The criticism that plate tectonics negates the theory was even dealt with by Mr. Isaacs. India, in the "heart position," once drifted free, leaving remnants in its wake — the Seychelles. The foetal human heart in its development also drifts free, for a time before anchoring in place.

Billy Rojas
Eugene, OR

## White male chemicals

Dear Whole Earth Review,

The following alphabetical name list of agricultural chemicals is made up of names I selected from the 3rd edition of *Crop Protection Chemicals Reference*, 1987, published by Chemical and Pharmaceutical Press, c/o John Wiley & Sons.

It is clear to me from reading the list that the manufacturers are selling to mostly white males that think little about survival in relation to their desires to conquer nature.

This list is quite incomplete! There are many other names which illustrate the mentality of the user/buyer, seller/marketeer in this pesticide production business. The word and spelling choices tell of sleaze psychologists and public relations flacks. And what I consider to be the great crime of urging sales of these chemicals to make quick money while leaving many of us with deformed children, polluted wells, unexplained cancers . . . . For example, Roundup is a ONE BILLION dollar plus a year weedkiller for Monsanto alone and accounts for more injuries to eyes than any other agricultural chemical used in California! Many people sure have a lot of stupid and dangerous excuses for moving money around in this culture.

A-Rest, Abate, Ally, Ambush, Ammo, Arsenal, Avenge, Bicep, Bladex, Blazer, Bolero, Bravo, Bronco, Broot, Canopy, Captan, Classic, Clipper, Concep, Conquest, Counter, Crossbow, Demon, Devine, Dikar, Dropp, Dual, Eradicane, Escort, Evik, Far-Go, Finesse, Fusilade, Javlin, Kerb, Knox-Out, Landmaster, Lasso, Limit, Manzate, Marksman, Mavrik, Monitor, One-Shot, Oust, Pay-Off, Pounce, Prep, Prime, Princep, Probe, Prowl, Ramrod, Reward, Rodeo, Roundup, Scepter, Scout, Screen, Sonar, Spike, Spur, Stampede, Stik, Stipend, Subdue, Surpass, Talon-G, Tandem, Team, Tilt, Torch, Torpedo, Triton, Turbo, Weedmaster, Weedone

Carter Rose
Fairfax, CA

## Corrections

R. Duck Company, which makes the nylon wrap-ups for cotton diapers reviewed in *WER* #60, p. 65, has a new address (650 Ward Dr., Santa Barbara, CA 93111), and price changes: Rubber Duckies, $4; Wrap Ups, $5. The book, *Toward an Ecological Society* (*WER* #60, p. 67), is available from Black Rose Books, 340 Nagel Dr., Cheektowaga, NY, 14225. *Go Public! The Traveler's Guide to Non-Commercial Radio* (#57, p. 19), will send a free 1988 update to those who have purchased the book.

# GOSSIP

*Begins in depth on page 8. An additional note concerning David Wingate's article last issue "The Restoration of an Island Ecology." On September 7, 1988 Reuters reported that the U.S. Navy backed off plans to build a baseball field at a Navy base on Bermuda that was planned to be less than 100 yards from the only known cahow nesting site. David Wingate claimed the field's bright lights would disturb the nocturnal, endangered bird that was the impetus to restore an island habitat. The Navy's decision was made while our last issue was being mailed.*

*— Kevin Kelly*

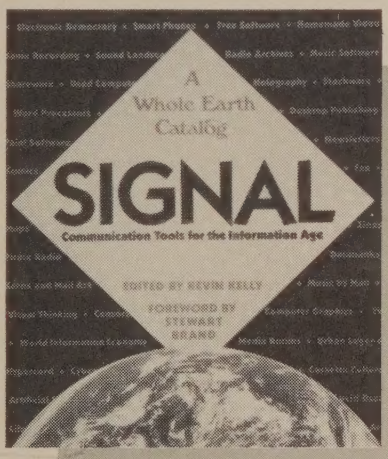
# Suddenly It Was 20 Years Later

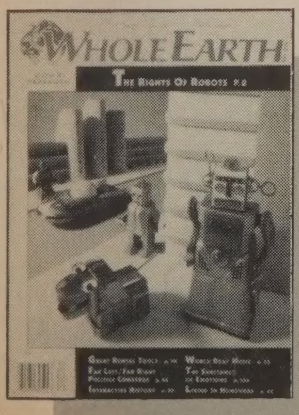
Nobody is more surprised than we are that we're still going after 20 years. How do we manage it without advertising and all that?

By peddling our wares whenever we get a chance. A couple of them might interest you as sublimely practical gift items.

First of all we have ***Whole Earth Review,*** this magazine. Since we don't advertise or do much direct mail, we thrive off new subs given as gift subscriptions. To encourage you to elate your friends with your favorite brand of challenging ideas and useful tools, we make this offer: Buy one subscription (or renew one) at our regular price ($20), and **pay only half price** for as many gift subscriptions as you like. For $10 each, your friends will receive four seasonal servings of unconventional good news — over 590 pages of ad-free journalism. We don't mind if you order several dozen while you're at it. Use the handy order cards nearby.

If you are ordering holiday gift subs of *Whole Earth Review,* you'll probably want to have them arrive before December 25. We can guarantee that our special Twentieth Anniversary Issue will be in your donees' mailboxes before December 25, if you send us the necessary information by December 1. (Short notice, yes. But there is that Post Office between us and you. We'll do our best on orders received after that date, but can make no promises.)




By the time you read this we will be shipping copies of ***Signal,*** our newest catalog. In it we evaluate the best tools for managing the ultimate "more with less" frontier. We investigate hi-tech, lo-tech, and no-tech ways of communication. A lot of *Signal* is about cybernetics, and understanding the behavior of information circuits. A lot is about low-rent video making, music sampling, and xerox culture. It all takes the Tool approach to learning: find good tools, read how they work and how they fail, and then get your hands on the best cheap ones to try out larger ideas. *Signal* is for everybody who thinks that technology is great if it is kept in the power of the people. We seek to "let the audience take over," and so provide a volks-guide to personal communication tools.

Finally, as a non-profit educational foundation charged to conjure up innovation, we offer the ***Electronic Whole Earth Catalog.*** The entire *Essential Whole Earth Catalog,* most of *Signal,* and hundreds of selections from albums of ethnic and world beat music around the whole Earth are condensed into one compact disc. Unlike wholly musical CDs, this one contains pictures, text, reviews, and a nonlinear way to hear/read it. You need a Macintosh computer with HyperCard and an Apple CD-ROM driver to run it. It will be available in mid-January.

What's the best deal? Gift subs are a convenient way for you to give gifts, and for us to boost circulation, so we can research further. We hope you find our half-price subscription offer a beneficial service this holiday.

*Peace in the new year,*
*Kevin Kelly*

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The Future according to Robert Crumb. (For his Historical vision, see p. 34.)